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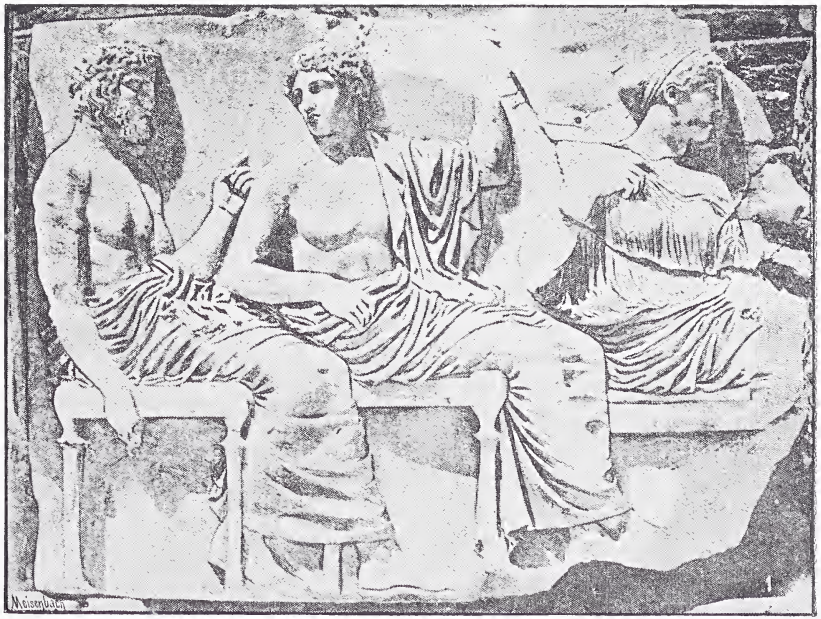

Frontispiece. SLAB FROM THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.—ATHENS.

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES

IN

GREEK ART

BY

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AUTHOR OF "MYTHS OF THE ODYSSEY IN ART AND LITERATURE"

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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Dedication

C. T. NEWTON

τῷ τὰ λίθινα τὰ ἀρχαῖα
ἐς φῶς τ'ἀναγαγόντι
καὶ ζῴοις ἴσα ἀποδείξαντι
πλείστην χάριν ὀφείλουσα
δίδακτρα τάδ' ὁποιαδήποτ' ἀποτίνει

J. E. H.

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have made no attempt to furnish an elementary handbook—not even to write an outline of the history of Greek Art. I have only tried to develope one thought, the consideration of which it seemed to me might rightly precede such an outline.

We feel for Greek art something more than a historical interest; our desire to know of it is a want more imperative than any antiquarian curiosity. We naturally ask, Why? what is it that impels us to learn? why, when Egypt and Assyria and Phœnicia are dead, is Greece alone untouched by time, vital for ever? why from the contemplation of Greek art do we derive not merely an impression of the senses, but also a satisfaction that

abides and an impulse to growth, moral and intellectual?

The answer is, I believe, found in a certain peculiar quality of Greek art which adapts itself to the consciousness of successive ages, which has within it no seed of possible death,—a certain largeness and universality which outlives the individual race and persists for all time. The meaning of this quality, which we call Ideality, it is the sole object of this little book to develope. The chapter on Pheidias and the ideality of the Parthenon marbles was written first, and contains the gist of what I desire to say, and of what during five years of archæological teaching at the British Museum I have constantly tried to enforce. The chapters that precede and follow are only the necessary prelude and sequel.

The meaning of the term Ideality I have sought to explain by reference to the teaching of Plato. Greek literature is the best and only sound comment on Greek art: what is expressed but undefined in Pheidias becomes clearly articulate in Plato. The language of words is an utterance more distinct than the language of art. Both are needed to express the full thought of the spirit of man in any age; but to the

ear of a succeeding age the articulate voice of the language of words is much needed to interpret the vaguer utterance of the language of art.

In trying to express this secret of the beauty and the permanent vitality of Greek work I have borne in mind two possible classes of readers.

There may be some whose time and circumstances will permit them to learn but little by their own private effort. For these—who take so much on trust from teacher or writer—it seemed to me specially needful that that little should be so set forth as to be clear, uncomplicated by detail as to be, if possible, impressive, and so distinctly thought out as to rest so far as possible on a reasoned basis. I have desired to give such readers certain criteria by which to discern between good and bad, a sure anchor for their taste amid the fluctuations of modern fashion. I shall be satisfied if, by the help of the wisdom of Plato, I can show any of the citizens of our state why, eschewing the dry bones of symbolism and still more warily shunning the rank, unwholesome pastures of modern realism, they may nurture their souls on the fair sights and pure visions of Ideal art.

There may be others, never more than a few, who are preparing to offer to the subject a life-long devotion.

To such will assuredly come laborious days, days heavy with the accumulation of detail, perplexed with the conflict of opinion, bitter with the disappointment of fruitless theory. To such, when the way seems long, when, it may be, the steeds of the soul's chariot are restive, I desire only to recall again the reminiscence of the unseen, the vision of that "sea of beauty" to which by their strenuous toil they draw daily nearer.

J. E. H.

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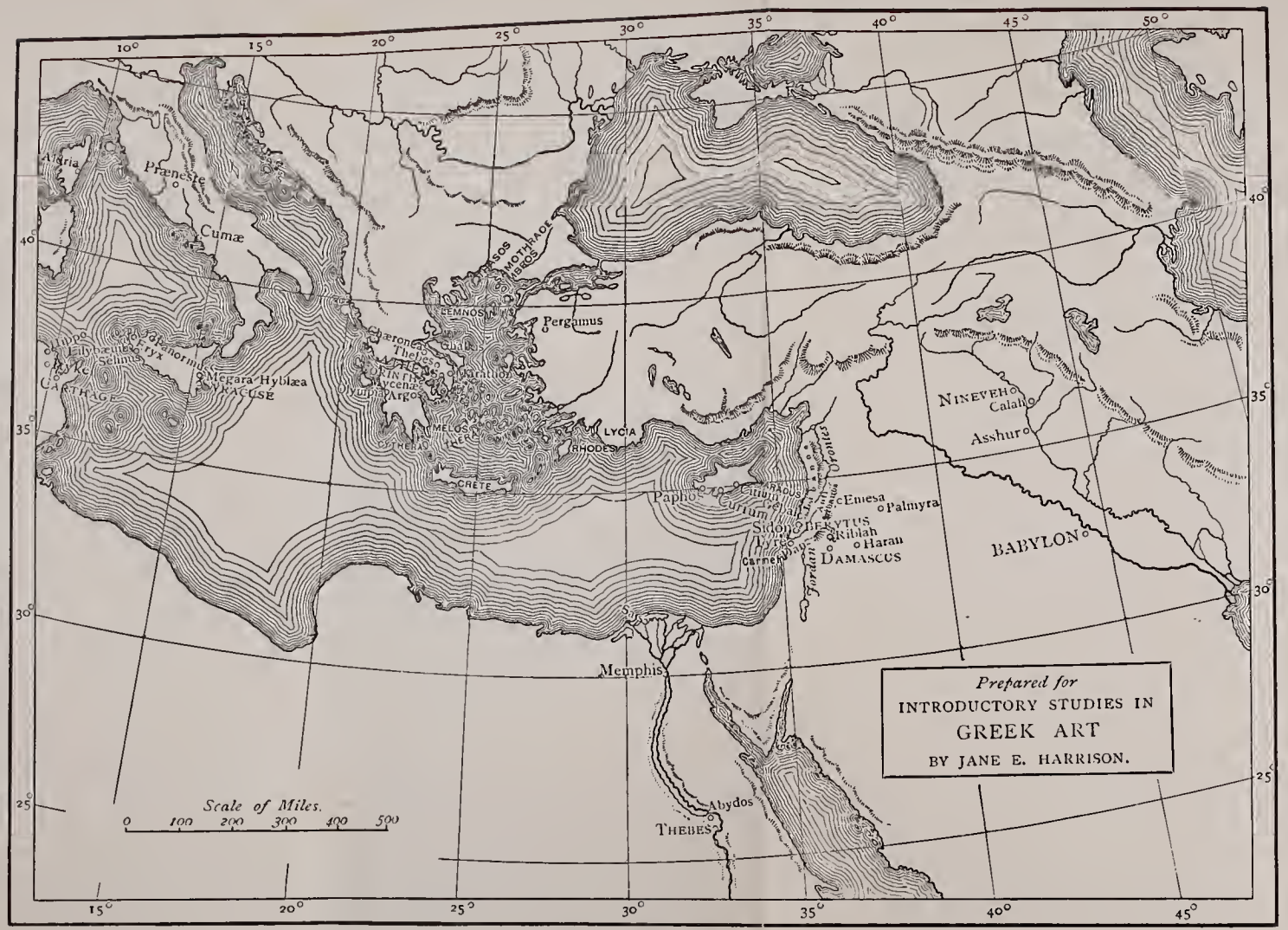

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CHAPTER I.

PREDECESSORS OF GREEK ART.

TWO out of six of the following chapters deal with the art of Egypt, Assyria, and Phœnicia. This for a double reason, which in a few words I wish to make clear.

In bygone days of art-criticism originality was claimed for the Greeks as their especial, distinguishing gift. Original they were, but not in the narrow sense of borrowing nothing from their predecessors. The historic instinct is wide awake among us now. We seek with a new-won earnestness to know the genesis, the *origines* of whatever we study, the ancestors of the individual artist, the predecessors of a nation. If critics in the past approached archæology from the artistic and purely contemplative standpoint, critics of to-day incline to its historical, scientific aspect. Hence our first duty in speaking of Greek art is to show by the light of recent discoveries its relation to the art of Egypt, Assyria, and Phœnicia which preceded it.

There is another reason.

We can only see what was really original in Greek art

when we have eliminated what was borrowed from others; we only seem to touch the secret springs of Greek genius when we have drunk somewhat of waters that flow from other sources. To drop metaphor, it is only when we know something of what Assyria, Egypt, and Phœnicia effected in art, what problems they solved, what they could, what they could not do, by what limitations they were bound, and in part the why of all this, that we are able to realize wherein what was peculiar to Greek art consisted. If we know not only what Greek art definitely borrowed, but also what she had in common with other and preceding arts, we shall then, and then only, know what was that special quality to which she, and she only, attained. I believe this quality to be, in a word, Ideality. It is the object of the following chapters to develop the meaning of this term Ideality,—to show as far as may be by what methods the Greeks attained this quality, which Egyptians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians missed. The final "why," the secret of race, we must be content to leave a mystery unsolved.

The Greeks themselves were slow in attaining to a definition of art. Aristotle felt his way to what was for his time a new and important distinction, the distinction between the Fine and the Useful Arts. We follow in the line he marks out if we adopt the current distinction between the Fine and the Decorative Arts. For "Fine" I prefer to substitute the word "Expressive."

Let us start, then, with this simple distinction—necessary to the understanding of the special genius of the Greeks. Art may be of two kinds. It may seek either to beautify the material it employs; in which case the material, its character, and shape, always dominate the design—this is Decorative Art: or it may seek to express a thought of the artist; in this case the thought to be expressed informs, absorbs, dominates the material, though the material and its texture can never wholly be ignored. Art which is in the main expressive may also incidentally be decorative; in which case there has to be a sort of compromise or balance between the two principles. Art which is mainly decorative may also, though with very strict limitations, be expressive; never, however, to such an extent that the thought dominates and the material is forgotten.

We may dismiss decorative art for the present. Expressive art demands further distinctions.

The artist has to utter his thought in outside form. Three paths are before him.

First, he may select some form already existing in nature, and copy it, adding and diminishing nothing. This is realistic art; it is a photograph of nature, a feat of ingenuity; it only repeats thought already articulate in nature; nothing is created. The world is no richer; only something has been literally transcribed—men are amused because a trick has been played them; mastery,

more or less complete, has been obtained over reluctant material.

Second, he may despair of uttering his thought in terms of the outside world. Either his mastery over material may be too imperfect, or his thought too great or too indistinct for utterance. He neglects nature utterly, violates her laws, and produces an impossible fabric, a hybrid monster existing only in his own imagination, having in nature no possible counterpart. His art is phantastic. We would note specially that phantastic art very frequently rises from inability, want of technical expertness, or want of energy on the part of the artist. He puts a symbol to signify a quality he is too inapt to express. But it may also arise from a certain vagueness and grandeur of imagination which refuses limitations, a certain romantic turn of thought which surrounds its subject with a halo, confusing its outline. He cannot express in simple *natural* form what he means; in despair he betakes him to the phantastic.

Third, there is a middle course, and the mean is the best. The artist may express his thought in terms in accordance with and yet not of nature. He may create a form which shall transcend nature, yet never violate her laws—he may idealize.

Among ancient civilizations Egypt, Chaldæo-Assyria, and Phœnicia all attained to great proficiency in Decorative Art.

size, of extreme delicacy and softness. Nefert wears a long, white, clinging robe, through which the shape of the limbs is plainly shown. It is open in the front somewhat after the fashion of a modern lady's V-shaped bodice; her only ornament is a deep, rich necklace and an engraved circlet in her hair. She wears a massive wig, of the sort worn by both men and women in Egypt, probably as a protection against the extreme heat of the sun. If we have conceived of Egyptian art as colossal, vague, abstracted, immobile, sphinx-like, this lady with the soft, bright eyes, full, speaking lips, the alive, personal air, will bewilder and confuse us. She seems as if a touch would make her rise and take up again the daily life of four thousand years ago. Standing before the original statues at Boulaq the effect would be still more startling, for the painter has supplemented the sculptor. The head-dress is black, the flesh of Nefert's figure of a yellow tinge. Rahotep is a dull brownish red. Perhaps if we know only conventional specimens of Egyptian work we might instinctively think this is some late development, the work of a sculptor who, in Ptolemaic times, had seen all the wonders of Greek achievement, and sought to emulate them by this marvellous portrait statue. Happily, about the remote date of the Lady Nefert there is no shadow of doubt. Let us follow her to the tomb where Mariette found her buried. This tomb lay near to the pyramid of Meydum. From evidence into which

we need not enter Egyptologists have decided that this pyramid belonged to the reign of Senefru I., a king of the third dynasty, which, very roughly, we may date at 4000 B.C.

It is no part of our work to enter into any details of Egyptian history, still less any questions of its vexed chronology. But we want to obtain some sort of notion, clear, though not very precise, of the time when the Lady Nefert lived. Egypt, said Herodotus, in his picturesque way, is "the gift of the Nile," and the work of Egyptian historians has added much of fresh meaning to his beautiful figure. But the civilization of Egypt rises, not at the river's source, but far north, much nearer to the river's mouth—"*en remontant le Nil on descend le cours du temps*"—first Memphis, then Thebes. Now, this notion contains about all of Egyptian history that for our purpose it is necessary to know. Let us grasp it firmly. Egypt, whose history reaches back over such measureless spaces of time, reckoned her periods, not by years, but by kings' reigns and dynasties. In the arrangement of these dynasties there is much confusion and uncertainty. There are gaps and dark places which archæologists from time to time succeed in filling and clearing up; but all this we can happily set aside. It is enough for us that the first eleven dynasties, 4400 B.C.–3100 B.C., belong to what is called the Ancient Empire, or Memphite period, and that during this period the

political centre of gravity was at the ancient city of Memphis, some twenty miles from the modern Cairo. These Memphite kings were the pyramid builders. Familiar among their names are Cheops (Khufu), the oppressor, and his righteous son, Mycerinus (Menkera) who lived—

> "Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
> By contemplation of diviner things,"

and to whom, for his just living, the oracle ordained untimely death.

Cheops and Mycerinus have each their pyramids, the centre of their subjects' necropolis; but earlier still comes the pyramid of Senefru, the pyramid of Meydum as it is called, the first that can be securely assigned to its particular king. It is near to this early pyramid that the Lady Nefert was found in her tomb. The pyramids are tombs, but tombs of kings and great dignitaries only. The tombs of private persons took, in these early days, a different form. The Lady Nefert was seated in a tomb of the form known as mastaba. Mastaba means a bench, or long, low sofa. M. Mariette's workmen, when they excavated the Memphite tombs, called them, because of the long, low form of the part above-ground, "mastabas," benches. Egypt is the gift of the Nile. We must return to the words of Herodotus. The land is watered by the river's annual rise; rain is almost unknown. All peoples

in the early states of civilization seem to have desired to preserve the bodies of their dead ; but only in a country where the climate was dry could the desire have issued in a confident hope and the most definite practical action. The mummies of Egypt are still the wonder and gazing-stock of the populace when they visit museums of antiquities.

This possibility of preserving the body may have led to a firm, intense belief in some semi-spiritualized existence which was the counterpart of the body, and which re-visited it in the tomb. Every nation, even in its savage state, has dreamed a dream or seen a vision of the dead still living a shadowy after-life. The Greeks fancied the eidolon of the dead man fluttered about his grave, that the departed ancestor could smell the savour of fat things and drink the blood of slain beasts. But never in the world's history has this belief taken a shape so clear, so definite, so fraught with practical issues for ethics and art as among the ancient Egyptians. It governed, as we shall see, the whole architecture of their tomb, it dominated irresistibly the whole development of their sculpture.

It was never meant that posterity should look upon the image of the Lady Nefert. She and Rahotep were found in a dark chamber, walled up. All that skill of sculptor and painter, that delicate finish, that careful portraiture, was to please the eye of no relative or friend,

to soften the sorrow of no child or descendant, only to dwell in the dark tomb for ever. Fate has frustrated the intention of the builder of that tomb. The Lady Nefert, under her glass shade at Boulaq, may be stared at by every tourist. Still, it is the intention of the builder that we must try clearly to grasp.

When a man died the Egyptians thought he did not wholly perish; there still survived his *ka*, his double, the etherealized counterpart of his body. This *ka*, or double, was not exactly spirit; it was a sort of copy, limb for limb, feature for feature, of the body of the man, only of more rarefied material. If the dead person was a man, his *ka* was a man; if a woman, a woman; if a child, a child. This double of the dead man had also his tastes and needs. It must be fed and cared for, tended, and even amused; its existence was precarious; it might even perish utterly of hunger or thirst; it would exercise terrible vengeance if outraged or even neglected.

Such notions as these, reverenced by the conservatism of Greece long after she ceased to have any active faith in them, are scattered through her literature from Homer to Demosthenes; but in her funeral architecture they never found a severely logical expression. By the time that the art of Greece is perfected, the bringing of vases of perfume, of armour, of mirrors, of the ferryman's fee, has become more a question of sentiment than religious faith. The history of every religious practice will show

how long custom lingers after faith has departed. Now in Egypt it was otherwise. The finest development of her art, such as is seen in the statue of Nefert, was contemporaneous with conceptions of the after-life of the dead, which seem to us somewhat grossly material.

The closest link by which the *ka* was bound to life was the body. Let it, therefore, be mummied—at first, it seems, simply, later at enormous expense, and with the most laborious toil. When once mummied it was deposited deep down in the tomb proper, to which led a well, which was filled up with rubbish, and the entrance concealed with practical and elaborate ingenuity. Deep though the well was sunk, the Egyptians were careful that their dead should lie above the level of the Nile water at its highest. We find that they chose for their cemeteries high plateaus bordering on the desert. In this tomb proper but little is found except the sarcophagus, a few bones, remains of the joints of meat left for the use of the dead man, vases, and sometimes the curious sort of wooden pillow in use among the Egyptians. So long as this tomb remained unrifled probably the existence of the *ka* was secure, but the greed of gain might lead to sacrilege. The mummy was *one*. The risk, however careful the concealment, was too tremendous. The mummy must be multiplied, that the chances of survival might be increased. Hence arose the custom of making one or more, sometimes a great number of

statues of the dead man. To these, in default of the mummy, the *ka* might link itself and continue to live. A curious sort of cheat seems to have been practised on the *ka*. The statue was to be as close a portrait as possible, so that the *ka* might be content. The rich man would call in the most skilled sculptor of the day to reproduce him, feature for feature, with every incidental peculiarity that might recall real life. The closer the likeness, the safer the connection with the *ka*, the more supporting, so to speak, did the image become. These portrait-statues were placed in a chamber, or chambers, above the ground, prepared for their special reception and carefully closed. This statue chamber, from its shape, was called by the excavators serdâb, or grotto-cave. In such a serdâb was found the Lady Nefert—surely a figure almost as life-like as any mummy. The serdâb sometimes communicated with the outside chamber, or chapel, in which was placed the stele, or funeral slab of the dead, and sometimes a table for offerings. This chamber had no door; it was open to the passer-by. There the pious relative could enter to pray and to sacrifice. The smoke and sweet smell of his offerings could pass through the conduit and reach the unseen statue, thereby nourishing the *ka* it represented.

Thus each of the three parts of the mastaba, the tomb proper with its mummy, the serdâb with its statue, and the chapel with its stele and table for offerings, had one

and the same purpose—to preserve in perpetuity the *ka*, or double, of the dead man.

We cannot stop to consider the details of the ritual of the dead, fascinating though they are. For us the serdâb, with its portrait-statues, is all-important. We said that in the face of Nefert we might read the doctrine of Egyptian art, the reason of its origin, the limits of its development. And, turning back to look at her, we see that the secret of her charm is the impress of personality, the faithfulness of portraiture. The object the Egyptian sculptor set before him for a compelling religious reason, was, we have seen, exact verisimilitude—a "perfect likeness," as we should say. He was impelled to be a photographer in stone. The very *raison d'être* of his art was realism. He fashioned his statue, not to give pleasure to the senses, not to give utterance to his own idea of beauty, but for a distinct practical end—an end, too, of such tremendous import that it forbade trifling. Let us grasp firmly, therefore, this one fact that plastic art in Egypt took its rise in realistic portraiture. It began with that fatal tendency to illusion which, as we shall see, was the downfall of art in Greece. It busied itself with the pourtrayal of what is particular to the individual, what is private and personal, rather than what is typical and common to the race. We shall see when we come to Greek art exactly the opposite tendency: the portraiture of the individual forbidden, generalization of

the type encouraged and necessitated. There was, nevertheless, always in Egyptian art, as long as it remained true to itself, this healthy element, that it compelled the close study of nature, the constant attention to the actual, living model. This model was, however, used as a thing to be rigidly copied, not as a source of inspiration. Realism prevailed in the place of a right naturalism.[1] This realism has its charm, of truth and freshness and directness—a charm we see abundantly in the face of Nefert.

One other point we must notice. An art based on portraiture will always busy itself rather about face than figure. It is in the face that individual character appears, of the face the likeness is most easily, adequately, and distinctively caught. Accordingly we are not surprised to see that the face of Nefert is of surpassing excellence, her body and feet and hands are, to a certain degree, conventional and inadequate. We shall see that it was far otherwise with the Greeks. The origins of their art were widely different: from the first their skill was bent on fashioning images rather of gods and heroes than of mere mortals; there was, therefore, no living, actual model before them, they had to draw from the fountain of their own imagination; the sacred images of their gods—they fabled—fell from heaven. When the

[1] The right relation between model and artist we shall have to consider when we come to speak of the idealism of Pheidias.

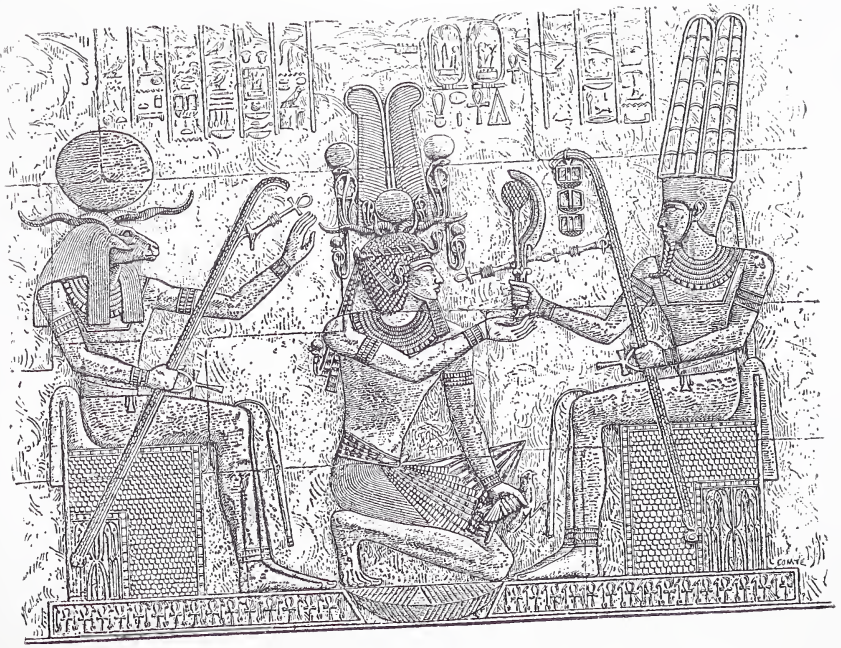

Fig. 2. SETI BETWEEN AMUN AND KNUM.—TEMPLE AT ABYDOS.

Greeks came in the course of time to make statues of men as well as heroes and gods, we shall see that they were always jealous of the portrait; they sought to generalize and to idealize the human figure. From special causes which we shall have to consider, it was the body rather than the head that more particularly engaged them; the face, the great element of portraiture, was, till quite late, for them only one among many members of the body.

We naturally ask, Did Egyptian art end where it began, in realistic portraiture? did these curious materialistic views about the after-life always dominate sculpture? had the Egyptians no gods for whom they might create ideal forms—temples which might raise their thoughts above and beyond the tomb? To seek the answer to these complex questions we must leave behind us a vast tract of time, more than a thousand years, and, mounting the Nile over two hundred miles, pause at Abydos and there look long and steadily at a picture sculptured on one of its walls (Fig. 2)—Seti, wearing upon his head the attributes of Amun, kneels between the ram-headed Knum and Amun, to whom he brings offerings. Who is Seti, and why does he wear such a wondrous tire upon his head? Who is Amun, and what are the symbols with which he is adorned? and why in company so august sits the strange, ram-headed monster Knum? Art and thought alike seem to have grown more com-

plex and difficult since we found the Lady Nefert seated in her dark chamber beneath the ground.

We have said that from about 4000–3000 B.C., from the first to the sixth dynasty, the political centre of gravity was generally at Memphis; we have said also that civilization followed just the opposite course of the Nile river, rising towards the source while the river itself descends. At the end of the Memphite period comes a dark time, where chronology wavers, monuments fail, and dynasties become more than ever confused. When we emerge, about 2600 B.C., the political centre has shifted to Thebes, the dynasties are Theban, the monuments are at Luxor and Karnak, on the right bank of the river on the site of ancient Thebes, and at Kurmeh, Medinet-Habu, and the Valley of Kings, exactly opposite, at Abydos, a hundred miles lower down on the left. Now this Theban supremacy extends from about 2600–1000 B.C., from the eleventh to the twentieth dynasty, both inclusive, but with a noticeable break from the fourteenth to the seventeenth dynasty, roughly speaking, half-way through the Theban period, 2000 B.C., when the Hyksos or shepherd-kings invade the country and, in part, expel the Theban rulers. These Hyksos are, in their turn, finally expelled by the descendants of the Theban dynasties they had for a time supplanted. As we are not studying Egyptian history, except as the necessary background to certain phases of Egyptian art,

with all this political turmoil we have nothing to do; we only mention the Hyksos because it is after their invasion that there sprang up in Egyptian politics, social life, religion, and, as a consequence, art, a new and splendid vigour which issued in a series of magnificent monuments, whose character we have now to study, and from one of which our next picture is taken. Of the mighty monarchs who ruled during this glorious second supremacy none are more illustrious than the great king, Seti I., and his still greater son, Ramses II. It is this Seti who kneels in adoration between the two strange gods. In analyzing our picture we will consider first Seti, the mortal, and then the gods he worships.

The Memphite kings had, as we have seen, desired to immortalize their memories and to secure their mummies inviolate by the erection of vast pyramids. The pyramid was the king's tomb, as the mastaba was the tomb of the private individual. But this piling up of huge masses of stone, though impressive, was monotonous and mechanical. Anyhow, by the time the empire has shifted to Thebes the pyramid form of royal tomb has fallen into disuse, and for subject and king alike a new form has arisen—that known to the Greeks as the syrinx. A syrinx is a pipe, and the tomb so-called, the tomb of the Theban Empire, consisted of a series of tube-like, subterranean passages and chambers hewn out of the rock. No doubt this form was suggested by the different character of the

Nile valley in the neighbourhood of Thebes. The chain of the Libyan hills on the west side of the river was broken into clefts and ravines that seemed to offer themselves as a safe and ready burying-place. These Libyan hills had also a special religious fitness; it was behind them that the sun-god daily sank into the darkness to Amenti, the vast, the hidden land whither the souls of the departed passed.

We saw that the tomb of the Memphite period consisted of three main parts—the tomb proper, to which a deep sunk shaft led, the serdâb, or statue chamber, and the chapel with the stele. In the Theban time this serdâb, so all-important in its influence on Memphite art, seems to have disappeared; partly, no doubt, because the art of preserving the mummy had been perfected, thus rendering the portrait statue in part superfluous; still more probably because the purely material, magical view of the relation between the *ka* and the body was undergoing modification and giving way by degrees to a more spiritual view of the after-life. Connected with this more spiritual view is another significant change in the Theban tomb. The funeral chapel of the Memphite period is enlarged and separated from the tomb proper; it becomes a temple in which the dead man is worshipped conjointly with his god: indeed the two seem at times to become inextricably blended. There remained, then, of the old form only the tomb proper, excavated deep

into the rock and approached by numerous chambers and passages. It is from the *temple* of Seti (2) at Abydos that our picture with its strange gods is taken, but we cannot at all adequately grasp its meaning and the significance of its symbolism for art until we have first followed Seti to his tomb in the City of the Dead, on the western Nile bank at Thebes. The very fact that this tomb in the City of the Dead is more than two miles distant from the temple or funeral chapel in which the sacrifices to the dead man take place, should make us suspect at once that popular belief as to the nature of the *ka* has altered; we remember in the mastaba how everything was arranged so that food and drink, material support of every kind, should be close at hand to nourish the *ka*; we remember the cleft in the wall so made that the incense and sweet savour should penetrate to the statues in the serdâb. Now that the funeral chapel is a mile or more away, the *ka* is bereft of these advantages; it can therefore be no longer conceived that he needs them. Indeed he is far otherwise employed. The conception of the *ka*, or materialistic double, has given way to a higher thought, that of the *ba*, or spirit of the man. The scenes of trial and judgment and purgatory he must pass through are sculptured on the walls of various tombs, and in no case more clearly than in the very syrinx we are about to enter, the tomb of Seti I. In the first passage are scenes from the upper world, glorious

deeds of the warlike king, the beloved of the gods; on either side of a descending flight of steps are the forty-two judges, assessors, who question the soul in its passage to test the purity of its life. Nor was the inquisition purely verbal; the deeds of the dead man were weighed in the balance by the dog-headed Anubis, and Thoth, with his ibis-head, recorded the issue. The just soul then went forth through the regions of Amenti, full of terrors, frightful monsters, and hideous shapes, till at length, strengthened and purified, and indeed transfigured, he is numbered with the gods.

On the walls of the old Memphite tomb had been painted and graven scenes of daily life, of fishing and hunting, of ploughing and reaping—the whole activity of man displayed in miniature. By virtue of these scenes which supplemented the actual sacrifices made to the dead, the life of the *ka* was in a curious, magical fashion supposed to be maintained. Similarly when the spiritual "ba" went forth on his purgatorial journey through the dark region of Amenti, his trials and terrors were depicted on the walls of the labyrinthine passages of the syrinx, which thus formed a miniature under-world, and by these representations the soul was magically supported. Very intense must have been this belief, for it must be remembered that these sculptural scenes, familiar now to travellers, were never meant to be seen by mortal eye. Once the mummy was deposited in the tomb, the syrinx

was closed, it was supposed, nay, it was hoped, for ever; all the careful, delicate finish, all the fresh colour was doomed to eternal darkness. This serious intent, this total absence of the motive of display, lends to these tomb decorations a very rare and pathetic charm.

We have sketched very slightly the progress of the soul, but its final transfiguration is what most concerns us. At the end of his purgatorial wanderings it seems that the soul of the just man was not only received into the presence of the great god of the lower world, Osiris, but also became in a way identified with him, and shared his attributes and powers. Osiris had died and lived again, and the just man so died in like manner and lived again with and as Osiris. Into the meaning of this curious belief, not without analogies in other faiths, it is not our purpose to enter. What we have to see is its result on art. And that result is very obvious. Out of the funeral chapel was developed the temple, not by any strained or intentional metamorphosis, but by a natural transition; the dead man had become in a sense a god himself; it was therefore fitting he should be worshipped adequately, as became a god, side by side with the gods he had venerated on earth. We have here the explanation of the curious fact that whereas on the east bank of the Nile we have temples proper, dedicated to a god only, on the west, where the funeral chapels would naturally be built near the City of the Dead, these funeral chapels

in their enlarged temple form, are conjointly in honour of a king and a god; in fact, the king is usually the more prominent figure of the two. The glory of the king, his prowess abroad, his justice at home, are commemorated in perpetuity; and at the same time honour is duly paid to the god to whom the king owes this glory, and on whose aid he relies in the passage through the lower world.

Just such a temple is the temple of Seti at Abydos; not perhaps actually a funeral chapel, it is too far—one hundred miles—from Seti's tomb at Thebes, but a building to the joint honour of six gods and Seti himself. The seven shrines are side by side, no precedence prescribed between god and mortal. This brings us to our picture: Seti is on his knees before one of the seven gods, Amun. Though he is thus adoring, he is in a way deified himself; on his head he wears the two feathers like those of Amun, and the horns and disk like those of the ram-headed god to his rear. We must try to grasp something of the nature of these divinities to whom Seti is so closely assimilated, whose attributes he bears.

No images of gods, scarcely a trace of temples remain to us from the Memphite period, but we may be sure they existed then; yes, and long before. Man worships a god long before he obeys a king; instinctively he fears the unknown long before he voluntarily reverences the known.

We must go back and back, but we shall not get further than that beginning of history which Herodotus notes when he tells us that Egypt is the gift of the Nile. When the first dwellers in the fruitful land took possession of this gift it would have been strange if they did not recognize some power not themselves. It would have been a people insensate indeed who did not develope some sort of religion in the face of the ever-recurring miracle of the yearly rise of the Nile. That religion was no doubt at first here as elsewhere some kind of fetichism; man gave to a stick or a stone powers he possessed himself, only in supernatural degree, and he worshipped the god he himself had made. In Egypt animal life rises to special importance. The scavenger birds—the hawk, the vulture, and others—who at the fall of the Nile cleanse the land and preserve it from pestilence, must have seemed to the dwellers beneath the fierce southern sun as gods and deliverers worthy of all worship. Hence arose a hierarchy of beast-gods—the cat, the hawk, the beetle, vulture, ibis, crocodile. Of some of these the whole tribe was sacred, as the cat; of others only selected instances, *e.g.*, the bull; others were only locally sacred, *e.g.*, the crocodile. In fact, this element of locality brings into Egyptian religion great confusion —one triad of deities is sacred at Memphis, another at Thebes, a third at Sais.

At this purely animalistic stage the sacred animal or

its image was actually worshipped ; indeed this phase in some cases obtained even to the end—the sacred bull Apis was worshipped in the days of the Ptolemies ; but meanwhile another tendency was in process of development with which this animal worship became in part fused. When man has in part outgrown the worship of the nearer fetich or animal which he can handle and observe, he still dreads the remoter powers of earth and sky; these cannot be investigated. In hot countries these powers are of course of tremendous import, and so in Egypt we have in full development a whole system of solar worship. We have the sun-god himself in various aspects as Ka, Osiris, Horus ; we have the old Memphite god Ptah, the spirit of creation, warmth, and light ; we have Tum, the sun in its decline ; we have Hathor, in one aspect the moon. Then follow a host of other divinities, embodiments of creative powers of heaven, the power of birth and reproduction, the Nile water, also powers of death and evil, embodiments of the scorching heat and desert sand. Thus from fetichism and animalism the Egyptian rises through intermediate solar worship to a system of polytheism.

Polytheism in general is favourable to art—the need of embodying a god of unknown form in a shape becoming his power and glory is, or should be, a keen stimulus to the imagination of the artist. The problem was, as we shall see, solved in its completest way by the

Greeks. They rightly argued if a god is to take visible form that form must be the highest known to us; the highest known to us is the human form, therefore the gods have human form. This, as we shall see, was largely at the root of their idealism in art. One condition specially favoured them. Before they had matured their art their religion was already in this human stage, the gods had been *thought* into human shape long before they were required to take plastic form. The Egyptians were less happy. Long after they had developed a complicated polytheism, a polytheism instinct with the possibilities of a pure poetry, with the myths of Isis and Osiris and Horus, they still retained, side by side with the purer faith, the forms and ritual of the early animal-gods. Religion is always conservative; it was never more so than in that land of tranquil plenty, of almost monotonous security, the gift of the ever-flowing Nile. The hawk and the vulture, who cleansed the land for the Memphite kings, are still the scavengers of to-day. This survival of animalism would have no concern for us but for its remarkable and, in one way, paralyzing influence on art. We have seen how the statue of the mortal man was in its origin realistic, and thereby for ever condemned to realism. Had the gods taken, as in Greece, human shape it seems as if at least a tendency to idealism must have arisen; but the sacred conservatism of religion compelled a deep-rooted reverence for the

beast *form* of the old animal-god, and the survival of this is the god with the beast-head. It is curious to note that when the Greeks were at one stage of their religion compelled to a somewhat similar issue they took just the opposite course; a few hybrid forms of river-gods and the like remain to them, but it is the body that retains the form of a beast, the head is human. Even such a form of this is, in the best days of art, only tolerated for subordinate powers; in far bygone days King Zeus himself took the form of a bull or a swan, but by the time of Pheidias the only mortal shape which can rightly embody him is the semblance of perfect manhood.

Was there no hope for the art of Egypt? is there nowhere in her life, social or religious, some prompting to idealism? Incidentally we have already shown where the one possibility lay. In the glorified king who takes to himself the power and the attributes of a god the human form is still dominant, but of necessity idealized. He wears on his head the divine crown and the divine symbols, and surely the artist would seek to express in his face something of the higher life to which he has attained. It does seem that there was some tendency of this sort. The faces of Seti, of Ramses, and the rest of the Theban line, have about them a delicate purity, a sort of abstractedness, which affects us not so much as ideal, but as containing the possibilities of idealism. But the impulse was always restrained by the

old principle of portraiture with its magical influence on the destiny of the soul. At most it is never more than the ideal portrait we attain to. Even this ideal portrait is rapidly stamped with the deadening stereotype of convention. Of this and its causes we must speak a little later. At present let us fix definitely in our minds the relation between religion and art by looking once more at Seti as he worships between Amun and Knum.

We must remember we are at Thebes. Thebes has its own special family or triad of gods, of which Amun (the Ammon of the Greeks familiar to us in Jupiter Ammon) is the chief. Amun means the concealed or invisible one, the secret principle of creation ; it is a high and reverent conception, worthy a monotheistic faith. His colour in Egyptian art is usually blue. He wears for his royal head-dress two feathers that stand upright, the token of his rule over the upper and the under world ; he has we see analogies with the great god Osiris, who ruled in the shades below. In his left hand he holds a sceptre or crook, symbol of dominion, and also the T-shaped sign of life so very frequent in Egyptian art. In his right, advanced towards the adoring Seti, he holds a sickle and a flail, tokens of warlike dominion. He is of human form like his worshipper.

Next let us turn to the beast-god on the left. He is the ancient Knum or Kneph, an older and apparently a more material form of Amun himself. He seems to

be another aspect of the principle of life, more material than Amun, but still an advance from some early grosser nature-worship. Probably in early days he had the body as well as the head of a ram, was in fact a ram. The beast was at first the god himself, afterwards as it were his "double." But by the Theban time he is a man with a ram's head sometimes painted green, the colour of fertility. He sits sometimes in a curious boat with a ram's head on the prow, and so moves as a creative spirit upon the waters; he is called in inscriptions the lord of "inundations," and of the "outpourings of the waters" he seems in every aspect to be a special form of the life-giving spirit. For this sort of abstract, all embracing, far-away thought, it would have been indeed difficult for the artist to find embodiment that should be at once adequate in form and clear in intent. He cut the knot by the simple process of symbolism. The god had the honourable body of a man, but, that his special creative aspect might never be obscured, he retains the head of a ram. Now Amun and Knum are in a way interchangeable; Amun takes the attributes of Knum, his horns and even his head. The Greeks seem to have been greatly puzzled by this god Amun, who was the concealed or veiled one, and this ram-headed Knum with whom he was apt to be associated, and so Herodotus tells a charming story after his usual manner to account for the connection. Gom, the inquisitive

sun-god, with his piercing rays, greatly longed to see the face of the concealed Amun, and the great god for his much asking, at length consented ; but when the moment came for the unveiling of the vision, Amun put on for a mask the head of a ram, and Gom, who had thought to gaze at the hidden wonder of Amun, saw only the strange sight of the ram's horns and head. Knum, in our picture, holds in his hand as Amun does the sceptre and the symbol of life, and on his head is the solar disk, the marking his connection with the sun-god.

Next turning to Seti, we see that though the heads of Amun and Knum differ so markedly, the symbolism of their head-gear meet on Seti's head. He has the ram's horns of Knum, he has the feathers of Amun slightly modified, he has three solar disks, and to these are added the kingly serpents. The meaning of this union of symbolism is, I think, clear, and also in its strange way beautiful. Seti has been tried and purified in the lower world, he has entered into the presence of his own peculiar Theban god in his double manifestation. He not only worships Amun, but he is one with him ; Amun, Knum, and Seti, are now a mystical trinity. Artistically, symbolism is always an acknowledgment of weakness, but, spiritually, it is often the reverent confession of the presence of mysteries that cannot be uttered. It was to a certain extent the limitation of the Greek spirit, its frank rejection of such imaginations as were vague

and shapeless that led to the perfection of his art. His religion at its best time knew of scarcely any doctrine that his art could not express. His art was thereby the gainer, but perhaps at some loss as regards the mystical side of religion. The question of symbolism will come before us when we approach Assyrian art.

It is I hope sufficiently evident why of all the designs that decorate the palace of Seti, this particular picture has been selected. It is because in it we find unconsciously summed up the relation between Egyptian art and Egyptian religion. In Knum we have that lingering of the outward sign of animalism which checked the idealistic expression of the gods in human form; in Amun and Seti we have that blending of king and god, that deification of the king which might have led up to idealism but for the limiting necessities of portraiture. In the figures of Nefert, Knum, Seti, and Amun, is expressed our doctrine of Egyptian art; its realism, in a word, combined with its symbolism, which ever and together combine to check its possible idealism.

But there is yet another tendency closely bound up with these, and yet demanding separate consideration.

When Plato returned to Athens after his visit to Egypt about 395 B.C., he recorded quite incidentally his impression of Egyptian art in a sentence notable as one of the most long-lived, though pardonable blunders, ever made by philosopher or art critic. He says, speaking

of the educational importance of strict conservatism in art (Laws, II. 656 D.E.) : "As it seems, this doctrine of which we are now talking has been known of old amongst them, that young men in cities should be accustomed to occupy themselves with beautiful forms and beautiful melodies. And after regulating these as to what they are and of what kind they may be, they exhibit them in their temples ; and except these it is not lawful either for painters or others who work out forms to introduce any novelty, or even to think of any other than those of the country ; nor is it lawful at present to do this either in these particulars or in the whole of music ; and you will by observing discover that what have been painted and sculptured there ten thousand years ago are neither more beautiful nor more ugly than those turned out of hand at the present day, but are worked off according to the same art."

This error, sanctioned by so high an authority, till quite lately has pervaded the criticism of even skilled Egyptologists. It has died at last, thanks to the discoveries of recent years ; to place Nefert and Seti side by side and to talk of the monotony of Egyptian art is no longer possible. A trained eye will now detect the difference between a Memphite, Theban, and Ptolemaic statue almost as surely as it will assign a Greek sculpture to the school of Pheidias, Praxiteles, or Lysippus. Our concern is not so much to note the error, though

that, perhaps, is even yet necessary, as to mark carefully certain peculiarities of Egyptian art which made the rise of such an error possible.

When Plato visited (or is said to have visited) Egypt art was already far gone in decay. The glorious dynasties of Thebes to which Seti and Ramses belonged were long passed away, a dark period of confusion had again ensued, until, about 600 B.C., order and prosperity again emerged, and the centre of political gravity has shifted once more, this time to the fertile lands of the Delta and the city of Sais. Under the Saite princes comes a third short bloom of art, which has been well compared to the mediæval Renaissance, because in this Saite period there was something of a return to the early truth and fresh realism of the Memphite artists ; but this, too, passed away. During this Saite time Egypt opened her ports to the Greeks, but this alliance availed her little, she fell hopelessly and irretrievably before the oncoming wave of the Persian invasion. After this the nation is paralyzed, and in art as in politics there is no fresh growth, only mechanical reproduction. Such reproductions, side by side with the still surviving and still splendid Theban originals, would be likely to impress the curious tourist with a sense of abiding monotony ; specially when that tourist came, as Plato did, from a country whose art was just in the heyday of its bloom, an art, too, remarkable even in its decay for mobility, variety, vitality.

Careful, delicate, truthful, natural Egyptian art certainly was, mobile scarcely. In his close study of nature the Egyptian artist, certainly as regards plant and lower animal life, excelled the early Greek ; as an instance, we may notice the bird which Seti offers to Amun. Why, then, is there upon his work that impress of monotony which strikes the traveller of to-day as it struck Plato two thousand years ago—an impression we may frankly acknowledge without denying the existence of the various epochs of development ?

We can never separate the art of a people from the land in which they dwell ; the configuration of a country stamps at once its politics, its social life, its art. Now this land, which is the gift of the Nile, gave birth to a people as conservative as their own river—a people who never seem to have doubted the divine right of their god-king, subjects who never rebel save under the stimulus of some impulse from foreign mercenaries ; a people whose material life is sufficiently well provided for to keep them for ever oppressed but tolerably happy subjects, who have none of that struggle for existence which is the prompting of a noble discontent ; a people, also, who were shut in by deserts, who matured their civilization for the most part alone, unhelped by any electric current of foreign contact. This unquestioned supremacy of the king is no small ingredient in the monotony of art. To his desire for immortality, his

love of self-glorification, is due the stupendous scale of Egyptian monuments, mere mechanical masses of masonry at first, such as the pyramids, or structures colossal still but wrought with more of skill and less of substance, such as the later temples. Where a work is colossal, where pillars and walls of vast magnitude have to be covered with decoration, the old careful, lively realism cannot be maintained; size is fatal to finish, we can have none of that "désir passionné de la perfection" which stimulates the artist who, with his own hand, translates his own thought into substance. Conventional, mechanical, pattern-like reproduction must have its way. Obviously here an objection might be made. The size of temples, the immensity of the space to be decorated, may, it will be argued, affect the decoration of these vast spaces; but what effect can immensity have on the statues of gods, or god-kings, or private persons when the statues are of moderate size? Egyptian statues are not all colossal. This is true, and brings us face to face with a curious fact. Statues in wood and even in bronze have none of this conventional monotony; the beautiful, life-like Nefert is carved in soft limestone. But as a rule the Egyptians advisedly chose the hardest and most rebellious of stones, granite. If we remember the magical origin of the portrait statue we shall not be at a loss to know why. This desire for *permanence* again appears as an element producing mono-

tonous solidity. It has been frequently noticed that in Egyptian statues the figure never sits or stands free, his legs are glued together, his hands on his knees, his back to a pedestal or chair. This was supposed to be from a love of rigidity, stability, and a sign of archaic incompetence. That, with a soft material, there was no such incompetence the wooden statues abundantly prove. But in granite, specially with the inadequate tools of the Egyptians, a free-standing statue would have been a mechanical impossibility. This is only one of many instances of the importance in judging of a nation's art of carefully studying practical technique, otherwise we may attribute to recondite, spiritual causes what is best laid to the account of tools and material.

We have seen, then, as elements in the conventionality and monotony of Egyptian art, three factors: the character of the people, as influenced by the configuration of their land; the vast size of the monuments, caused by the despotism of their kings; and the hard material they advisedly preferred for the sake of durability. We must add a fourth cause, which we have kept till last because, if not the most important, it is at least the most distinctive of the people. I mean the connection between pictorial art and ideography—picture painting and picture writing.

Aristotle was, as we have already noted, the first among the ancients to arrive at a definition which should

distinguish between the fine and the useful arts ; it was the province, he said, of the useful arts to co-operate with nature and supply her deficiencies, it was the province of fine art to rival and surpass nature by imitation. It is not so much the definition that concerns us as the fact that it was made and the time of its making. Had such a distinction been drawn by a philosopher of the seventh or sixth century it would have been unmeaning. Greek art began, as we shall see in the next chapter, with the decorative instinct, the delight in ornamenting the implements of daily life—the vessel from which the craftsman drank, the bed on which he lay, the sword with which he fought. To what exquisite perfection he carried this decorative instinct, how it permeated his daily life, we may see by the vases and the mirrors he has left us in the tombs of the dead. The fusion of the useful and the fine with him led to the elevation of the useful; nowhere do we see this so clearly as in the study of Greek vases—their designs are beautiful so long as their shapes are useful. But there comes a time, and it was just about the date of Aristotle's life and teaching, the middle and latter half of the fourth century, when this beneficent union is dissolved, when fine art severs itself almost completely from the wholesome control of the useful. Vases of unwieldy shape and size are decorated with designs showy and therefore vulgar and unfitting. It seems as if art were a spirit neutral in herself, but

powerful for good or evil; never safe unless under the guidance of a pure religion or the control of a healthy, human daily life.

This is the Greek side of the picture. The instinct for beauty was strong with them, if possible almost too strong for perfect balance; for them then, the fusion of the useful and the fine arts could be only beneficial. But there is another side—the union may be for evil as well as for good; the useful element may drag down the fine instead of rising with her to a higher region.

This brings us back to the Egyptians. The first attempt at writing must, it seems, always be a sort of picture drawing; man is an artist before he can become a scribe. When the Egyptians partially advanced, as all civilized nations must, to a phonetic system of writing,—a system which puts a symbol to represent a *sound*, instead of an object or idea—they never left the old picture-writing wholly behind. It is not important for us here to touch on the development and perplexing fusion of hieroglyphs, ideographs, and phonetic symbols in Egyptian writing; what we have to grasp is that their system always contained the element of picture-writing, whether to express the concrete or the abstract. To express a house a house was drawn, travelling was a walking bird, destruction a prostrate man, justice a cubit, the symbol of equal measurement. Now, what we have specially to note is that a picture which has to be fre-

quently repeated must, in the nature of things, be abridged as much as possible, its meaning condensed into a minimum of form, and that form become the emptiest and most meagre of outlines. Hence arose that abstractedness, that multiplied monotony, that uniform iteration which strikes us in the decoration of temple and tomb.

In the earlier stages, no doubt, sculptor, painter, and scribe were all one; later, when the artist separated off, the results of the original fusion are only too plainly apparent. This sort of dry abstraction is widely different from the sort of abstraction which we shall see is one part of idealization. It is as though for a living figure we had a skeleton. It is indication, not expression; it is own cousin to the symbolism which we have seen so beset Egyptian art. When a nation once takes the easy and, for art, downward path of *indication*, it soon neglects the harder and steeper way of *expression*. This is what befell the Egyptians, and it is curious to note the conflict of the two elements—the realism of the portrait statue, the abstract tendency of the picture painting and picture writing. It seems as though with the Egyptians art rebelled, because they loved her not for her own sake, but used her for a chronicler, to tell the great deeds of a Seti or a Ramses.

While remembering, then, the delicate, lively realism of the Lady Nefert's face, let us not forget to gather

round this picture of Seti other and conflicting thoughts. Thoughts of the huge size of his tomb and temples, of the vast spaces that called for decoration, thoughts of his transfiguration after death into the form of Amun, of Amun's strange counterpart, the ram-god Knum, and last, though not least, of the picture chronicle written and painted above their heads.

At the close of this sketch, slight and meagre as it necessarily must be, of Egyptian art we naturally ask, Is this the only connection with Greek art; do we study Egypt only for these contrasts and analogies? These are sufficient amply to justify the study, because it is only by seeing where other nations artistically failed that we can thoroughly realize and appreciate how the Greeks triumphed, only by studying the realism, the symbolism, the abstractive tendency of Egypt that we shall see the full significance of the idealism of Hellas. But there is more. We shall have to note certain definite though very limited influences, certain points of artistic and historical contact at first and second hand; but these considerations must wait. We have first to seek some knowledge of another nation, dwelling far away by the banks of another mighty river, a nation strangely like, but still more different—the people of the Chaldæo-Assyrians.

CHAPTER II.

CHALDÆO-ASSYRIA.

WE must leave the banks of the Nile, and, crossing the Arabian desert eastward for a thousand miles, we shall reach the mouth of another river, that flows through and fertilizes another barren land—the river Euphrates. The Nile flows northward to the Mediterranean Sea; the Tigris and Euphrates, joining their lower course, flow together southward to the Persian Gulf. As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so Babylonia and Mesopotamia are in a lesser degree the gift of Tigris and Euphrates. But we must not press the analogy too far. It may have seemed strange to us that the earliest known civilization of the world sprang up in the most arid and barren of the continents, Africa; but there the river which flows through this land is wholly beneficent, even in its course, regular in its rise and fall. The land of the Euphrates and Tigris is a country subject to sudden storm and flood, to the reverses of extreme heat and intense cold. It is a land of violence and excess, and we shall see this character impressed upon the people's

art. It is a land, too, which nature has divided far more definitely than Egypt into two parts—the hill country, at the source of the rivers, where rain falls and a certain amount of cultivation is possible apart from the river-water, and the country of the plain, wholly the river's gift. Into these two halves the country has always fallen, politically as physically.

About these names, Assyria, Chaldæa, Babylonia, to most of us there are gathered associations as vague as they are splendid. The tower of Babel and the land of Shinar, Ur of the Chaldees, Nimrod the mighty hunter, Ninus and Semiramis, Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar, the hanging gardens, and colossal winged bulls, the land of Asshur, and the burden of Nineveh. Perhaps to these some of us have added of late such names connected with recent excavations as Nimroud, Koujunjik, and Kaleh-Shergat, and Khorsabad.

It is not much to be wondered at if in this matter the popular mind is geographically a little vague—if Chaldæo-Assyria, Babylonia, and Mesopotamia are used as well-nigh interchangeable terms, if their art and civilization are treated of as one and the same. Before the recent excavations the history of the whole land was no better than a tissue of Greek fable. At the time when these fables grew up the ancient civilizations were dead, many of the cities in ruins, the whole land was politically one, simply a province of Persia. Nor have we even from Greek

writers details so circumstantial as those Herodotus has left us of Egypt, his history of Assyria (*Ἀσσυρίοι λόγοι*) was never written.

A few threads out of the tangle of myth and fable we must try to untangle in order that about the date and period of monuments there may be no confusion ; but from the outset we may say that to the art student these civilizations that grew up on the banks of Tigris and Euphrates are one. The political centres of North and South, Assyria and Babylon, contend for the mastery ; now one dominates, now the other. The whole history of the country is made up of what has been well called this "see-saw movement" (*mouvement bascule*) ; but it is a contest of kinsfolk, who never quite forget their kinship, of a people who worship the same gods, who think the same thoughts, and express them in like manner in a similar art.

In speaking of Egypt we noticed how civilization mounted from the mouth to the source of the river ; here with the Euphrates we have the same principle to guide us (3). From the sea—that is, the Persian Gulf—came, says an old Chaldæan fable, a fish-god, Oannes, who taught men the arts of life. Learning and skill came then, as so often after, by way of the sea. From the mouth civilization slowly mounted the river. "And the sons of Ham : Cush, and Mizraim, and Phut, and Canaan. . . . And Cush begat Nimrod : he began to be a mighty one

in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. *Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh,* and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city." Further down we hear: "And the children of Shem: Elam, and Asshur, and Arphaxad, and Lud, and Aram." (Genesis x. 6-12, 22.)

Here we have the whole story. The fertile plain of the South gives birth to the dwellers in the hill-country of the North. Asshur goes forth from Babylon to build Nineveh. This Assyria never forgot. In the heyday of her glory, when she returned to lay waste the cities of the plain, her kings still were mindful to build up the temples of the Babylonian gods.

In speaking of Egypt we said little of the origin of the race. We had no desire to enter on a vexed question. Here in Chaldæo-Assyria, following the Bible narrative which history confirms, we are on securer ground. Of whatever race the aborigines of the land were, there came a time—of which traditions lingered—when the country was peopled by Semitic tribes, members of the same family as the Syrians, Phœnicians, Canaanites, and the Hebrews themselves. This kinship the Hebrews later disallowed. When Nineveh and Babylon became

their bitter foes, and at last their conquerors, it was no time to remember that all came of one stock, but the old tradition stands sure. Ham and Shem were brothers; of Ham came, as we saw, Nimrod and Canaan as well as Sheba and Dedan (Arabia) and Sidon. Of Shem came Asshur and Elam, and the chosen nation themselves. Abraham, the father of the faithful, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees. More remotely it seems probable that Egypt was also akin.

It is important to us to grasp this, and specially important just at this point in our art history. Egypt stands for the most part alone, developing her civilization, silent and remote in the narrow valley that shuts her in. Only after that civilization was developed, trade and conquest—as we shall later see—brought her into contact with the outside world. But in passing to the Euphrates we enter on a new phase; we have to realize a more complex condition, we have to gather up the threads of that great web of Semitic life and Semitic art and thought, that whole of which Elam, Chaldæa, Assyria, Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine, and even far-off Arabia are but parts, whose influence on Hellas we must watch and seek to measure, that great and ancient East which ever and again has stood in conflict and contrast with the younger civilizations of the West.

Let us seek to get some notion rough but clear, and for our purpose sufficient, of the chronology of our

subject. Egypt took us back four thousand years before Christ. From 4000 B.C.–3000 B.C. we remember that the dynasties of the Memphite kings reigned, the builders of pyramids, the contemporaries of the Lady Nefert. Just at the end of this period, when the Memphites were sinking into obscurity and Thebes had not yet fairly upreared her head, we may fancy that the fish-god Oannes swam to land at the mouth of the Euphrates and the dawn of civilization began—not with Babylon, she was too far up the river, but with a small group of cities on the east bank of the river in the old kingdom of Elam ; then it seems on the west, the country of Chaldæa proper. All the north country of Mesopotamia, the land between the rivers, was still savage and unknown. In this country, at the river's mouth, were Erech and Ur and Nippur, the old cities of the Bible. In the fat, alluvial plain they must have speedily waxed strong ; it was this people of the plain who, in their pride, sought to touch heaven with the topmost tower of Babel. We shall see when we speak of Assyrian art how much its course was governed by traditions inherited from these Chaldæans of the south. Of the history of the eastern bank of the river we know almost nothing ; her civilization, we gather, was closely analogous to that of the kindred countries, and her political life persisted after Nineveh had fallen. But her art has perished ; she is but a secondary and to us a shadowy Chaldæa. What

we gather is that she, not Babylonia, was first supreme. Elam, we remember, was the elder of the sons of Shem. It was a king of Elam, Chedorlaomer, who fought with Sodom and Gomorrah. Down to perhaps 2000 B.C. this supremacy of Elam is maintained, then Babylonia, on the western bank, begins to assert herself. Erech, Nippur, and Ur fade into comparative insignificance, and Babylon emerges as the chief town of Chaldæa—Babylon, which, as we remember, is some three hundred miles up the river. All this early period, as long as Chaldæa, with its capital, Babylon, is supreme, belongs to the period known as the first Chaldæan empire; it has left countless monuments, chiefly of small size, signet cylinders, and the like. But meanwhile out of this land of the plain has gone forth *Asshur*, a band of colonists; a tribe of younger, sterner, and more warlike spirits went northward from Babylonia to the hill country. They took with them the gods of Babylon, and the traditions of her art; they were at one with her at first, later to be at deadly issue (4). Here in this northern hill country were founded three principal cities—first, and most southerly, Asshur; second, most northerly, Nineveh; third, between the two, Calah. Asshur, the earliest, was, as we should expect, on the western, the Babylonian bank; Nineveh and Calah on the east. It is important that these cities should stand out clearly in our minds, because to them we have to attach the principal monuments that have

reached us through recent excavations; and these excavations and monuments are referred to by the names of the modern villages built upon, or in the neighbourhood, of the ancient sites:

Asshur—Kaleh-Shergat;
Nineveh—Koujunjik, Khorsabad;
Calah—Nimroud.

With the fall of the first Chaldæan empire comes the rise of the first Assyrian. It seems probable that this decadence of the first Chaldæan empire may have been due to loss sustained from an incursion by Egypt under the great Theban dynasty of Seti and Ramses. Assyria being further afield and less easily accessible, escaped, and rose to ascendency.

Assyria seems to have been—with of course some political ups and downs—independent from about 1200 B.C. to her sudden and utter downfall in 607 B.C., six centuries. But this period falls into two—the first and second Assyrian empire, divided by a short period of about half a century, 1060–1020 B.C., in which Babylon reasserts herself. The first empire is marked by the great name of the conqueror, Tiglath Pileser I. His name is written on the tiles of Kaleh-Shergat. "Tiglath Pileser, the favoured of Asshur, has built and set up the temple of his lord, the god Bin." On clay cylinders we have the story of his campaigns. He pushed his arms

far to the north up to Lake Vau, to the west to the Tyrian Sea; but at the end of his reign, 1100 B.C., he seems to have been worsted by the Babylonians; and it is soon after this, about 1060 B.C., that their empire revives. In the second Assyrian empire we have the great names of Assurnazirpal, who rebuilt Calah (Nimroud); of Shalmaneser, his son, who enlarged and added to the palaces his father built, whose history is in part written on the Balawat gates in the British Museum. The city was still further beautified by Tiglath Pileser II. With Sargon begins the history of Khorsabad, the new city he built himself ten miles away from Nineveh, up a small tributary of the Tigris. He was followed by Sennacherib, 705, who built the palace we know as Koujunjik, at the old city of Nineveh. We know how Sennacherib was smitten by his sons as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch, his god, and "Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead." It is he who tells us that he seized the King of Sidon "like a fish in the middle of the sea, and cut off his head." (3) He enlarged the palace of his father, Sennacherib, at Calah, and also built a new palace at Calah. Last, for our purpose, we have the king who was a scholar as well as a warrior, to whom "Nebo and Tasmib gave broad ears and seeing eyes," Assurbanipal, 668 B.C. He restored and extended and redecorated the palaces of his grandfather, Sennacherib, near Nineveh (Koujunjik). The kings of Assyria had

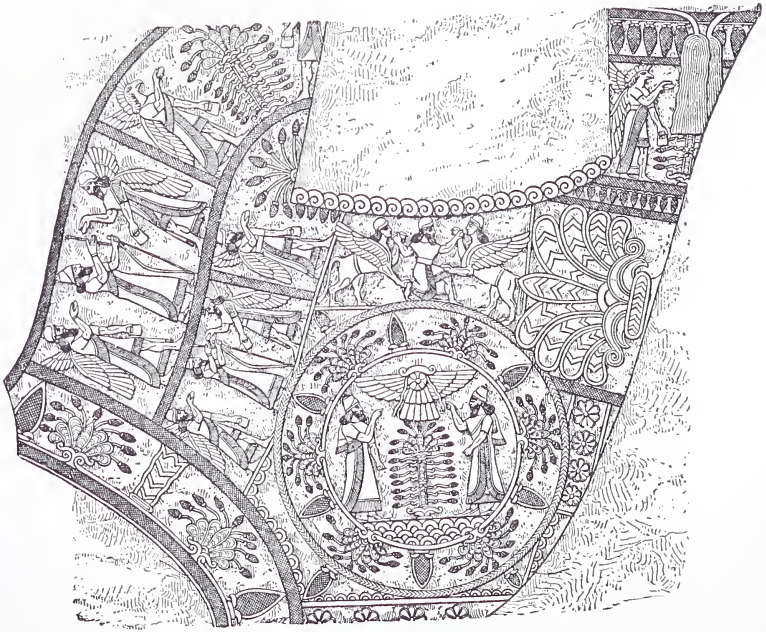

Fig. 3. DECORATIONS ENGRAVED ON AN ASSYRIAN KING'S ROBE.—BRITISH MUSEUM.

been always conquerors, never consolidators. They lacked the political instinct. Their vast empire had no cohesion. Against Assyria rose ancient Elam never subdued; Babylon, bitter with the longing for revenge; Egypt, whose fertile land she had harried and desolated. To these were added the young, fresh strength of Media, and Nineveh falls. Further we need not go. Babylon rises again on the ashes of her old foe, Nineveh, only to fall herself less than a century after before the might of a second new power, the empire of the Persians. It is hard to leave names so familiar, a story so fascinating and so complex, with only this meagre mention; hard to say nothing of Hebrew kings and prophets, of the infatuate policy of the one and the wonderful insight and the passionate patriotism of the other; of the little kingdom who put such pathetic and misplaced confidence now in Assyria, now in Egypt, now in the warrior who "came down like a wolf on the fold," now in the "great dragon" who lay waiting in the midst of his rivers. From all this we must turn aside, for our purpose is in the main art, and, incidentally only, history. Let us look at Fig. 3.

In Egypt we began with the tomb, here our first glance at Assyrian art will have no such solemn import—far otherwise. We are looking at no greater thing than the piece of a king's dress, translated it is true into stone, but still, in design and intention and closely copied execution, only a dress. Why from all the varied monuments

Assyria has left us we have chosen this piece of stony vesture we shall see later; for the present we must consider in detail the devices with which this robe is so curiously decorated. If we succeed in grasping adequately their meaning, and the principle of their grouping, we shall have a firm hold on at least some of the leading motives which prompt and govern Assyrio-Chaldæan thought and art.

Let us look first at the medallion which forms a sort of centre to the design. Within the circle are two male figures standing on either side of a tree-like object. Above it hovers a sort of disk with wings and feathered tail. We stand at once in the presence of Assyria's greatest god, Assour: this winged disk is his constant symbol. The full form of the symbol is a winged disk, containing a small human figure with the tail of a bird grasping in his hand a bow.

We have to notice about the gods of Chaldæo-Assyria, as in Egypt and in all early religions, that the power of a particular god rises and falls with the fluctuations of the special locality where he is worshipped. As in Egypt, with Memphis, Ptah is supreme, with Thebes Amun, so, in Chaldæo-Assyria, Nebo and Merodach for Babylon, Assour for Nineveh. The god of course is the outcome of the national character. The Assyrians were a fierce and warlike people; Assour is the lord of war; in his name the blood of conquered

peoples is shed. Assour remains always for us something of an abstraction, an impersonation of the highest thought and virtue of the people; he has little or no mythological interests. Of him no pathetic story is told such as gathered for Egypt round the names of Isis, Osiris, and Horus.

Looking at this abridged symbol of the great Assyrian god, we are brought face to face with a distinctive characteristic of Assyrian thought and art. They think in symbols, they express by symbols. This great god before whom the nation bowed, they cannot express *him*, find for *him* some fitting outward form that shall utter his whole being, so they must indicate his *qualities*. He is a sun-god, with the brightness and the fierceness, the unwearied energy, the clear shining of the sun—so they grave a solar disk; he is swift and strong—so they add the wings of an eagle. The result is not an organic, possible being, but a lifeless symbol, which *means* much, which *is* nothing. Doctrinally a symbol is good and useful, artistically it is a confession of weakness and incapacity. Look at another symbol in the little picture: the god is in heaven, his suppliants are on earth; but he hears their prayer and accepts their worship. How is this expressed? Does the god bend down? do the faces of the worshippers kindle with hope and faith? No; from the disk a band or cord descends on either side to show the close connection. Art could descend to no balder mechanism.

We shall have to return to the centre medallion, but we will look first at the odd, monstrous figure in the right-hand corner. He has the head of an eagle, the mane of a horse or lion, the draped body of a man, and four, impossible wings. He is a demon, half-god, half-mortal; and he too seems to worship before the customary sacred tree. He holds offerings; in the right a cone, in the left the vessel with a handle so frequent in Assyrian sculptures. When we see this creature with the head of an eagle, we might think, remembering Egypt, that this beast-headed god is the relic of an old nature-worship, the head of the beast superposed on the body of a man. Have we here the counterpart of the ram-headed Knum whom we learnt to know in Egypt? Possibly, in fact probably, the Assyrians in their early Chaldæan stage went through some phase of nature-worship; but here the memory of the beast-god is entirely dimmed by another and more characteristic thought—the intellectual desire to symbolize. This eagle-headed god is no eagle; he has four impossible wings that can never fly; he walks the solid ground. He is neither eagle nor man, but he is a being with the *attributes* of both—strong, swift, and yet possessed of human reason and faculties; a beast and a man in one, a thing that cannot be.

We have said that symbolism in art is a confession of weakness. It is more—it is the outcome of a peculiar

manner of thought, a certain abstractedness and unreality. It is so important for our general view of art that we should grasp the nature of this symbolism, that we must pause a little to get a nearer view of this symbolic demon. We said above that a symbolic creature *means* much, *is* nothing. Put it another way: the artist who fashioned the symbol thought in adjectives, not in substantives; he expressed not a good *being* who was strong and swift as an eagle, reasonable as a man—that was beyond him; but he expressed a complex of *qualities* — goodness, strength, swiftness, and reasonableness, and the result is the impossible substantive before us. I said this came from a certain abstract tendency of mind. Quality, which we express by adjectives, is always abstract; there is no such thing as good, swift, strong (except as an abstract mental conception), apart from the good, swift, strong man or creature. Now some nations are naturally of what I must term adjectival mind; they love abstractions, they have a capacity for thinking in them, they are careless of substantive form. Such are the Assyrians. Such races can never in the best sense be artists; form is to them secondary. Other races, such as the Greeks, are intensely substantive; they think in forms rather than adjectives, they dislike abstraction. Such was the passion for form with the Greeks, that even to adjectives, to the good, the just, the beautiful, their greatest philo-

sopher was compelled, as we shall see, to give some sort of archetypal, transcendental form. His artist nature drove him to philosophic absurdities.

Now because the Assyrian is so careful of his thought, so careless of the form, these demons always lack life. They have wings that do not fly, eagles' beaks that cannot devour; they have attributes that are not functional. It is far otherwise with the Greek; he may create a figure unknown to nature, but it is still natural, according to, possible for nature. He gives wings to the human figure of Victory (Nike), but it is that she may fly to crown the conqueror; he gives wings to the love-god Eros, but not to symbolize that he is swift and strong, rather that, in deed and truth, he may hover over land and sea. Nike and Eros live and breathe; the winged demon only signifies. Now it seems to me that in these symbolic figures of Assyrian art, we see the boundaries of attainment for ever set. Art, as we have already said, may in the sphere of expression try to utter some thought of man's mind, which has no actual correspondent in the outside world. Here two paths are open. Scared at the difficult task before her, she perhaps takes refuge in adjectival symbolism, seeks to indicate what she cannot embody, draws no inspiration from the outside world of nature, and produces a monstrous figment which violates its laws. This is a broad and easy road, but for art it leads to death and destruction. Or, following a higher

and a harder method, art may seek to express man's thought, not by violating nature, but by idealizing nature's own creations, producing what is above and beyond nature, but never impossible and contrary. This is a steep and narrow path, but it leads to artistic life.

We have seen that Egypt excelled in realism, that about her there was some tinge of the highest method in the idealized forms of her kings; symbolism we noted also, and had space allowed we might have noted further. Indeed, the winged disk of the god Assour has its analogy, if not its origin, in Egyptian art. But symbolism never impregnated the whole manner and being of Egyptian art as it did Assyrian. Ram-headed Knum is a very real *person*, a substantive thought with a being of his own, not a mere adjective or collection of adjectives; he *is* some one, he does not merely *mean* a doctrine. Realism Assyria shares with Egypt, but a grosser form, sprung of a coarser people. This realism of Assyria attaches itself to the person of the king, whose robe we are studying, and whose figure we see worshipping Assour. Assyrian realism we might have studied to better advantage had we taken a scene from the palace walls of a Sargon or an Assurbanipal, a lion hunt, or the siege of a city, any of those sculptured slabs which are but the stone chronicles of the monarch's reign—those tedious, prolix, monotonous chronicles which are so intensely *real*, which omit nothing, condense nothing,

idealize nothing. But the realism of Assyria she shares, as I have said, with Egypt; it is not the distinctive characteristic point of her thought and her art. This I conceive to be the symbolic, phantastic, adjectival tendency. This I conceive separates her entirely from Hellas, to whom symbolism was repugnant, and in its excessive emphasis also from Egypt, with whom symbolism was never more than subordinate. Of idealism Assyria, I conceive, knew nothing, not even those faint beginnings we have seen in Egypt. Assyrian conceptions of the after-life seem to have started in the same material fashion as in Egypt. We hear also of doctrines of judgment and purification, reward and punishment; but they never, it seems, attained to the wonderful, spiritual thought of the union of the dead man with his god, of the putting on of the divine form and nature, the absorption into the divine being, which was so powerful an element, as we have seen, in the ideality of the Egyptians. Realism tinged with ideality in Egypt—realism, side by side with phantastic symbolism, in Assyria; so far art has progressed, and beyond, as we shall see, idealism is waiting in Hellas.

But we must return to the king's robe, for woven into its fabric is another thought in some sense akin to this last, but of still wider application, and, for us, in the history of Greek art, of peculiar interest. For this

thought we must turn to the little design immediately above the centre medallion. A king kneels between two winged sphinxes; one of the front paws of each he grasps in either hand; the right-hand sphinx lays her left paw on the king's knee, the left-hand her right paw on the back of his heel. The Sphinx is a familiar figure. She was born by the banks of the Nile, but born wingless; a lion with the head of a man, for she was of male sex. This Nile Sphinx has had a strange history, and it is not beside our mark to note it shortly (5). At first he was a great god, probably a sun-god, with a temple to himself, a worship of his own—such is the mighty Sphinx of Gizeh, upreared in the early days of the Memphite kings. This huge, immobile figure had no need of wings. Probably it was not till he journeyed to Assyria that he got them. There some of his meaning and all his high position was lost; he becomes malevolent, a creature to be fought with and subdued, an incarnation of strength and fierceness, not the mild, protecting being who, in token of protection, sets his paw on the head of the prostrate Egyptian. Here the love of the Assyrian for fierce, violent, hostile conceptions, his warlike instinct, comes out in contrast to the peaceful, reverent, submissive tone of the Egyptian. The transmutation is full of suggestion. We ought not to anticipate, but we must add that when the Greek first beheld the Sphinx she was for him a woman and a wonder; her form was an

enigma, so hybrid, so monstrous that the Greek, with his instinct for fitness, put a riddle in her mouth and bade her ask it of the Theban king. With the Greek, too, she was a creature of violence and murder, who slew the vanquished. Greek artists may have seen the figure of the Assyrian king contending with her, and of the Egyptian prostrate before her feet, and lacking the true clue they wove a story of their own. Her form they kept strictly intact; it was a foreign word, not of the genius of their language; they adopted it, but they could not inflect it. They never loved it very well; it was too broken a metaphor, with mixed, unclear meaning. A few vases remain to us with the Sphinx standing half mythically, half decoratively on the top of a pillar, and below Œdipus asks the riddle; but the myth never in its Greek form took real, living hold of art. The figure of the Sphinx was never of national birth, and they preferred to use her just as a subordinate ornament.

Intentionally we have wandered a little away, but the word "ornament" brings us back. The central thought about our little design is not the nature and history of the Sphinx, important though that is; it is rather the scheme of the device. Looking from section to section of our picture we see that everywhere the same principle of careful symmetrical arrangement prevails, a very precise balance of figure against figure, space against space —to the left, a king between two genii, who seem to in-

struct him; in the medallion, two kings, one on either side a sacred tree; in our present device, a king with a sphinx on either side. It is the principle of arrangement known to archæologists as heraldic (*Wappenstylartig*); it has about it the formal precision and intent of a coat of arms—our lion and unicorn "fighting for the crown" is the simplest modern instance (6).

Now as regards form this heraldic tendency seems to have been caused in two ways. First, we must remember that we are studying a textile fabric translated into stone. In weaving and in embroidery, when it takes its tone from weaving, patterns tend to become formal, and to repeat themselves in constant recurrence. This alone would be a powerful element in forming a heraldic style. Secondly, we know that the Babylonians and Assyrians used for their seals small cylinders engraved with devices, chiefly religious. The space of the cylinder being small, the design would have to be condensed into as neat and formal a pattern as possible. It is well to mark here what we have had little or no occasion to note among the Egyptians, but shall see abundantly illustrated among the Greeks, the influence of limitations of space on thought. The cylinder pattern, when the impress is taken on a flat substance, fills just a little oblong space such as we see multiplied on our robe. In fact, the whole decoration looks like a succession of cylinder patterns. This inventing of pattern for cylinder

seals to be endlessly multiplied, with very slight variations, of course tended to stereotype particular forms.

The little device we are studying is not only of this heraldic type, but it is a very noticeable instance; it is one of that large class of patterns for which we have no one convenient word, but which the German language fitly calls the scheme of "wild beast taming" (*Thierbändigung*); again and again in Assyrian art the same motive returns—a god, a hero, or a king, holds in subjection, or is about to slay, either one monster or two, one on either side of him. In our next chapter we shall see that this was a heraldic pattern which specially struck the fancy of the Greeks; they saw in the victorious king or god a hero of their own, taming some savage monster of sea or mountain. We observe again, that in our Assyrian device, the holding of the paw of the Sphinx is no real action, it is mere symbolism, to indicate the supremacy of the king. The artist is carving what has been well called a miniature, sculptured hymn of praise; it is the old adjectival principle.

So far we have seen only a fresh illustration and application of the principle we explained before—the principle of symbolism; but let us note with what careful precision the paws of the Sphinx are arranged to fill the space in a pleasing fashion, to balance yet contrast, one up on the knee, the other down on the heel. This is a good instance of the delicate and finished deve-

lopment of the *decorative* instinct which is so observable in Assyrian art. The decorative artist does not seek to express a thought ; at least, if he does, it is only incidental to his main object—that object is—pleasantly to cover an allotted space with as much symmetry with as much variety as he can ; he wants to give pleasure more to the sight than to the understanding, though sense and intellect are so closely allied, he can scarcely separate the two.

We have said hard things of the Assyrian artist, of his inability, his formality, his deadness and conventionality, his frigid, mechanical way (7). That was when we regarded him as trying to express a thought, embody an ideal, not when he sought merely to decorate a space. What is worst in ideal art—the hybrid form, the unnatural monster, the impossible attitude—is best in decoration. The best patterns, those which are most stylistic, have least of life, most of conventional. A man springing out of a tree, Daphne half changed into a laurel bush, are horrors in *expressive* art, because they are violations of nature ; but an arabesque, half-plant, half-animal, is beautiful as a *decoration*, just because we do not want on the dead material the appearance of organic life—we want a mere harmony of lines. So the monster with four wings and the head of an eagle, the body of a man, is vexing and foolish as an attempt to express the divine nature ; but as a piece of decoration he is beautiful, just because he is unnatural, unlifelike.

I think the reason is clear. In decorative art the *material* is of primary importance : it is the material that is to be made more beautiful, and the consciousness of it must never be clouded ; if lifelike forms are strewn upon it, there is the contest of the idea of the living form and the idea of the dead material—a fatal dualism, causing distress not only to the eye, but also to the intellect of man ; if, on the contrary, impossible monstrous forms are strewn over the dead material, there is no such conflict—the material is dead, the forms are lifeless, or perhaps we should say non-existent. They are so many pleasant lines ; they may even without offending suggest a thought, provided they do not attempt vitally to embody it, to give life to what is really dead ; the thought must, in decorative art, be always subordinate to the material. In expressive art we have just the contrary ; the thought to be embodied is the dominant element, the material subordinate ; the thought must vitalize the material be it stone, marble, or brass, and in order that the result may be lifelike, there must be no form admitted impossible to nature. Yet even here we shall find that the material imposes its own conditions which can never with impunity be violated.

We begin to see how closely the two thoughts are connected, symbolism and decoration—how they, so to speak, play into each other's hands. In both the Assyrian excels, and no doubt they acted and re-acted on each

other. We see at once to what a low plane Assyrian art is necessarily confined; it can never successfully get beyond the enriching and decorating of material—in that sphere it reigns pre-eminent. It tries to express the human body, and the muscles and beard become a pattern, the formal hair a mere device; we seem to see the weaving of the symmetrical web from which they were first transcribed. But the Assyrian never recognized his own limits; he was always trying to express a thought and by the way producing an excellent pattern. When the Greek met the Assyrian, with his wonderful art instinct, he unconsciously relegated what he learnt of this foreign art to its proper place, the decorative function. He did not borrow the winged demon to *express his thought*, to embody his conception of Zeus or Athene; but he did gladly welcome it pleasantly, to *fill a space*—all it was fit for. In this subordinate position we shall meet griffin and sphinx, and many another hybrid monster. This is one of the many instances in which the Greek—centuries before he formulated an art theory—hit the right mean in practice. He did not—with his clear imagination—could not, grasp the confused symbolism, the doctrinal meaning of these hybrid forms; but he did at once see their only possible artistic function, that of decoration.

There is something about this formal precision, this art of symbols and patterns, that makes us suspect that the faith of the Assyrian was a good deal merged in

ritual; we know indeed that they were a people addicted to magic, to obscure rites of divination and incantation, to elaborate and significant gesture and posture, to the letter with little of the life, to mechanical formularies rather than vital expression.

One or two details remain to be noticed about our robe. The decoration is composed of geometric and floral, as well as animal, forms. In the present case we are specially rich in floral forms. Notice the sacred tree in the centre medallion; it is a palm, conventionalized in a most careful, and for purposes of decoration very lovely, way. The leaves of the palm are arranged at the top fan-shape, and they alternate with palm buds very truly and finely delineated. They form a semicircle as they droop to the side by the natural weight of their own heads. The design is repeated in the circle round the medallion, forming a decoration which suggests to one's eye the capital of a Corinthian column. Interspersed are single palm-buds marking out the space, bar-fashion. We notice that the figures in the centre stand on a straight line which cuts off a segment of the circle like the exergue of a coin. This exergue is not left blank but filled in with geometrical decoration. At the right side of the medallion a small space is filled with conventional roses; above this is a capital-formed design of palm leaves only; above that a row of buds only linked by their stems. It is worth noticing in detail the

development of this one motive of the palm leaf and bud, to show the endless variety that an artist with the decorative instinct can evolve from a single theme. This decorative instinct the Assyrian undoubtedly had; even when he borrows a motive from Egypt, such as the lotus bud and flower, he beautifies and varies it.

One small detail, and we have done with the devices of this robe. The close, heavy drapery, worn by king and demon-god alike, is heavily and profusely fringed. It is worth noticing this point. These heavy, formal fringes do not appear in any Chaldæan art of which we know; they are sufficient of themselves to mark the work as belonging not to the Chaldæan, but the Assyrian Empire. We can date our monument more closely still: the stone robe is taken from a palace at Nimroud (Calah) built by Assurnazirpal (B.C. 882–862); the king's name means "Assour preserves the son," and we have seen the king worship the symbol of the god. The winged eagle-headed genii are also, as far as we know, peculiar to the Assyrian Empire. No doubt all these sacred devices were woven into the robe as charms to guard and keep the monarch.

We have said that for the purposes of our study of Greek art, Babylonia and Assyria are one. Still, to guard against the possibility of misunderstanding, it may be well to say that in Chaldæo-Assyria, as in Egypt, art never stood still. Cylinders of the first

Chaldæan empire show a rough, vivid, naturalism very different from the finished work before us. Later than the date of Assurnazirpal, in the reign of Assurbanipal, 668–626 B.C., art attained a greater luxuriance; there is less convention in the treatment of floral form and animal life; the favourite lion specially is drawn with the most startling fidelity. Our specimen of work stands midway, when art had attained a certain perfection, and seemed for awhile to crystallize.

The devices of our robe are exhausted, but we have not done with the robe itself; it suggests to us another and a most important thought. The Greeks noted with surprise that the barbarians thought it a shame to be seen unclothed; their own climate was temperate and equable, and they delighted, as we shall see, in the study and development of the human figure. In striking contrast the Assyrians are a nation of clothes. Their climate, fickle and often inclement as it is, with sudden changes from fierce heat by day to frost by night, compels ample covering. We have seen the tiny figures on our plate with their close, formal drapery, thick and uncompromising, standing out in its own stiffness, not pliant to the motions and postures of the body. Never having before him the undraped model, the artist never attained any real, searching knowledge of the structure of the human body, and therefore never knew its capacities for variety and beauty of form. He is con-

tent with a certain general scheme, a few positions, a few typical gestures. He generalizes, indeed, but in a false way, by omitting all that is specially characteristic of human texture and pose. Very few statues in the round remain to us. For bas-relief the draped figure is a more effective decorative element than the undraped, more capable of being treated pattern fashion. The Assyrian thus shut off from himself the highest object of the artist's ambition, the most beautiful of nature's creations, the human body. Man became a sort of lay figure for draping—a thing on which to hang clothes. When a man is distinguished in this superficial way from his inferiors, by the splendour of his clothes rather than the perfection of his form, those clothes had indeed need be splendid: hence the weaving and embroidery of the Chaldæans was known throughout the whole civilized world. The art is not yet extinct among the peasants of the half-deserted country. We remember that after the taking of Ai it was the sight of a "goodly Babylonish garment" (Joshua vii. 21) that tempted the covetous Achan; in the parable of Ezekiel the wooers of Aholibah are "the Assyrians her neighbours, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously" (Ezekiel xxiii. 12); it was the Babylonians who wove the "pictured raiment" (*picturata vestis*) which rich Romans delighted to buy; Nahum cries of the accursed city Nineveh, "her valiant men are in scarlet" (Nahum ii. 3)—from beginning to end it is the

old story of outside show and splendour, great display and little of inward strength and beauty. On the forehead of Assyria the brand of *externalism* is stamped—externalism and unreality. Externalism in her political history; for, as we have seen, her splendid conquests were never secured; the triumphs that were so bloody were empty, blatant shows, the empire collapsed suddenly because politically it had no vital organism; externalism in a religion of symbols, of ritual, of magic charms; externalism in art which veiled in a show of splendid raiment a body whose structure it shrank from understanding.

Externalism, too, in another strange and almost parabolic way. Turn from the robe of the king to the palace in which he dwelt, the palace of this very king Assurnazirpal—How was it built? In the alluvial plains of Lower Mesopotamia naturally there was little stone, and there were no limestone and granite hills from which, as in Egypt, the architect might quarry his material. The early Chaldæans, therefore, were compelled to use brick. "Go to," said the builders of Babel, as they paused in the plain of the land of Shinar, "let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." This tradition of brick architecture the Assyrians took with them to the north; stone they had, but they clung to the old convention. In bitter mockery the prophet Nahum

cried to them when their doom was approaching, "Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strong holds; go into the clay, tread the mortar, make strong the brickkiln." Still for this formless, often unstable mass of brick they wrought a robe of stone and cast it about the naked structure. Above, high up, they faced the walls with enamelled brick, painted with rich colours and manifold devices, kings and captains, horses and chariots, "men pourtrayed upon the wall, the images of Chaldæans pourtrayed with vermilion;" and beneath were slabs of stone on which was unrolled the pageant of the great king, his wars, his sieges, his prowess in the chase, his banquets, and his sacrifices. Such slabs now line the Assyrian galleries of our own Museum. Graven on one of them is the seated king Assurnazirpal, on whose breast the pattern of our robe is incised. Standing close up to the figure nearly every line can yet be made out.

Thus we see that the sculptured slabs were no integral part of the palace architecture. The designs were not as in Egypt graven into the solid stone of the building; they are only a decorative covering cast over an uncomely structure. It is the same spirit of show, of outwardness; the note of superficiality that jars us amid all the splendour of Assyria. There seems always a sound of loud noise and shouting, the voice "of a nation who roars like a young lion;" but it is not the voice of a nation that prevails and abides. Well might the seer cry,

"What profiteth the graven image that the maker thereof hath graven it; the molten image, and a teacher of lies, that the maker of his work trusteth therein, to make dumb idols? Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver and *there is no breath at all in them*." And, again,—seeing in all the splendour of Assyria its secret evanescence, inborn, inevitable—

"Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are."

CHAPTER III.

PHŒNICIA.

BETWEEN Mesopotamia and Hellas there stretch some thousand miles of desert and hill country hard to traverse; between Egypt and the nearest, the southernmost, point of the Peloponnesus lies five hundred miles of open sea difficult to navigate. Assyria and Egypt seem to lie utterly aloof. If the fancy of the Greek artist was indeed stimulated by the art-treasures of Egypt and Chaldæo-Assyria, if he learnt anything of the realism of the one, the symbolism and decorative skill of the other, the technical dexterity of both, Where was the point of contact? by land or sea? By land the route from Assyria is tedious and difficult, still, as we shall see, possible; only the sea is left for Egypt, and Egypt never loved the sea. The sandy shallows of the Delta were enough to dishearten her timid sailors; what enterprise by sea she attempted was in the sheltered waters of the Arabian Gulf. With a curiosity that is well-nigh incredulity we ask again, Where and how was the point of contact?

Perhaps we may find an answer in the picture that lies

before us (Fig. 4). The design is taken from a silver gilt bowl, adorned by concentric, embossed friezes. The decoration is so complicated and the details for us of such vital importance, that we must consider it bit by bit. First let us look at the centre medallion. A figure with four wings seizes with his left hand a lion, and, with his right, stabs him. We seem to be back again in Assyria, the familiar demon with his four symbolical, mechanical wings is pourtrayed, and in the equally familiar animal-taming (*Thierbändigung*) scheme. We cannot doubt the demon is an *Assyrian*, the heavy type with the elaborate drapery is enough. Above the *Assyrian* hovers, to our surprise, not the symbol of his god Asshur, not the winged disk we saw on the embroidered robe ; instead, above him and to the left side, stands the sacred hawk, the *Egypttian* symbol of the sun-god Ra. This medallion is framed in by a double-twisted braid frequent in Assyrian decoration. In the next circle are a series of little disconnected pictures. Above the medallion a horse is feeding near a tree ; this we can scarcely say is characteristic of either Egypt or Assyria. To the right of the horse is a scene that may well have come from Egypt—a human figure prostrate beneath the paw of an animal. In many Egyptian reliefs we see the Sphinx lay his paw on the head of a human figure, but rather in token of protection than of conquest ; again a tree, and next some actual hiero-

Fig 4. PHENICIAN BOWL.—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

glyphics above a recumbent sphinx. But it is important to notice these hieroglyphics are quite unintelligible, mere nonsense, put in to imitate the Egyptian fashion. Next follow some groups of cattle, and a cow suckling her calf, very Egyptian in their simple, pastoral way, with a strong touch of realism ; next, an Egyptian bowman taking aim and a man advancing against a wild beast in a jungle. The outmost frieze with its larger pictures will yield us results still more confusing. Immediately above the centre medallion is a group thoroughly Assyrian in character, a hero contending with a winged monster, a sort of griffin, in the old "animal-taming" scheme. The hero's dress as in the centre medallion is thoroughly Assyrian. To the right of this group is a scene as completely Egyptian. A warrior wearing the royal Egyptian crown grasps by the hair his prostrate enemies, as though to slay them with a single blow: just so we may see the great conqueror Ramses III. figured on the walls of his temples. By the side stands the beast-god, hawk-headed Ra, the solar disk on his head, a sickle-shaped sword in his hand—the design is the counterpart of a scene figured on the façade of the so-called pavilion of Medinet Abou, at Thebes. Passing on to the right we find an Egyptian slaying a monster; and again, to his right, a design that is possibly derived from the sacred tree of Assyria: the tree is much more formal, much more architectural than when

we saw it in Assyria, and indeed may be a decorative motive borrowed from Egypt. By the side of this tree are more Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the Egyptian goddess Isis holding the lotus flower in her hands. Another sacred tree, and again another; this time with monsters heraldically arrayed on either side, face to face, Assyrian fashion. This scheme of heraldic monsters completes the circuit of the bowl. Art could scarcely offer a stranger, a more impartial, a more mechanical and unmeaning confusion of Egyptian and Assyrian elements. If the bowl had been wrought by Egyptians the hieroglyphics would at least have had their meaning; if by Assyrians, we might have had in their place some cuneiform inscription. We must look, then, for some third nation, standing midway between the two, superficially acquainted with the symbolism and art conventions of both, yet fully understanding neither; a nation which cared little to express, but which borrowed on all hands with reckless ignorance such elements as might subserve the purposes of elaborate decoration.

Where was the cup found, and with what surroundings? Neither by the Nile nor the Euphrates, but on an island standing midway between them—Cyprus. The bowl was discovered by General Cesnola in his excavations at Curium, a city on the south-east side of the island. It was found together with a vast treasure of silver and gold in one of the subterranean chambers which formed

the treasure-house of an ancient Paphian king. One of the chambers is a storehouse of gold, wrought into all manner of ornaments, gems, bracelets, earrings; the other chamber held about three hundred objects made of silver gilt and silver, among them bowls, cups, jars, as well as jewellery. Among the gold treasure were found two armlets inscribed with the name Eteandros in Cyprian letters (9). This Eteandros, we know, paid tribute to the Assyrian king Esarhaddon, who reigned 672 B.C. Though these armlets offer a clue to the dating of the objects found with them, our bowl may be of earlier date, because, in the treasure-house of a king, might be stored not only the wealth he had acquired for himself, but much that was ancestral.

This treasure from the Curium chambers is now preserved far away in the Museum of New York; it might have belonged to our own Museum, but we, as a nation, were either too ignorant to know the value, or too niggardly to pay the price.

The wonderful bowl we have chosen does not stand alone. If it did the riddle would be harder to read. Thirteen of similar character have been found at Nineveh, and eighteen scattered over Europe, some in Cyprus, some as far west as Italy. One of those found in Italy, at Præneste (now Palestrina), not far from Rome, tells us the secret, for on it is clearly and legibly engraved an inscription in Phœnician characters. Here

is one clue; it remains for us to follow it up; to see, why in Cyprus, why in far distant Italy, should be found objects combining so strangely the art of Assyria and Egypt, and why on one of them should be engraved the characters of Phœnicia. We must cross from Cyprus to the mainland opposite, only a hundred miles away, and seek the Phœnician craftsman in his home.

A moment's glance at the position of that home, on the coast of Syria, will show us how close the connection with Assyria and Egypt. Northern Syria joins the land of the Euphrates, Southern Canaan borders on the valley of the Nile. From all time this intermediate country was the natural, necessary link.

We must grasp clearly the peculiar physical character of this intermediate country. From north to south it is intersected by a double range of mountains, Libanus and Anti-Libanus; perhaps more strictly we might say by one range only, broken asunder by a steep fissure. On the east side this range rises gradually from the desert land of the Euphrates, but on the west side it descends somewhat abruptly to the sea. The fissure, forming a narrow valley, is the bed of two rivers: one flowing north, the Orontes; one flowing south, the familiar Jordan. It is the country to the west of this fissure, the country towards the sea, that concerns us mainly. This part falls again into two portions—the northern half between the mouth of the Orontes and the promontory of Carmel is

Phœnicia ; the southern half the Greeks called Palæstina, the country of the constant foes of the Israelites, the Philistines. The Egyptians in their inscriptions called the whole coast vaguely Kaft. The division of the coast into two portions, north and south, is nowise arbitrary. To the south of Carmel the mountains decrease in height, the whole scenery becomes tamer ; there is more coast, but it is flat, sandy, with but indifferent harbourage. Vegetation in the valleys is scanty, for the soil is rough and stony ; timber is scarce, only a few olives and palms. Further inland the country becomes more and more desolate till the climax is reached in the salt, barren, volcanic surroundings of the Dead Sea. But the land we have to seek out is of more cheerful aspect. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world could we find a strip of country at once so fertile and so various. It is this variety that charms us from the first. We have watched the slow, monotonous development of two vast river-civilizations, moving with a stately uniformity that has about it a tinge of stagnation. Here we shall see a people arise amid physical conditions widely different and far more stimulating. The land they are to inhabit is bordered by the eager sea. It is dominated by no single influence—no Nile, no Euphrates—but broken up into a thousand fragments by hills and valleys, by steep gorges and abrupt ravines. The rivers that water the land flow with no slow, solemn regularity ; they rush tempestuously

down, leaping from crag to crag; they are no highways for the people of the land; they are fierce impediments to traffic. When the Greeks first visited the land they gave to the rivers the names of fierce wild beasts—one was the wolf (Lycus), another the ravening lion (Leontes)—so rapacious seemed their current, carrying all before it.

The country was no barren waste. The coast-land was damp, unhealthy with moisture and depressing heat, but marvellously productive. The limestone rocks above were covered with abundant shrubs, and timber, and fruit-trees—fig-trees, mulberries, vineyards, myrtle-groves, and more important than these, as the terraces rose higher, plane-trees, and cypresses, and lofty cedars. We remember how, when King Solomon would build a house for his God, he sent to Hiram of Tyre, and entreated him: "Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon; . . . for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians;" and Hiram promised to do "all his desire concerning timber of cedar, and concerning timber of fir." And how, we do well to ask, did Hiram send this store of timber to King Solomon at Jerusalem? Scarcely by land, for the mountain tracks were hard for a man to follow, broken often by steep ravines and impassable precipices. The timber for Solomon went by the route that all traffic from Phœnicia had gone before, by the route it goes to-day,

by the route it must always go—by the sea. "My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me." (1 Kings v. 6–9.) The route for traffic by sea was as easy and tempting as the route by land was dangerous and forbidding. The very rocks which, jutting out into the sea steep and high, impede the traveller's progress by land, and force him to make long detours, afford the sailor shelter from wind and wave, and excellent harbourage. The bays are deep and tranquil, and very frequent; they tempt even the simplest boatmen along the shore. We can fancy how, in the very earliest days, the dwellers on the coast would frame rude boats out of the excellent Libanus timber, and, freighting them with the produce of their fertile land, would hazard a short voyage round to a neighbouring bay, there to barter with the neighbours who were so difficult of access by land. So he would avoid foaming torrents and impassable ravines. Should a storm arise, he was never far from a safe harbourage.

We have, therefore, by the very configuration of the land, a people impelled to enterprise, a people whom an easy coasting trade predestined to commerce. Politically the land was of necessity broken up into small cantons; there could be no one dominating sovereign in a land that nature had so effectually broken up into fragments. Nor could it easily become subject to foreign empire, for

the rocky fastnesses were easily defensible. Accordingly we find it again and again invaded by Egypt, by Assyria, by the neighbouring peoples of Syria and Canaan; and again and again reasserting its independence. If its inhabitants were hard pressed, the sea lay ready at hand, an easy way of escape.

Naturally we ask, What people dwelt in this land, and when were the first beginnings of their civilization? Tradition among the Hebrews makes them belong to the sons of Ham, from whom sprang "Nimrod, who builded Nineveh;" "and Canaan (the son of Ham) begat Sidon his firstborn, and Heth, and the Jebusite, and the Amorite, and the Girgasite," &c. All that complex of nations that we are accustomed to call Semitic sprang of one stock—Chaldæans, Assyrians, Arabs, Canaanites, Syrians, Phœnicians, Philistines—yes, and the Hebrews themselves, though, as we have said, they did not care to allow their kinship.

The civilization of Egypt was already well matured, the empire of the Theban conquerors well established, when Phœnicia emerges from obscurity. Chaldæa is flourishing and vigorous; the time seems fitly prepared for the rise of this intermediate people. About 1700–1600 B.C. this coast of Phœnicia appears among the list of conquests on Egyptian monuments. Some three or four centuries before this must be allowed for the rise and growth of Phœnician civilization. Probably we shall not

be far wrong if we roughly date its first beginnings in 2000 B.C. Roughly, very roughly be it always remembered, Egypt begins with Memphis in 4000 B.C., Chaldæa at the mouth of the Euphrates in 3000 B.C., Phœnicia on the sea-coast in 2000 B.C. At the mouth of the wolf-river (Lycus), which reaches the sea between Tyre and Sidon—at the place now known as Nahr el Kelb (dog-river)—Ramses II., the great conqueror, has carved in the rock a monument of his conquests, and, that no mistake may be made, has added his own cartouch. The power of Egypt was, then, distinctly felt in Phœnicia about 1400 B.C. By this time most of the important cities were founded. We speak habitually of Tyre and Sidon ; it would be more correct chronologically to speak of Sidon and Tyre. Sidon (Tsidon), the "fishery" city, was the firstborn of Canaan. We hear no mention of Tyre either in Genesis or Homer ; her supremacy came later, and extended further. But the land was never ruled by one city any more than by one sovereign ; it was always a complex of small municipal states, an organization usually more stimulating than stable. The cities, one after the other, were built on sites so admirably chosen, on islands and impregnable rock fortresses, that the strongholds of ancient times are still the natural political centres of to-day. From north to south the network extended—Arad, Marath, Arka, Gebal, Byblus, Berytus, Sidon, Sarepta, Tyre.

This complex of cities seems to have fallen naturally into three divisions. First, to the north, was the civilization that clustered about Aradus, cut off almost completely by Libanus, compelled to turn its efforts either by sea to the Mediterranean, or by land to Asia Minor. Next came Gebal and Berytus. This second division was distinguished by a special religious development; it has been well called the Jerusalem of Libanus. Here the Phœnician character seems to have been tinged with something of the theological fervour of their kinsmen the Hebrews. Speaking of this second division of Phœnicia we are naturally led to consider, in the interests of art, what was the religion of this branch of the Semitic people. Shall we find among them any such intense convictions of the after-life as led to Egyptian realism? or any such dry dogmatism as prompted Chaldæo-Assyrian symbolism? or shall we find the sacred monotheism of the Hebrews?

So far we can discover none of these in their entirety, but a sort of eclectic mixture of all. In a country which had natural features so rugged and strange, where rivers were turbulent and mountains steep and awful, we must expect that the basis of religion will be a sort of nature worship. Of animal cults such as existed in Egypt no trace is found; but every mountain was a god; caverns and grottoes, sources of rivers, were objects of a special cult. Very curious,

too, is the worship of oddly shaped fetich stones, known as betyls (Beth-El=house of El). This worship survived to late times. Sometimes the stone was regarded as the symbol of a god or goddess; thus Astarte was worshipped under the form of a cone. The chief god was Baal; but the term is, after all, a shadowy one, denoting a function rather than a person. Baal means master; hence there were many Baals, Baalim. There was Baal Lebanon, master of Lebanon, Baal Hermon, Baal Tsour (Tyre), Baal Sidon, and the familiar Baal Peor. Each city and many a mountain had its Baal. The system is like the political organization of the country, municipal and geographical. Again and again comes the reproach to Israel, that they followed not Baal, but Baalim. Well might Baal's prophets be four hundred and fifty men. The Greeks had, as we know, and shall later on have to consider, a polytheistic system. Their gods were many, but these gods were various—they were each a person, each the incarnation of some special aspect or attribute of godhead, very real and very human —not like the Phœnician Baalim, mere geographical multiplications of one thought.

Naturally to this male god Baal, the master, there was added his female counterpart Baalat, the mistress; at Gebal we find Baalat Gebal, mistress of Gebal. Sometimes she takes other names, thus—Baalat Tyre, the mistress of Tyre, is called also Ashtoreth; she was also

worshipped at Sidon. Baal was a sun-god ; Ashtoreth, a moon-goddess : Baal, god of the creative energies of the world ; Ashtoreth, of the receptive and reproductive forces. By that curious dualism which besets most early theologies, she was at once the goddess of reproduction and destruction. As Baal was but another form of the Chaldæan Bel, so Ashtoreth was the counterpart of Istar. For us she has a special interest, because some of her attributes and functions became confused and interwoven with those of the Greek goddess of love, Aphrodite. Not that for a moment we would suppose that the Greeks, the most human of all nations, had no indigenous goddess of love, that they must needs wait to borrow their loveliest conception from the fierce, inhuman East. What really happened seems to have been that, finding perhaps in Cyprus a goddess of love and war, worshipped with elaborate ritual, they borrowed and beautified some elements of her cult to honour afresh their own Aphrodite. At Tyre was worshipped also a special form of Baal. Baal Melkart, Baal Melek Quart, the master, the king of the city ; Melek or, as we know it, Moloch, means simply the king. This Melkart was a roving god, a protector of trade and commerce, a god who, because of his wide wanderings, seemed to the Greeks like their own Herakles. We remember how Elijah mocked the prophets of Baal when on the height of Carmel they implored their Baal for help. "And it

came to pass at noon that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking or he is pursuing, *or he is on a journey.*" Remembering Elijah, we wonder if in the minds of these Baal worshippers any desire arose to learn a purer faith, to leave their Baalim, to wound themselves no more with lancets and knives, till the blood gushed out. We cannot find that it ever was so; in the unity of the one Baal, through the many Baalim, there is a certain instinct for monotheism; but a religion that forbade the making of graven images could scarcely find acceptance in Phœnicia. The making of images, of amulets, of every description of graven symbol, was to the Phœnicians a great source of wealth. The makers of silver shrines for Diana of the Ephesians hated Christianity, and the worship of an imageless Jehovah was not likely to allure the Phœnician craftsman. Again and again we hear that the kings of Israel followed after Baalim, that they joined themselves to Baal Peor, and ate the offerings of the dead. But we hear of no reaction to Hebrew monotheism.

We must return to our triple division of Phœnicia. Gebal and Berytus were not the most influential of Phœnician cities, and to teach religion is not the mission of the Phœnician race. To find that mission we must go south to our third division, the cities that cluster about the two great cities of Sidon and Tyre. Sidon, as we have said, was the first to rise; but the two cities

have much in common. In their inhabitants comes out the special characteristic of the race, their genius for commerce, their greed, their craft, their tireless energy Like the Jews of the Middle Ages, where gain was to be found, where barter could be effected, there they were—with no political instinct for conquest, but an immense aptitude of commercial adaptation ; ruthless, but only in the interests of rapacity.

So much they had in common, but historically we must consider the two cities separately and in succession. Sidon seems to have been supreme from the earliest times of which we have any record down to 1000 B.C. What can be known of these times we must gather together. Before we watch the Sidonian and Tyrian traders push out westward to the Ægean Sea, we have first to note their trade with Egypt, Assyria, and all the peoples of the East.

In speaking of the inland traffic of Phœnicia, we must not forget the neighbouring land of Syria. A glance at the map will show how close must have been her relations with Chaldæo-Assyria ; as if to woo Syria to friendship, the river Euphrates bends its course round to the west (10). More than one caravan route led from the Phœnician sea-coast to the banks of the Euphrates, and depended for its safety on the goodwill of Syrian princes. Tortuous necessarily these routes were, from the precipices and fissures of the Libanus range, but, where

there was no kindly sea to facilitate communication, the circuitous land-route must be attempted. The road starting from Sidon passed the Israelitish Dan on to Damascus, then turning to the north reached Riblah and Emesa, still due north up to Hamath, avoiding the desert on to Bambyke, and at last across the Euphrates to Haran; from thence the road was safe and easy down the valley of the Euphrates. A shorter, but more perilous way, went across the desert by way of the oasis of Palmyra. Very early this traffic went on. We remember the Babylonish garment that tempted Achan, again an evidence that before 1300 B.C. the woven fabrics of Babylon were known throughout Canaan. To the skilful workmen of Mesopotamia the Syrian merchants brought the raw produce of their more fertile country; timber from Lebanon, oil in abundance, wine from the vineyards on their slopes. In exchange they would obtain rich woven garments, unguents, spices, incense, and gold. By this Haran route came also, through the medium of Babylonia, the products of far-off Arabia. Arabia was, down to quite late times, the wonderland of the East. Herodotus says (iii. 107) that the fairest of blessings are given by the gods to the uttermost parts of the world. Arabia, to him, was the southernmost point; here, he said, the sheep had such large tails, that carriages were fastened behind to support them; here huge bats watch over the cassia trees, and winged

serpents over the frankincense shrubs. Cinnamon was brought to the Arabians by huge birds in their beaks, from whence men knew not. Setting aside these charming fables, Arabia still remains the perfume land of the world. In olden days, when strong scents and unguents were more appreciated than now, the trade of Arabia was a source of immense wealth. Frankincense and myrrh, balm, cassia, palm and calmus, there thrive luxuriantly. Another Greek writer speaking of Arabia Felix says the perfume is ambrosial beyond all description. In coasting along the shore, even at a distance, if the wind be favourable, the perfume may be inhaled, and the odour is of marvellous strength and virtue. These perfumes of Arabia would be for our purpose of little importance but for the fact that they entered so largely into Syrian and ultimately Phœnician trade. Through the medium of Egypt to the south, as well as Babylonia to the north, the products of Arabia were sought by Phœnician merchants. Trade with Egypt was very easy. Phœnician traders had but to coast down to the Delta, and then continue the journey by land. Egypt was already in communication with Arabia ; from the time of the establishment of the Theban dynasty onwards we have records of the exploits of Egyptian kings against the tribes of Phut, as they call Arabia. The Egyptian queen Hatasu, of the Theban line (about 1630 B.C.), herself in person led a fleet on the Red Sea,

and returned to Egypt bearing with her as part of her spoil thirty-two spice trees. Egypt, like Babylon, was a spice-loving land. She needed also horses and camels for beasts of burden, sheep and goats to give wool for her weaving. All these Arabia could readily furnish in exchange for corn, for weapons of war, and other manufactured articles, which their nomad tribes were incapable of producing. These products of Arabia, through the medium of Babylonia and Egypt, and ultimately Phœnicia, were familiar in Canaan; when Isaiah sees the glorious future of the New Jerusalem he beholds her decked with all the splendour of Arabia (Chap. lx. 6, 7): "The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense. . . . All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebajoth shall minister unto thee." Later this intermediate caravan route did not suffice to the Phœnicians; they desired themselves to have direct communication by sea. We remember how King Solomon "had at sea a navy of Tharshish with *the navy of Hiram:* once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." "And the navy of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees and precious stones" (1 Kings x. 11). We are anticipating Hiram king of Tyre, that

we may realize the full extent of this *eastern* trade of Phœnicia (11). In early days, during the supremacy of Sidon, the scene was already a lively one—ships were plying by sea to Egypt, to the Delta trading station of Caphtor; long lines of caravans were coming and going by land, laden from Egypt with linen fabrics, papyrus, drugs, engraved stones, and glass, and all the produce of Arabia; Syria was exchanging her oil, her timber, her wine for the embroidered stuffs and the costly ointments of Babylon. All this, bit by bit, fell more and more into the hands of the keen, eager, energetic Phœnicians. Not only did they themselves trade with Babylon and Egypt, and later with Arabia, but gradually they absorbed to a great extent the carrying trade between all these widely sundered nations. They took the wares of Babylon to Egypt, of Egypt to Babylon. Probably this carrying trade was already thriving about 1500 B.C.

Two or three centuries later there seems to have been a serious upset of the political condition of Canaan, an upset fraught with momentous issues for the Phœnicians. The tribes of the Amorites fell upon the great kingdom of the Hittites (Kheta), conquered and in part dispossessed them. These dispossessed Hittites took refuge in the safer mountain cantons, and thereby pressed hard on the Phœnicians. The victorious Amorites were in their turn threatened with dispossession. About the middle of the thirteenth century Israel came out of Egypt, and

marched towards Jordan, under the leadership of Joshua, the son of Nun. They seem to have found some of the conquered and naturally disaffected Hittites, and by their help, after many struggles, broke the power of the Amorites. The important point about these Hebrew struggles is that the dispossessed Amorites were in their turn driven toward the coast. Thus wave after wave of population pressed the Phœnicians more and more to their sea-board. We owe to the people of the Hebrews many blessings, but not the least this, that, by pressing hard upon the rear of the Phœnicians, they drove their surplus population to betake them to their ships. Accordingly this thirteenth century is, we are not surprised to find, a marked epoch; a great development takes place in Phœnician trade, an impulse was given towards the west.

To the west we must now turn, bearing always in mind that the traffic with the east persisted and increased, remembering also always that these Phœnician ships that set sail westward were freighted not only with the produce of Phœnicia and Syria, but with the wares of distant Babylon, of Egypt, and Arabia.

There is no possible doubt whither the Phœnician trader first steered his ship. The island of Cyprus lay straight before him, in sight from his own mountains of Libanus, only a hundred miles away. It is accordingly this island of Cyprus that we find most thoroughly

steeped and impregnated with Phœnician influence. So central was its situation that it never had a chance of developing an independent, indigenous civilization. It was trodden in turn by Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Persian, Greek, and Roman, and each successive conqueror and settler has left his stamp on the island's art. It is the Chittim of the Hebrew prophets, and the coins of Cyprus describe it as the daughter of Sidon. The settlements of the Sidonians—for it is Sidon that is yet supreme—seem to have been permanent and influential. The island was a most advantageous station, and of great fertility. The mountains were rich in copper, which still bears the Greek name of the island (Kupros). There were also abundant forests for ship-building. That the island was long subject to Phœnician influence we have abundant evidence in the recent excavations of General Cesnola. He explored Citium, which tradition says was the first of the Phœnician settlements; but, unhappily, the tombs there had been, for the most part, rifled before he came. He had better fortune on the site of another ancient city, Idalium; there he examined 15,000 tombs. He found in one of these a very remarkable bronze bowl, in style somewhat analogous to our Curium cup. The work, however, is much ruder, and may probably have been a local imitation of a Phœnician original. At Golgoi General Cesnola excavated a ruined temple—within it a number of statues, some of Assyrian,

some of Egyptian style, others evidently due to the influence of Greek sculptors. At Curium were found, as we have noted, the golden and silver treasure houses, and side by side with our bowl an impartial mixture of Assyrian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and early Greek work—cylinders unmistakably from Assyria, gems engraved with the cartouches of Egyptian kings. Everywhere, then, we have evidence that the island of Cyprus was overswept by successive waves, both of conquest and peaceful colonization. Its own local art seems little else but a rude imitation of successive foreign styles. Whatever power dominated the east ruled for the time being in Cyprus. Probably its art was most famous when it was the workshop of Phœnician artists, who skilfully blended Egyptian and Assyrian materials. We remember (Iliad xi. 20) that the wondrous breastplate which the hero Agamemnon wore came to him from this very island. "Next again he did his breastplate about his breast, the breastplate that in time past Cinyras gave him for a guest-gift. For afar *in Cyprus* did Cinyras hear the great rumour how that the Achaians were about to sail forth to Troy in their ships; wherefore did Cinyras give him the breastplate to do pleasure to the king. Now therein were ten courses of black cyanus, and twelve of gold, and twenty of tin, and dark blue snakes writhed up towards the neck, three on either side, like rainbows that the son of Cronos hath set in the

clouds, a marvel of the mortal tribes of men." Some faint analogy to all this poetic splendour we shall have to notice when we come to speak of recent excavations at Mycenæ; but for the present it is enough that we remember how the tradition of Homer pointed to the island of Cyprus as the home of so wondrous a piece of metal work. We must not tarry too long in Cyprus, but follow swiftly in the wake of a Phœnician boat as it steers on for the further western waters.

We are nearing Hellas, nearing the moment of contact between east and west, and the echo of many a Greek myth which tells of this meeting begins to sound in our ears. One story, above all, we must follow somewhat in detail, the myth of Cadmus and Europa. Cadmus is simply the "man of the East" (Kedem). Europa is the maiden of darkness, of sunset, of the west. The man of the east seeks and follows the daughter of the west. Phœnicia reaches Hellas. First, following out our western course, we land in succession at two islands not far asunder, Rhodes and Crete. Of Rhodes the Greek historian Diodorus tells us (Diod. v. 56): "The king of the Phœnicians, Agenor, bade his son Cadmus seek his sister Europa, who had disappeared, and either bring back the maiden, or not return to Phœnicia. He sailed towards Rhodes. Being overtaken on his voyage by a heavy storm, he rowed ashore to Poseidon; and having escaped and landed in safety, he built a shrine

to the god, and left behind him some of his Phœnicians to take charge of the shrine for the future. Cadmus also made offerings to the Lindian Athene, among which was a wonderful bowl of bronze, made after the ancient manner. On this bowl was an inscription in Phœnician characters, which they say were first brought from Phœnicia to Hellas." Clearly we have here a mythical account of the landing of Phœnician colonists, who brought with them treasures of art, and a treasure no less precious, the gift of the alphabet. We learn, too, that in Rhodes Phœnician gods were honoured—a sun-god, very like the Phœnician Baal, and his seven sons, among whom was Makar, the Phœnician Melkart. On the topmost mountain summit of Rhodes Zeus was worshipped under the form of a bull.

Still more abundantly and unmistakably do legends cluster about the next island, Crete. Cadmus leaves us for a time, but Crete is the home of Europa ; we remember how the bull-god Zeus bore away from the meadows of Sidon where she was gathering flowers with her maidens, and carried her across the wide sea, "ploughing with his horns for oars," and landed her at last in Crete. The son of Europa and the bull-god Zeus was the great king Minos, who ruled far and wide in the world above, and was a judge of souls in Hades in the under-world. We know, too, the story of the strange Minotaur—the Minos bull, the monster with the body of a man and a

bull's head—who every ninth year devoured fourteen Athenian youths and maidens. This monster is none other than the fierce sun-god, to whom the Phœnicians offered their sons and daughters. On the coins of Cretan cities is to be seen the type of the bull-headed man. Leaving Rhodes and Crete we pass on due north, as the Phœnicians passed, to the small islands of Melos and Thera. Of Melos we are told that very early Phœnicians came from Byblus and colonized it; from Melos, as from Rhodes, we have obtained pottery which, though of Greek workmanship, shows plain evidence of this eastern influence—designs are planned heraldically, and hybrid monsters abound. At Thera (12) recent excavations have unfolded results still more exciting. The island (now called Santorin) is an extinct volcano, the crater of which forms just such a harbour as the Phœnicians always eagerly desired—safe, landlocked. Herodotus tells us that in search for Europa it was at Thera that Cadmus, the man of the East, first landed: that he left behind him followers, who for eight generations dwelt in the island. On blocks of lava some twenty inscriptions have been found, and though the language is Greek the form of letters are early Phœnician. But what makes Thera of absorbing interest to us is that remains have been excavated below layers of ashes and tufa, remains that tell of the art and civilization of the people who dwelt in Thera before and at the coming of the Phœnicians.

We can thus compare work executed before the influence of the east was felt with work that shows that influence. In the pre-Phœnician strata we find stone weapons, and also weapons of copper and brass; pottery was rudely decorated with rude designs of leaves and sea-plants, also animals and rudimentary human faces. With these we can compare Phœnician objects found in the higher layers. Gold ornaments, and ornaments made of electron, advanced pottery with non-Hellenic patterns.

So far as we can discover, the Phœnicians, leaving these islands of Thera and Melos and the remaining Cyclades, passed due north, leaving unexplored the mainland of Greece. Very early we find them at the little complex of islands on the Thracian coast—Lemnos, Imbros, Samothrace, Thasos. On the islands of Lemnos and Imbros the seven Phœnician god-demons, the Cabiri, were worshipped. On Samothrace some say that Cadmus celebrated his marriage with the Greek maiden Harmonia. The island was covered with oak forests; on the opposite coast the Phœnicians made mines, which Herodotus saw in his travels; he says, "they had overturned a great mountain to get gold from it." The island of Thasos was also exceedingly rich in gold, and here was built a temple to the Phœnician god Baal Melkart.

At last we come to the mainland of Greece itself. In Bœotia the legend of Cadmus is most at home. Here Herodotus tells us (ii. 44), "Cadmus and the Phœnicians

who were with him inhabited the land and taught the Hellenes many things; among others the use of writing, which, as it seems to me," he says, "the Hellenes did not possess before. They learnt this writing as it was used by the Phœnicians; in the course of time the form of the letters changed with the language. From these Phœnicians the Ionians among whom they dwelt learnt the letters, altered their form somewhat, and extended their use. They fitly called them Phœnician letters, since the Phœnicians brought them into Greece. I have myself seen inscriptions in Cadmeian letters, in the temple of Ismenian Apollo at Thebes." These letters, alas! have perished, but the tradition of Phœnician influence remains sure. Another story confirms our evidence; Cadmus, the tale goes (Herod. vi. 47), was bidden by an oracle to follow after the cow which bore on her back the symbol of the full moon, and where she laid her down there to found a city. At length, after long wandering, the cow laid her down where Thebes now stands, and Cadmus built a citadel and called it Cadmeia, later Thebes. The cow is but the transparent symbol of the Phœnician moon-goddess, wearing the full moon between her crescent horns. Seven-gated Thebes itself recalls to us the influence of the East, for with Semitic nations seven was always a mystic number of sacred significance—the Theban Sphinx of later days was but a riddle left by the East for the West to solve.

Pausing a moment at Thebes, we must consider this gift of the alphabet brought from the east. We have seen that Egypt, through all the long course of her civilization, yet never advanced entirely beyond her system of ideographs, pictures of things instead of pictures of the sounds that form their names. The effect of this ideography, this picture-writing, on the art of Egypt we have already noted. When and how the Phœnicians borrowed from Egypt their ideographs and transmuted them into phonetic symbols, signs for sounds instead of pictures for things, it is not the place here to inquire. It is enough to us to know that this gift of the alphabet in part ready-made was one of the richest gains of their trade with Egypt. We can well understand how the Phœnicians with their keen, utilitarian spirit desired above all things a method of writing, of communication, that should be short, easy, practical, instead of an elaborate system that should be, as Egyptian writing was, a complex and hard-won monopoly of the scholarly scribe. Probably it was this keen utilitarianism of the trader that won for Europe this inestimable gift of the alphabet; not the least of the blessings that the Phœnician trader brought in his black ship over the misty sea. The Greeks were thus early saved from all the artistic perils of ideography, they were also saved from long and arduous efforts in constructing an alphabet of their own. It seems as if on all

hands the Phœnicians strove to save them every technical struggle, every contest with reluctant material, in order that by the mandate of fate they should start unimpeded to fulfil their peculiar mission in expressive art. But this is by anticipation.

Passing across to the Peloponnese we find the Phœnicians had not, skilful traders as they were, neglected to erect their stations on the isthmus of Corinth. Melkart was worshipped there as the protector of ships and seamen, and on the early coins of Corinth he rides a dolphin. On the top of the Acrocorinthus there was a shrine to Astarte. Crossing the narrow isthmus the traders settled in the gulf of Corinth; but they seem to have best loved the deep bays of Southern Greece (13). Here, in vast quantities they found a small sea shell-fish, to them of boundless importance, the purple dye-fish. The Tyrian purple is familiar to us even now. When the Phœnicians had well-nigh exhausted their own shores, they found, to their great joy, the purple fish in greater abundance about the shores of Hellas.

Each mussel only yields a tiny drop of the purple dye. It was impossible to take home the shell-fish in large quantities to their manufactories at home. So bit by bit they establish stations all around the coast at Nauplia in the bay of Argos, at Cythera off the Spartan coast, at Marathon. At Cythera was a shrine to Astarte, which Porphyrion (the purple man) is said

to have built. The Aphrodite of later times bore the name of Cythera. At Cranæ, too, close by the Laconian coast, was a Phœnician station where the traders, who were often pirates, could store their booty before they sailed. No doubt the purple fish was the first attraction, and the trade at first confined to coast and island. But later the Phœnicians must have learnt the value of the inland forests of Hellas. There grow an exhaustless store of plane and pine, cypress and beech and oak. Oak was especially coveted, and Hellas was lavish in many kinds, most of all the evergreen oak with its serviceable root and bark, and its berries yielding red dye. There were deep veins of metal too, copper, silver, and iron. To carry on mining operations, permanent settlements must have been effected. And, alas, there was another traffic far less creditable. The daughters of the land were fair, and these men of the East were fain to seize them and carry them off in their black ships to Sidon. These women of Hellas were curious and perhaps covetous; they would crowd eagerly to the shore when the strange ship put in to land. They would scan eagerly the wares he outspread on the beach, the toys and gauds (*ἀθύρματα*), the carved shells, the amber beads, the bowls of bronze, the necklets, the little images, the purple stuffs, the oddly-shaped bottles of unguents. Caught unawares, they would lament, too late, in the hold of the vanishing ship. Herodotus has told us the

story. In some such fashion as this he thinks Helen was caught and carried off to Troy, and Io, daughter of the king of Argos. Into that deep secluded bay of Argos, with even now a brisk little town sheltering in its furthest reach, a Phœnician ship might well put in for traffic, and through this traffic that turned to piracy and loot began that quarrel of East and West which, Herodotus says, gave rise to the great Persian war. "According to the Persians best informed in history," he says, "the Phœnicians began the quarrel. This people who had formerly dwelt in the Erythrean Sea, having migrated to the Mediterranean and settled in the parts which they now inhabit, began at once, they say, to adventure on long voyages, freighting their vessels with the wares of Egypt and Assyria. They landed at many places on the coast, and among the rest at Argos, which was then foremost among all the states included in the common name of Hellas. Here they exposed their merchandize and traded with the natives for five or six days, at the end of which time, when almost everything was sold, there came down to the beach a number of women, and among them the daughter of the king, who was, as they say, agreeing in this with the Greeks, Io, daughter of Inachos. The women were standing by the stern of the ship intent on their barter, when the Phœnicians made a great shout and rushed upon them. The greater part made their escape, but some were seized and carried off.

The Phœnicians put the women on board their vessel and set sail for Egypt" (Herod. i. 1).

Homer leaves us a picture no less lively of this shameless pirate trade. The swineherd Eumæos (Odyssey xv. 400) tells to Odysseus the tale of his luckless childhood. In a goodly island, rich in herds, his father was king; but on a fateful day "thither came the Phœnicians, mariners, renowned greedy merchant-men, with countless gauds in a black ship:" these greedy merchant-men beguiled the nurse of the young boy-prince, and "there came a man versed in craft to my father's house," says Eumæos, "with a golden chain, strung here and there with amber beads. Now the maidens in the hall and my lady mother were handling the chain and gazing on it and offering him their price. But he had signed silently to the woman, and therewithal gat him away to the hollow ship. Then she took me by the hand and led me forth from the house; and at the front entry of the house she found the cups and tables of the guests that had been feasting who were in waiting on my father. And she straightway laid three goblets in her bosom and bore them away, and I followed in my innocence. Then the sun sank and all the ways were darkened. And we went quickly, and came to the good haven where was the swift ship of the Phœnicians. So they climbed on board and took us up with them and sailed over the wet ways, and Zeus sent us a favouring wind" (Odyss.

xv. 416: Butcher and Lang)—so the young prince was sold to be a swineherd, and many another must have shared his fate. Thus everywhere, seeking for gain, for metals, for timber, for purple-fish, for slaves, the greedy merchant-men pushed their way. The sea that sometimes is a barrier is but a highway to men whom greed of gain incites to enterprise. Everywhere they carried their Babylonian system of weights and measures, their alphabet borrowed from Egypt, their amber and their ivory from further India, their spices and unguent of Arabia, their hybrid art gathered impartially from east and south. The measure of their artistic influence on Hellas we shall seek in part to gauge a little later; for the present we must pause to take breath, and return for a moment to the parent country of Phœnicia.

Hitherto, as we have said, Sidon has been pre-eminent among Phœnician cities; under her auspices the "greedy merchant-men" have made themselves masters of this first basin of the Mediterranean. But about 1000 B.C. the supremacy seems to have shifted from Sidon to the rival southern city of Tyre. Sidon seems to have been crippled by attacks from the Philistines, which Tyre, probably from her superior fortifications and natural position, resisted. Anyhow, between 1000 and 900 B.C. we find Tyre predominant. We may remember this by recalling the fact that Solomon king of Israel allied himself, not with Sidon, but with Tyre and its king, Hiram.

Hiram, too, "was ever a lover of David," and "there was peace between Hiram and Solomon, and they two made a league together." It was by consent of Hiram king of Tyre, that Solomon sent into the forests of Lebanon "threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers unto the mountains:" well might he send this multitude of bearers of burdens, for over the hill country they must cross the roads were but footpaths or hazardous mule tracks. It was by the help of this king of Tyre that Solomon built that wonderful temple which combined all the solidity of Egyptian architecture with the riches and splendour of Assyrian decoration. Those Egyptian "chapiters upon the top of the pillars with lily work," the very counterpart of the lotus columns of Egypt; those cherubim (Assyrian kerubi), strange winged bulls; those palm-trees, and open buds overlaid with gold; those borders covered with lions and oxen that had their prototypes in Assyria. All these, and the "pots, and the shovels, and the basons of bright brass were made for King Solomon by King Hiram of Tyre." Strengthened, as we have seen, by his alliance with the Jewish king, Hiram extended his trade still further, to the uttermost east; for the navy of Solomon when it went to Eziongeber, on the shore of the Red Sea, and to Ophir, Hiram sent his servants, "shipmen that had knowledge of the sea with the servants of Solomon." (1 Kings vi.-x.)

Towards the west as well as the east there came with the supremacy of Tyre, about 1000–900 B.C., a fresh impulse of adventure. If our earliest records, Genesis and Homer, name only Sidon, from 1000 B.C. onwards the glory of the younger city, Tyre, is in every mouth. It is the adventurous mariners of Tyre who push their way into the second basin of the Mediterranean, beyond the coast of Greece.

We have only to glance at the map to see how much more hazardous was this second enterprise. An open boat will safely fare from the coast of Phœnicia to Cyprus; from thence to the eastern coast of Hellas, step by step, island by island, needs but little science of navigation. Hellas turns her face eastward; eastward her coast is studded with islands; eastward she opens her friendly harbours. To the west is a wide space of trackless sea. Across that sea the Tyrian navigators ventured. Even in Crete there were legends of these further voyages. King Minos, they said, went to Sicily, and there death came upon him; but not before he had wedded Astarte and changed her from the goddess of war to the goddess of love. After his death he became king of Hades, always the impersonation of the sunset-shadows of the west. On the south coast, in later Greek days, there still remained the town of Minoa to witness to the legend. The historian Thucydides adds his testimony. He says (vii. 2): "The Phœnicians

occupied the promonotories of Sicily and the outlying islands in order to carry on trade with the native Sikels." Two thousand feet above the sea, on the summit of Mount Eryx was a temple to Astarte, the Syrian Aphrodite; there were nourished her sacred doves. Two other special strongholds they long maintained upon the island, at both of which Astarte-Aphrodite was worshipped. Sappho, in her Hymn to Aphrodite, asks the goddess whether she tarries at Cyprus, or at Paphos, or at Panormus. This same Panormus—now Palermo—will occupy us in a future chapter.

We notice that these Phœnician colonies are in the main on the west coast of Sicily, and from this western coast they sailed easily to the south-west about one hundred and fifty miles, and reached a coast destined to be to them of the utmost importance, the coast of Africa. There they seem very early to have founded two small colonies, Hippo and Ityke, or, as we better know it, Utica (*atak*=settlement). Two centuries later we must return to this coast of Africa, and see them found the great city of Carthage; but first they pass on to the fruitful island of Sardinia, allured there by the precious lodes of iron, silver, and lead.

Still sailing westward, they reach at last the rock gates that lead to the Atlantic—the narrow straits we now call Gibraltar, only ten miles wide. On either side are the mountains of Europe and Africa; beyond,

straight ahead, a second and a vaster unknown sea. It seemed to them that now at length they had reached the two pillars which their wandering god, Melkart, had placed to mark the boundaries of the world. In that western sea beyond, he, the weary sun-god, sank to rest. There again they fancied that before he sank to sleep he celebrated his sacred marriage with Astarte; there, later, in the fertile land they found, the Greeks saw the garden of the Hesperides with golden apples, dragon-guarded. There, too, lay the Islands of the West. We shall wander no further. We know that, nothing daunted, the Phœnicians passed out between the pillars of their god, and coasting round by Spain and Portugal and France, reached the Tin Islands, as they called Great Britain; but for our purpose we need not pass beyond the Mediterranean, or only a little further, for the great colony of Gades lies just outside the gates. They chose the fruitful valley of the Guadalquiver in which to build their stronghold (Gadir=stronghold, citadel). Truly it was a marvellous land, this valley, to which they gave the name Tarshish. "The fountains of the river," sang Stesichorus, of Sicily, "are rooted in silver." The Greeks fabled that the river sprang from a silver mountain. Such a vast hoard of silver did the first Phœnicians obtain that they could not carry all away, and in their greed they made a fresh anchor of silver for their return voyage. The story went that a

fire had kindled the forests on the Tarshish hills, and that the veins of metal, melted by the heat, flowed out, and every mountain shone with gold and silver. Even the rivers ran with gold; the women would catch the water in their sieves, and it filtered through, leaving pure metal. Nor were other natural products wanting. Salt was found in abundance, and thick-fleeced cattle and sheep, wine and oil; and the land was rich in corn, honey, and pitch, and cinnabar; and, again, this water of the Atlantic was rich in tunny fish and purple dye.

If the Phœnicians were willing for the sake of this rich produce to risk so long and perilous voyages, we may be sure that the demand at home was brisk. It seems clear that by their alliance with the Jewish kings they had obtained a great increase of facilities for trade. Their caravan routes, passing through a friendly country, would be much safer, and more practicable. To Egypt, to Syria, Assyria, and Babylon they could now carry their wares undisturbed.

It was about 1100 B.C. that the Phœnicians first reached the pillars of Hercules. They must by that time have been bold and skilful navigators, understanding how to steer by the stars. For such long voyages also they must have needed strong, swift ships, fit to face the squalls of the Mediterranean. It was in a ship going from Joppa to Tarshish that the prophet Jonah sought to escape from the presence of the Lord; "but the Lord

sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broke." A special sort of ship was, indeed, built for these Tarshish voyages, and even if sailing for another port these strong-built vessels were known as "ships of Tarshish."

This time of the settlements in the second basin of the Mediterranean, from, perhaps, about 1200–900 B.C., we may regard as the climax of Phœnician power and glory. But Tyre has yet to send forth one more splendid offshoot before she declines. We must return to the coast of Africa and, last and most important of all, watch the founding of Carthage. It was traditionally in 846 B.C. that the Princess Elissa, better known as Dido, fled from the tyranny of her brother Pygmalion at Tyre, and sailed to Africa. There she was sure of friendly succour, for, as we have seen, the Phœnician colony of Utica had been founded long ago. She and the exiles who had joined her bought of the Libyan natives a piece of land, so much as could be covered by the skin of an ox—so the story goes—and cutting it up into thin strips they encircled a piece of land big enough to contain a fortress. They called it Kartahadasha ("the new city"), which the Greeks called Karchedon, and the Romans Carthage. In later days this brave Princess Dido, who wandered from land to land, from east to west, seemed like a second Astarte ; so they wove about her legends of the

ox-hide and her self-sought death in the flames of her pyre. To us she will never seem a legend, for Virgil has made her the most pathetic figure of ancient days. Even in reading her story as the Roman tells it we never forget her Tyrian surroundings—when, with the deep wound eating at her heart, she leads Æneas through her proud city, she shows him all her wealth of Sidon (*Sidoniasque ostentat opes*), and all around stand her Tyrian attendants; when Mercury comes to bring the fatal message, he finds the pious Trojan clad in a cloak dyed by the Tyrian murex, the gift, nay more the weaving of rich Dido herself, and by his side glitters a sword shining with tawny jasper.

> "Atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
> Ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice læna
> Demissa ex humeris dives quæ munera Dido,
> Fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro" (Æn. iv. 261–264).

But the beautiful, sad story of Dido, full of Tyrian associations as it is, must not chiefly concern us. Nor yet the downfall of Carthage, her long struggle with Rome, and her final fall (146 B.C.) beneath the might of Scipio. It is the time between that is important to us. Carthage was founded, as we have seen, about the time when Tyre was just beginning to wane. Henceforth it is to Carthage, remote from the forces that threatened the mother city, that Phœnician traders in the West looked for support and defence. She becomes a second

Western Tyre. She is already in close connection with the Phœnician cities of Sicily, and it is but a step further to the coast of Italy. This relation of Carthage to Italy is, for the purposes of art-history, of paramount importance. This coast of Italy was inhabited by the strange nation of the Etruscans. They inhabited Etruria to the north, and to the south Campania; between these two districts lay Latium, possessed by the Romans. In countless tombs of these Etruscans have been found remains of unmistakably Phœnician characters. Bowls such as we have seen at Cyprus, decorated with friezes of subjects, sometimes Egyptian, sometimes Assyrian; nay, if there were any doubt, one bowl, as we have noted, has been found at Prænestе with a Phœnician inscription. On another, mingled with Egyptian and Assyrian monsters, we find troglodyte apes, showing clearly the influence of Africa. Now it is possible that such wares may have been brought from Tyre direct; but the immense quantities in which they are found make us suspect another and a nearer source. In the sixth century we find the Etruscans and the Carthaginians in close, formal alliance against the Greeks, who by that time had pushed their way well into these western waters. In 536 B.C. we hear of a joint siege of the Greek colony Aleria by the forces of the Etruscans and Carthaginians. We cannot, then, be far wrong in supposing that a brisk intercourse for purposes of trade had been going on

for some two centuries previous. The Etruscans were always a people jealous of foreign intercourse. We do not find that the Carthaginians were allowed to get any permanent hold in Italy, but we imagine that concessions were made on both sides in the interests of trade. In Etruscan jealousy and narrow exclusiveness the Phœnicians only found the counterpart of themselves; they kept as closely as they could every secret of navigation, all the knowledge they had obtained of winds and currents and harbourage. They dreaded the ever-increasing power of the Greeks, the growth of which we shall have to notice in the next chapter.

Let us for a moment review the wide ground we have traversed from Canaan to Gades. We have supposed the first beginnings of Phœnician civilization to be about 2500 B.C. Her trade, first with Egypt, then with Babylon, then with both, and through their medium with Arabia and India, goes on developing and ever increasing for more than a thousand years. Then when the Hittites fall before the Amorites, and the Amorites are pushed out in turn by the Hebrews, who came up out of Egypt, a fresh impulse drives the Phœnicians to seek the sea. About the thirteenth and twelfth centuries they sail for Cyprus and the islands and mainland of Hellas. Through this first period Sidon is supreme. Her power declines; and as the Phœnicians push beyond Hellas to the second basin of the Mediterranean, Tyre comes to the

fore. About 1100 B.C. the pillars of Hercules are reached, and the ships of Tarshish ply to and fro between Tyre and Gades. About 846 B.C. the power of Tyre declines, and her decline is marked by the rise of Carthage and her trade in the Etruscan waters. We saw her, in conjunction with the Etruscans, dominate those waters and subdue the colony of the Greeks.

We naturally ask, What was the cause of the decline of Tyre? There seem to have been two causes. First, it was about 800 B.C. that Phœnicia began to encounter serious resistance in Greek waters. It was perhaps the beginning of this resistance that forced her to adventure her ships in the further west. Greek states were consolidating themselves at home, and were learning to emulate the Phœnicians in the arts of ship-building and navigation. Secondly, just when the Phœnicians needed their forces abroad, they were enfeebled and crippled at home. A foreign invader was pressing them hard; an invader ruthless, pitiless, and well-nigh irresistible; that invader was Assyria. It was not the first time that Phœnicia had suffered from a foreign foe. The Theban line in Egypt had extended their conquests as far as Berytus; Seti had felled cedars on Lebanon. But the days of Egyptian conquest were long over, and, even in their palmiest days, these Egyptian monarchs were more inclined to treaties and gentle rule, to the enforcement of tribute than to a war of extermination. This second

foe was of a different and fiercer fibre. It was in 1100 B.C. that a king of Assyria first looked on the waters of the Mediterranean. This first time was not the last. He came again and again, desolating the country with fire and sword, not satisfied with tribute, thirsting for blood and glory. His rule was too exacting, too despotic, too truculent to be borne. So while Phœnicia had submitted to Egypt, she was driven, sorely against her will, to fight to the utmost with Assyria. Again and again we find in the history of Phœnicia that wherever it is possible to submit, in the interests of trade she does submit, but if goaded beyond endurance, she can fight with an unwearying tenacity. Tyre, and Tyre alone, resisted Shalmaneser and Sargon. Sennacherib at last compelled submission. Then when the revived Chaldæan power succeeded to the Assyrian (*circ.* 607), Tyre revolted. She sought aid from Jerusalem and from Egypt; then rising to new life under the Saite dynasties, she fought successfully; but in the struggle much of her force was exhausted, and in a contest so desperate we can well understand she had little energy to spare for the western seas, and wisely left them to the rule of Carthage. In the sixth century the prophets of Israel saw that the fate of Tyre the proud city was sealed. It is from their writings that we draw our most vivid pictures, both of the glory of Tyre herself and the extent of her trade. Ezekiel lifts up his voice to cry aloud for the "burden of Tyre":

"Say unto Tyrus, O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord God; O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the sea, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim (Cyprus). Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah (islands of the Ægean) was that which covered thee. The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners; thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers: all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut were in thine army, thy men of war: they hanged the shield and helmet in thee; they set forth thy comeliness. The men of Arvad with thine army were upon thy walls round about, and the Gammadims were in thy towers: they hanged their shields upon thy walls round about; they have made thy beauty perfect. Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver,

iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs. Javan (the Ionians), Tubal, and Meshech, they were thy merchants: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy market. They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen and mules. The men of Dedan were thy merchants; many isles were the merchandise of thine hand: they brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony. Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making: they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral and agate. Judah, and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants: they traded in thy market wheat of Minnith and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm. Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool. Dan also and Javan going to and fro occupied in thy fairs: bright iron, cassia, and calamus, were in thy market. Dedan was thy merchant in precious clothes for chariots. Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats: in these were they thy merchants. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah, these were thy merchants: they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones, and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, the merchants of Sheba, Asshur, and Chilmad,

were thy merchants. These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broidered work, and in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market: and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas. Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin. The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots. And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land ; and shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly, and shall cast up dust upon their heads, they shall wallow themselves in the ashes: and they shall make themselves utterly bald for thee, and gird them with sackcloth, and they shall weep for thee with bitterness of heart and bitter wailing. And in their wailing they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea? When thy wares went forth out of the seas, thou filledst many people ; thou didst enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy riches and of thy merchandise. In the

time when thou shalt be broken by the seas in the depths of the waters thy merchandise and all thy company in the midst of thee shall fall. All the inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at thee, and their kings shall be sore afraid, they shall be troubled in their countenance. The merchants among the people shall hiss at thee; thou shalt be a terror, and never shall be any more." (Ezekiel xxvii.)

Even the prophet's gloomy foreboding seems lost for awhile; in the glow and colour of the picture he contemplates again and again he is caught away in spirit from the judgment he is fated to denounce, and he cries afresh to the king of Tyrus, "Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so; thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou was perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."

We know how Ezekiel expected that the judgment he foretold would fall by the hand of Nebuchadnezzar

king of Babylon. "Behold, I will bring upon Tyrus Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, a king of kings, from the north, with horses, with chariots, and with horsemen, and companies, and much people . . . He shall set engines of war against thee ; . . . he shall slay thy people with the sword, and thy strong garrisons shall go down to the ground. And they shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise : and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses : and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease ; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. And I will make thee like the top of a rock ; thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon ; thou shalt be built no more."

We know also that this total desolation was never more than in part accomplished. The army of Nebuchadnezzar is said to have been thirty years before the city walls, but the blockade ended in treaty, not in conquest (573 B.C.). The city was indeed to own the supremacy of Babylon, and to receive a king of her appointing, and Ezekiel himself owns that the expected triumph was in part disappointment. "Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus : every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled : yet had he no wages, nor his army, for Tyrus, for the service that he served against it."

After 573 B.C. we may regard Tyre as politically unimportant, as fallen from her high estate among the nations, but still as commercially thriving. Probably the rule of Nebuchadnezzar was positively advantageous to Phœnicia for trade purposes. We know that he regulated the inundations of both Tigris and Euphrates, making them navigable much higher up both against as well as with the stream; that he also opened up sea-trade with India, and made the caravan routes to Phœnicia increasingly safe, as well as more direct. We may conceive, therefore, that every branch of her industries went on unimpaired and even invigorated. Strabo tells us: "Tyre overcame her misfortunes, and always recovered herself by means of her navigation, in which the Phœnicians were superior to all others, and her purples. The Tyrian purple is the most beautiful: the fish are caught close at hand, and every other requirement for the dyeing is there in abundance" (Strabo, p. 757). This is even in the first century after Christ, long after Tyre had been laid low by the arms of Alexander (322 B.C.). These purple fish abounded on the coast of Sarepta, Tyre, and Sidon, but the supply was not inexhaustible, and we have followed the Phœnicians as they sought for the dye-fish round about Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete. Thence the bays of Laconia and Argos, and the straits of Eubœa; still further round Sicily, on the greater Syrtis, and the sea-coast of Tarshish. Other

cities learnt the art of dyeing, but never attained to the perfection of Tyre; the process seems to have been a somewhat delicate one. The fluid from the throat of the fish, dark-red, black, and scarlet, according to the kind and size, is mixed, thickened, diluted, so as to obtain every variety of shade; a certain double-dyed stuff of the colour of curdled blood was especially valued. Three hundred lbs. of raw dye-material would only dye fifty lbs. of wool. We cannot wonder that to collect purple stuffs became a privilege of kings, and to wear them the distinction of rank. The Greeks and Romans, from the great cost, were content with stripes and borders of purple. From Egypt Phœnicia learnt the art of making glass. The sand-hills on the coast near Tyre furnished the necessary earth, and Sarepta (the city of melting) was specially noted for its peculiar excellence of work. From Babylon and Assyria they learnt to weave and embroider. They must also have learnt the making of earthenware vessels, and the art of decorating them with painted designs. In mining they needed no teaching from without. Their own Lebanon range afforded abundant stimulus. Later we have seen them seek for copper in Cyprus, for gold in Thasos, for silver, gold, and copper in the virgin soil of Spain. The Hebrew Job borrowed from the Phœnician miners at work in Lebanon his most majestic metaphor. "Surely there is a vein for silver, and a place for gold where they fine

it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone. . . . As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire. The stones of it are the place of sapphires ; and it hath dust of gold. There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. He putteth forth his hand upon the rock ; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks ; and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the floods from overflowing ; and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light. But where shall wisdom be found ? and where is the place of understanding ?" (Job xxviii. 1–11).

A nation that can quarry for metal is not likely to neglect the use of the raw material he has so laboriously obtained. The Phœnicians were master metal-workers as well as master miners. At the rocky gate of the Atlantic, eleven hundred years before Christ, the Phœnicians set up two pillars of brass, eight cubits in height, and on them an inscription. A little later we have seen King Hiram send metal-workers to beautify the temple of Solomon. We remember that "King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram (not the king) out of Tyre. He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali, and his father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass : and he was filled with wisdom, and understanding, and

cunning to work all works in brass." He wrought for the king the two wondrous brass pillars, Jachin and Boaz, and the molten sea, and the ten lavers of brass, and a host of other vessels, all in "bright brass," and silver and gold. The Phœnicians, too, fashioned shining armour; such breastplates as we have seen sent to Agamemnon by Cinyras, of Cyprus, carved ivory, seals, unguent boxes, necklaces—there was no end to their industry. Lastly, we know that, pre-eminent above all other things, was their skill in ship-building and seamanship. This was in part prompted, we know, by the wonderful timber of their mountain forests. Diodorus tells us how in the fourth and third centuries B.C., the cedars and cypress trees of Lebanon were of wonderful beauty and size. They also had a marvellous property of resisting the corrosion of sea-water. The Phœnicians worked their ships by rowers and by sails. Among the lofty things of the earth which are to be brought low in the day of the Lord, Isaiah accounts all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and all the oaks of Bashan, also all the ships of Tarshish. These ships of Tarshish were huge vessels, at once merchantmen and men-of-war, large enough sometimes to hold five hundred men. It seems to have been considered that the men of Byblus were best as ship-builders, the men of Sidon as rowers, the men of Tyre as pilots and shipmasters. The largest vessels seem still to have used oar-power as well as

sail. To the Greeks of the time of Xenophon (400–300 B.C.) the Phœnician ship was a marvel of orderly, systematic arrangement, its system a model of carefully distributed labour. When Ischomachus (Œcon. viii. 12) is teaching his child-wife the important lesson of "a place for everything, and everything in its place," he enforces his precepts by the example of "a great Phœnician ship," where the most manifold implements, provisions, wares, and the like, were stowed with marvellous dexterity in the smallest possible compass. Probably this utilitarian precision was hard for a Greek to acquire.

This leads us to ask, What was the essential quality of mind that makes the Phœnicians important to the history of art, why have we been compelled to follow so patiently their ships as they sail from sea to sea?

The answer is simply this: they are a people of merchants, of middlemen. This character we find impressed on everything, every institution that bears the Phœnician stamp, whether religion, politics, or art. Their religion was a system of debtor and creditor, of human sacrifices, harsh atonements; we find in it no beauty, either philosophic or poetic, no opportunity for the embodiment of a great and noble thought in plastic form. We have seen how, setting aside as cumbersome and useless a beautiful system of ideographic writing, they developed, with marvellous skill, a system of phonetic symbols which they afterwards taught to the

whole civilized world. Yet for themselves they had no literary needs; they have left us no poem, no historical record; all they cared was to have a system clear, concise, easy, that might serve the purposes of accurate mercantile transaction. Here again is the inevitable mark of the trader. In their politics, again, we have seen them bear the yoke of nation after nation, if only their trade might flourish. They seem to have had no political ideal, no instinct even of political enterprise; all they desired was that their coffers should be full and well protected. Again it was necessary to consider the Phœnicians as traders, because it was through their trade that their art influence prevailed. If we go to Phœnicia itself, to the home of this merchant people, remains are scanty. The temples of Baal, of Ashera, of Melkart, have all perished. In a country always densely populated, frequently conquered, and that in turn by the image-hating Moslem and iconoclast Christian, it is no wonder that monuments should disappear. A few cave tombs, a few rock sculptures; these are all that Phœnicia has to show. It is in the islands of Cyprus, of Rhodes, in the tombs of Mycenæ, of Spata, the altars of Olympia, the graves of Etruscans at Præneste and Cære, at a host of Italian cities, that we must seek Phœnician influence and Phœnician art.

Advisedly, then, we chose from all the long list of

Phœnician art treasures that recent excavations have made known, a bowl that came, not from Phœnicia itself, but from Phœnician Cyprus. To that bowl let us return to consider again the question of the character of Phœnician art. We have seen that the bowl was decorated in a curious, mechanically impartial way with elements gathered from Egypt and Assyria. This, then, is the first fact we must fix in our minds about Phœnician art; it was essentially *eclectic*, it chose out from Egypt, from Assyria, later from Greece, any motive that seemed decoratively pleasing, copied the motive often without understanding the meaning, emptied the form of its significance, but adapted it skilfully to the decorative purpose in hand. Art never seems to have passed with them beyond the dignity of a handicraft. They seem to have been a people with but few high imaginations and with but little instinct for embodying them in expressive art. We therefore may regard them as almost non-existent as far as concerns the domain of expressive art. One fact remains to their credit, namely, that their art seems to have been in the main anthropomorphic—the beast-headed gods of Egypt with which they must have been early so familiar do not seem to have pleased them. They preferred, for their idols at least, the human head. In this respect they may have been of service to the Greeks in setting them on the right path. The human-formed gods of the Phœnicians never attained to beauty,

this was left to the Greeks, but it was something that they were human.

We naturally ask, Was there anything, if only in the sphere of decorative art, that we can call distinctively Phœnician? Have they invented any monster of their own, or have they even modified any creation which they have borrowed from Assyria or Egypt? The answer to this question has in a large measure still to be sought. It is one of the interesting problems that still asks to be solved—what exactly in this decorative blending, this pell-mell of Egypt and Assyria, we may pronounce to be actually Phœnician. To the left of the centre design in our bowl and in the outside circle we see two griffins placed heraldic fashion on either side a sacred tree. About the sacred tree itself we may note in passing that it is Phœnician rather than Assyrian in character; that it has stiffened and conventionalized still more since it left its native Assyrian land; that it is more architectural, less floral in character than when we met it before. As to the griffins it seems decided that they are a Phœnician creation. We find them, it is true, in Egypt as early as about 1700 B.C., but from the inscriptions found with them it seems they were brought there by Phœnicians. Again, just such griffins by just such a tree have been found actually on Phœnician soil by M. Rénan, the great Phœnician explorer, on the coast near Aradus. They can now be seen in the Louvre. Bit by bit we hope to

add to the number of these certainly Phœnician creations, to note how they differ from those of Assyria and Egypt, and how in turn such creations were modified by Greece. At present this science is in its infancy, and the art of Phœnicia seems little beyond a mongrel industry.

There remains still a question to ask, If the art of Phœnicia is in the main a compound of that of Assyria and Egypt, when did the influence of each country specially predominate; and can we trace in Phœnician art any record of this several predominance? Looking at the bronze and silver-gilt bowls alone, we are struck by the fact that on some the designs are Egyptian only, on some Assyrian, on some—as on the one we have selected —a mixture of both, but on many in varying proportions. Here again is a difficult problem for solution. We have no means of securely dating these bowls. All we can say is that history shows us, as we have seen, that at first, *i.e.*, down to 1100 B.C., Phœnicia was dominated by Egyptian influence, later Assyrian power began to be felt, and that with increasing insistence. Still we have to bear in mind that the trade of Phœnicia persisted through all these political fluctuations, so that it is difficult and hazardous to assign any particular bowl to any particular date. Probably those combining Assyrian and Egyptian influence are not much before 700 B.C.

Resuming for a moment what we have gathered together, we see these Phœnician middle-men coming

in contact with Egypt and Assyria when both were already mature. About 1200 B.C. we find them carrying by sea this influence of the east to the west, carrying the alphabet, weights and measures, a knowledge of navigation, miscellaneous objects of art. This influence spreads and continues unimpaired till about 850 B.C.; it then receives a serious check by the onset of Assyria from the east and the gradually growing rivalry of Hellas on the west. But the loss seems to have been rather political than commercial. They lost their mines, their colonies, their strongholds on the coasts of hills, but their trading vessels still plied to and fro. What they lost in the Ægean they gained in the further Mediterranean. They founded Carthage and colonized Sicily. Here, again, as we shall see, their triumph was to be short-lived. They seemed fated to show the way to Greece, and then perforce retire before her. From the thirteenth then to the seventh century, and perhaps much longer, we may conceive the Phœnician traders brought to the shores of Hellas their eclectic Assyrio-Egyptian wares. It remains to consider what was the condition of Hellas at the time of their coming, what her art, how she looked at the coming of these strangers, what she accepted of their influence, what she rejected, and why. It seems an anxious moment for the young country. She is brought into contact with this strange, skilful people. She knows them her masters in every art

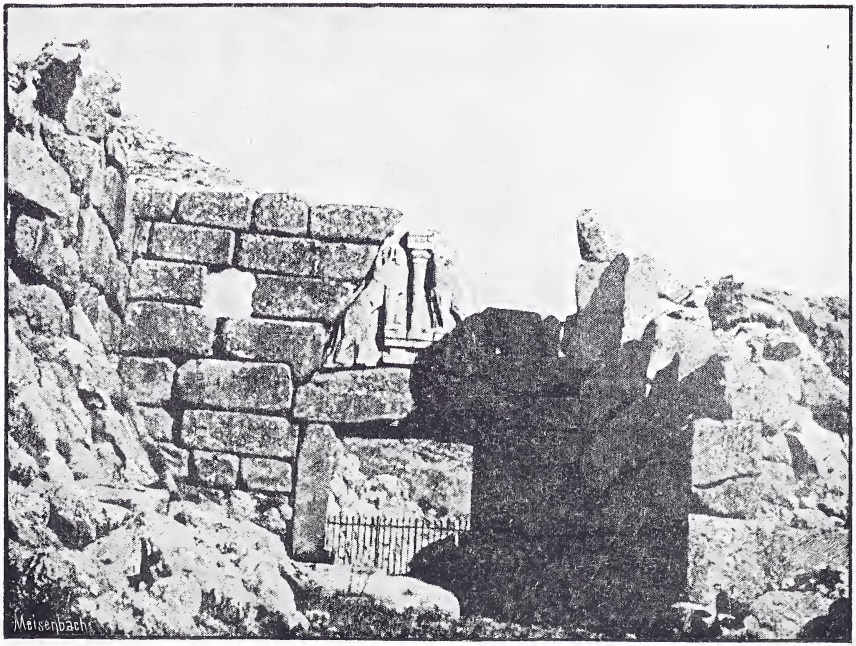

Fig. 5. LION GATE —MYCENÆ.

of civilization. She learns from them the art of mining, of building, of mathematics, of navigation; they bring her the strange symbolism of Egypt, they bring her their own fierce superstitious cults—will she accept them?

But before we try to answer this question, fascinating as it is, we have another region to traverse, another pathway from east to west. The way is not so long, and because it lies through a land much less familiar we shall accomplish it the more quickly.

We have touched at Argos by sea, landing with the Phœnicians in the lovely, sheltered bay of Nauplia. We must now pass inland a few hours' journey. Leaving Nauplia, leaving also the ancient fortress of Tiryns, we cross the fertile, marshy plain and reach Argos—Argos with her steep Acropolis, once the seat of kings, within whose narrow streets still dwell a race of kingly stature and bearing. Even Argos we leave, and crossing the ancient river Inachus, gradually ascend the rising ground and stand at last before a fortress still more ancient than Argos—the stronghold of Mycenæ. There is no place in all Hellas where memories from the farthest past crowd so thickly upon us. This is Mycenæ—"rich in gold," the "'stablished fortress," the city of "wide ways"—which Homer knew so well. Within this citadel ruled Agamemnon, king of men; through the doorway that stands before us (Fig. 5) he passed out to lead his warriors to the siege of Troy; on these walls the watch-

man waited for the beacon light; here Clytemnestra spread the purple raiment with her murderous hands, and cried:

"There is a sea, and who shall drain it dry;"

and here Cassandra cried aloud to Apollo, her way-god, her destroyer; here she saw crouching on the walls the horrid vision of the murdered children.

We are back in the old heroic age, and we must look at this lion gateway that the heroes have left us for a monument. They stand above the doorway, sculptured in low relief, filling a triangular space; their heads are gone; some think that they were originally of metal; probably these heads were turned outwards, gazing fiercely to scare the approaching stranger. Between the two lions is a pillar of a style that we cannot identify as Greek. The attitude of these Mycenæ lions is familiar; it is of the old Assyrian, heraldic fashion, and the creatures themselves are conventionalized. They are not the work of a prentice hand any more than are the massive walls which surround them. Even in later days the Greeks themselves reverenced this lion gate and the surrounding fortifications as marvels wrought by some almost superhuman power. Pausanias saw the gate in his wanderings, and said of it: "Other parts of the enclosure remain, and especially the gate; there are lions standing on it. They say that these works, too, were

wrought by the Cyclopes who built the fortress at Tiryns for Prœtus. Iphigenia, far from her home, exiled to Tauris, cries aloud, 'O Cyclopeian home, my loved fatherland, Mycenæ.' These Cyclopes were mythical, giant workmen, who could upheave masses of stone so huge that the smallest needed a yoke of mules to carry it."

Tradition (14) tells us where they came from. We remember the two hostile brothers who dwelt at Argos — Akrisios and Prœtus. Prœtus, worsted in the struggle for the throne, flies from Argos and takes refuge —where? in *Lycia* across the sea; and the king of Lycia, in the old hospitable fashion, gives him his daughter in marriage, and also gives him a company of these wonderful Cyclopean workmen. He comes back to Argos, and the Cyclopes build for him the stronghold of Tiryns on a low hill not far from the port of Nauplia Later these same Cyclopes help Perseus, the descendant of the hostile brother Akrisios, to found and fortify Mycenæ in its far more commanding situation. What does this all mean? One grain of historical truth we may safely gather from this abundant harvest of mythology. These stories of Perseus, of Prœtus, of the Cyclopes, point unmistakeably to the fact that to the land of Argos came certain architectural influences and traditions from the opposite coast of Lycia, and this in prehistoric, heroic times. Countless stories attest this intercourse of Lycia and Argos. Greek national pride

only reverses the order of things, and fables that the influence passed rather from the Peloponnese to Lycia than from Lycia to the Peloponnese—from west to east rather than east to west.

This legend of the Cyclopes seems to point chiefly to architectural and sculptural influence; but there are other myths that tell of legendary workers in metal, who pass from east to west. These metal-workers carry us a step further inland, we hear of Dactyloi (finger-men), skilled in the working of metal, who came from Phrygia, and of Telchines, who seem to be but a sort of more advanced Dactyloi.

This land of Phrygia seems a central station between east and west. Here we find legends that tell of a great mythical past, of the great King Gordias, and of Midas who had asses' ears, of the mighty earth-goddess, Rhea Cybele. In this Phrygian land are sculptured remains of this bygone dynasty, a valley of rocks full of sculptured tombs (15). Here, too, above a tomb, Mr. Ramsay has found sculptured designs which have for us a special interest—two lions, roughly carved, standing heraldically above the doorway. The work is very rough, but still these lions are in composition twin sisters to our Mycenæ lions. The device is repeated above many tombs; it evidently had taken strong hold on popular taste.

Asia Minor has yet to be fully explored. We do not know what links and landmarks between east and west

its hills and valleys have yet to disclose. We have spoken of Phrygia because it stands far removed from sea-coast influence, because what influence it received from the east must for the most part have travelled by land. Along the sea-coast of Asia Minor, up by Lycia, Caria, Lydia, Mysia, no doubt the Phœnician trader passed, but to the heart of Phrygia he could scarcely penetrate. Let these lions who stand above the portals of Mycenæ, and their rude prototypes in Phrygia, be for us the symbols of the *land* route from the east, a route as yet only half explored.

Influence, then, has come to Hellas from the east both by land and sea—by the land route of Asia Minor, by the sea route of Phœnician traders. It remains for us to see what that influence effected. Is early Greek art nothing but a copy of mongrel Phœnician forms, or the creation of the half-orientalized people of Asia Minor? or is it from the first a pure indigenous growth, developing itself unaided from without? or again, can we distinguish something that is indigenous, and yet discern traces of foreign influence?

Instinct tells us that the art of a people who attained such perfection as the Greeks must have been autochthonous, home-grown; instinct tells us also that a keen, eager, sympathetic race such as that which dwelt in Hellas would be quick to assimilate, apt to reproduce

We shall have to examine whether this instinct is borne out by any external testimony, literary or monumental.

Approaching this question, we cannot but feel that it is at once momentous and fascinating. If ever we are to touch the hidden springs of Greek genius, to understand its secret, incommunicable character, its hidden essence, it will be surely now, in its first beginnings. We see it now exposed to the influence of these older civilizations, whose artistic method is matured. Will the Greeks accept this ready-made solution? Will they accept realism on the one hand, symbolism on the other? If they reject them as means of *expression*, will they yet see in them any fitness for decoration? In a word, what will be the issue of this contact of east and west? It is because these questions are so vital for the fundamental understanding of Greek artistic genius that we have dwelt so long on this Phœnician carrying trade. We have desired to emphasize to the utmost this contact of the east in order that we must realize to the fullest extent possible its issue to the west.

Naturally we turn first to literature, to see what answer to our problems it will give. Has Homer here, as for every other question about Greek genius, given us, however unconsciously, any "clear, disposing word?" What does he say of the art of his own country? Is it autochthonous, or is it a mongrel creation, a compound of Assyria and Egypt brought by Phœnicia?

Of this Phœnician trade, we have already seen, Homer was well informed. Again and again he speaks of some object of art of special beauty and wonder as a gift brought from Sidon or Egypt. To that very Agamemnon who ruled at Mycenæ, Cinyras, of Cyprus, we remember, sent a goodly breastplate, wrought in Phœnician fashion. When Achilles is celebrating the funeral games of Patroclus, what does he offer as guerdon to the winner of the foot-race? "Then straightway the son of Peleus (Achilles) set forth other prizes for fleetness of foot—a mixing-bowl of silver chased; six measures it held, and in beauty it was far the best in all the earth, for artificers of Sidon wrought it cunningly, and men of the Phœnicians brought it over the misty sea and landed it in harbour" (Iliad xxiii. 743). Sometimes, again, it was from Egypt, the wonderland of the Greek, that some marvel comes. In the Odyssey, after the Trojan war is ended, we have a lovely picture of the home of Menelaos, at Sparta, happy again with the presence of Helen, and goodly with gifts and spoils gathered in the hero's wanderings in Egypt. "Helen came forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber like Artemis of the golden arrows, and with her came Adraste, and set for her the well-wrought chair, and Alkippe bare a rug of soft wool, and Phylo bare a silver basket which Alkandre gave her, wife of Polybos, who dwelt in Thebes, in Egypt, where is the chiefest source

of wealth in the houses; he gave two silver baths to Menelaos, and tripods twain, and ten talents of gold. And besides all this his wife bestowed on Helen lovely gifts—a golden distaff did she give, and a silver basket with wheels beneath, and the rims were finished with gold. This it was that the handmaid Phylo bare and set beside her, filled with dressed yarn, and across it was laid a distaff charged with wool of violet blue" (Od. iv. 118). Even when a work of art is said to have been wrought by the Greek god Hephaistos, yet its home seems to be in the east. When the wise Telemachos parts from his host, Menelaos says to him: "Of the gifts such as are treasures stored in my house, I will give thee the goodliest and greatest of price. I will give thee a mixing-bowl, beautifully wrought; it is all of silver, and the lips thereof are finished with gold, the work of Hephaistos, and the hero Phædimus, the king of the Sidonians, gave it me when his house sheltered me on my coming hither; and to thee now would I give it."

At first we seem obliged to own sadly and unwillingly that the art of Homer's days seems a borrowed art. We begin to fear that in these bronze and silver bowls of the Phœnicians, with their symbolical, formal, mechanical designs, we must find the glorious mixing-bowls of Homer, only that he has lighted them up with the glow of his poet's imagination. But a second thought makes us hesitate. When Homer describes a scene in detail, it

is usually a *natural* scene, naturalistically treated. He tells us nothing of hybrid monsters and heraldic devices, or scenes which seem to him mysteriously foreign and inexplicable. It is a hunt, a battle, a siege, a dance, he tells of, and what he specially notes is the life-likeness of the depiction. Making all allowance for a poet's fancy, he could scarcely have thought the work of a Phœnician artificer particularly lifelike. On the other hand, all specimens are not so conventionalized as the bowl from Citium that we chose as an example. On the breast of Herakles in Hades was "an awful belt, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were wrought, bears, and wild boars, and lions with flashing eyes, and strife, and battles, and slaughters, and murders of men" (Od. xi. 608). Again, "Goodly Odysseus wore a thick purple mantle, twofold, which had a brooch fashioned in gold, with a double covering for the pins, and on the face of it was a curious device—a hound in his forepaws held a dappled fawn, and gazed on it as it writhed. And all men marvelled at the workmanship, how, wrought as they were in gold, the hound was gazing on the fawn and strangling it, and the fawn was writhing with his feet, and striving to be free" (Od. xix. 227). Again, still more in the wondrous shield of Achilles we have vivid accounts of the naturalism of the greatest of Homeric works of art. It was the work of Hephaistos, the lame artist-god, who, with the nymphs of the sea,

wrought for "nine years much cunning work of bronze, brooches, and spiral arm bands, and cups, and necklaces, in the hollow cave, while around me the stream of ocean with murmuring foam flowed infinite. And when he had fashioned a shield, great and strong, he adorned it all over; thereon he wrought the earth, and the heavens, and the sea, and the unwearying sun, and the moon and stars. Also he fashioned thereon two fair cities of mortal men, and a city in which was a marriage feast, and a strife and judgment in the market-place, and another city to which men laid siege. Furthermore, he set in the shield a soft, fresh-ploughed field, rich tilth and wide, the third time ploughed, and as they ploughed the field grew black behind, and seemed as it were a ploughing albeit of gold, for this was the great marvel of the work. Furthermore, he set therein a harvest scene, with reapers, and a great feast, and a sacrifice. Also a vineyard, teeming plenteously with clusters wrought fair in gold, but the vines hung throughout on silver poles. And around it ran a ditch of cyanus, and round that a fence of tin, and the vintagers were there, and maidens and youths bearing the sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol, and sang thereto a sweet Linos-song with delicate voice, while the rest, with feet falling together, kept time with the music and the song. Also he wrought therein a herd of kine with upright horns,

and the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing they hurried from the byre to pasture beside a murmuring river, beside the waving reed. And herdsmen of gold were following with the kine, four of them, and nine dogs fleet of foot came after them. But two terrible lions among the foremost kine had seized a loud-roaring bull that bellowed mightily as they haled him, and the dogs and young men sped after him. The lions, rending the great bull's hide, were devouring his vitals and his black blood, while the herdsmen in vain urged their fleet dogs to set on, for they shrank from biting the lions, but stood hard by and barked and swerved away. Also the god wrought a pasture with white sheep, and a dancing-place with youths and maidens. Fine linen the maidens had on, and the youths well-woven doublets faintly glistening with oil. Fair wreaths had the maidens, and the youths daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. Also he set therein the great might of the River of Ocean around the uttermost rim of the cunningly fashioned shield" (Iliad xviii. 542–617).

Artists and archæologists have at all times delighted to reconstruct in fancy this wondrous shield. Lately, it has has been shown by Mr. Murray that each several scene can be paralleled from some design drawn from Egyptian, or Assyrian, or Phœnician art: the city at peace, the city in war, the ploughing, the harvest, the vineyard, the lion and

the kine, the sheep and the festal dance—the prototype of each may be seen either on the wall of some Egyptian tomb or Assyrian palace, or in miniature engraved on some Phœnician cup or bowl. And yet, delightful and ingenious though this restoration is, it lacks something of vitality. Homer's shield sounds so vivid, so naturalistic; these pictures from the east are so conventionalized. Above all, Homer emphasizes so constantly the use of colour for naturalistic purposes—raiment is red with blood, a field is black with ploughing, round the vine-yard is set a ditch of cyanus and a fence of tin, the grapes are black, the vine is gold, and it hangs on silver poles. Here we have a delicate complexity of metal work, a beautiful, variegated effect (*καλονδαιδάλεον*), which as yet we have not seen rivalled by Phœnician art. Is there yet remaining any ancient parallel that we can point to as even a faint analogy?

Our answer we will seek and find not far from those lion gates of Mycenæ, that have already taught us so much. Passing inside those gates, within the circle of the Acropolis fortress, we find those tombs of unknown date and marvellous contents, which Dr. Schliemann has so thoroughly explored. Within these graves were buried a mass of treasures, which here we cannot so much as enumerate—dead bodies with golden masks upon their faces, and richly worked breastplates, the head of an ox with gilded horns, chains, rings, neck-

laces, spangles engraved with designs, sometimes of natural animals—lions, deer, polypoi; sometimes of monsters—griffins and sphinxes. We do not wonder to see monsters from the east, for we have seen the Phœnicians land at Nauplia, the port of Mycenæ, and we have heard of workmen coming from Eastern Lycia to carve the lions on the gate. What concerns us is to notice that some of the objects found are carved with designs so free, so naturalistic, that they bear the evidence impressed upon them of a natural, spontaneous, indigenous art, an art free and lifelike, such as we hear of in Homer. It is at the fourth tomb that we must specially pause. Here were found as many as one hundred and forty-six swords, the blades of which were covered with rust. These swords were discovered by Dr. Schliemann with the rest of his treasure, but it remained for them to be rediscovered by M. Koumanoudis (17) when he was cleaning them previous to their being stored in the Museum at Athens. When the rust was removed, he saw that eight of these swords had their blades decorated with delicate engraving; that, further, the most delicate and varied coloured effects were obtained by the inlaying of different metals. Besides these eight sword blades, a ninth lies in the Museum at Copenhagen (18): it is reported to have been found on the island of Thera. One especially of the eight Mycenæ sword blades is

perhaps the most Homeric in design. Five warriors are contending with three lions ; one lion takes flight utterly at headlong speed ; the second, in rapid flight, turns round to growl and glare ; the third lion springs over a prostrate foe to meet the remaining four warriors, who advance to hurl their lances. There is great diversity of colouring, due to the inlaying of various metals ; the bodies of the lions are of pale gold, which may be electron ; their manes are of a deep red gold. If we could examine in detail all the nine swords, we should see the same ingenious use of different metals ; fish swimming in the sea, a wounded bird with red blood flowing, flowers with stalks and leaves of gold and calyxes of electron. The scene of the lion hunt is very lively ; the vigorous drawing of the fleeing lions may indeed be paralleled in Assyrian friezes, but there is nothing of the Assyrian about the thin, eager, half-nude warriors. On some of the blades there is a careful, minute realism about the treatment of plant life and water birds that recalls the Nile. If foreign influence has to be supposed at all, Egypt is undoubtedly nearer these sword blades than Assyria. But such a supposition seems unnecessary. When we see the later perfection of Greek art, when we see its constant fidelity to nature, we are bound to suppose naturalistic beginnings (19) ; here we have monumental evidence.

This one instance must suffice us. If we could pause to investigate the remaining tombs of Mycenæ, or the treasures that have been given up by the graves of Santorin, of Hissarlik, of Rhodes, of Spata, we should find side by side, in varying proportions, these two elements—an art free, naturalistic, untrammeled by foreign influence; another art more or less subject to, sometimes wholly dominated by, the art of Assyria, Egypt, Phœnicia—here naturalism, there convention—here a plant, an animal, a sea-beast, a man, rude indeed, but vigorous, fresh, lifelike; there a monster, a symbol, a conventionalized pattern, skilful, expert, but dead. The conclusion is evident. Greek art in its spirit, its essence, is autochthonous, home-born; but at an early period of its existence it underwent a strong wave of Oriental influence, a wave which well-nigh threatened to submerge it; but from the trial, which was also a stimulus, an inspiration, it emerged unhurt, nay, with new life, new energy. Phœnician traders could teach to the Greeks only what they themselves knew; they had no expressive art, they could not therefore impart it; it was perhaps for the infinite good of the world that they could not, that Greek art in its own particular province was left untrammeled. But a lower nature may yet stimulate a higher, even a Phœnician may lend fresh impulse to a Greek. The merely skilful craftsmen may put in the hands of the true artist fresh tools, may teach him a new

mastery of technique, may start him, so to speak, on the road which yet is all his own. This, we conceive, was the mission of the Phœnicians. They brought to Greek shores wares which were marvels of technical skill; they taught to the Greeks not only their alphabet and their system of weights and measures, but many a technical process which might have taken centuries of toil to evolve; they were their masters in the making and moulding of bronze, in carving, in gilding, in engraving, in inlaying. They taught also what they themselves so well understood—all the secrets of design, the heraldic spacing out of a subject, the balance and the symmetry which is the essence of decorative art; how to obtain mastery over reluctant material, how to utilize the fetters of confining space—this they understood, this they could impart. How to utter a thought save by flat realism or grotesque symbolism, this they never knew, this they could not teach.

When we watch the Greek artist so to speak face to face with the Phœnician workman, it is then we best feel the contrast, the essential, unutterable, unchangeable difference between the two. At first the Greek, beholding this wonderful mastery of technique, is amazed; he copies blindly with reverent astonishment; he decorates his vase with a series of friezes which are but rows of Oriental monsters; he takes the pattern ready made, marvelling at its dexterity, feeling its decorative

fitness. But he was not born to decorate; he has a soul to think, and therefore a thought to express; so, bit by bit, the Oriental monsters go down to their own place, they are subordinated to purely decorative functions, which, from their very lifelessness, they so admirably fulfil. The main body of his space the artist keeps to utter his thought—at first naturalistically, later, as we shall see, ideally. It is in this absorbing and assimilating of the good, this refusing of the evil, nay, more, in this turning of what is *expressively* bad into what is *decoratively* good, that we see the artistic instinct of an artist-born race. These Phœnicians came like a providence to save all needless effort to a race beloved of the gods. Their influence is from afar, not crushing and overpowering as at Cyprus, but just sufficient to give the stimulus of an electric contact, to wake a dormant faculty to life.

This subject of the influence of Phœnicia on Greek art has all the fascination of a new field as yet not wholly explored. Every new excavation lends new material, some fresh indication either of foreign influence or indigenous effort. We have constantly to keep in mind the three elements that go to make the art of this difficult, complex period—influence by sea from Phœnicia; influence by land, partly Aryan, partly Semitic, from central Asia Mina, and spontaneous Greek effort. Nor is it in art only, art pure and simple,

that we have to mark this influence; there is the same blending in the traditions of mythology, every shade, every variety of borrowing, of suggestion, of unconscious confusion. A Phœnician symbol misunderstood begets for the Greek a beautiful myth; the mysterious sphinx from the east is a riddle for the Œdipus of the west. Everywhere there is a tangling of threads, mythological, artistic, which only the most delicate perception, the most trained instinct avails to unravel.

For us, let us try to keep clearly in mind this principle, that the art of the Greeks was an art essentially home-born, that influence came to it from the east by sea and land, that from this influence Greek art in its infancy learnt much technically, little expressively; that such elements of expression, such foreign words, so to speak, as it borrowed from the east, it either degraded from expressive to decorative use, or breathed into them its own genius, giving them new life and new meaning.

CHAPTER IV.

THE METOPES OF SELINUS.

IN the last chapter we have seen how the Phœnician colonies spread like a net-work over the whole Mediterranean Sea, and how the treasures of Oriental art brought by these enterprising traders woke in the rude artists of Hellas a spirit of eager rivalry. But this rivalry was not confined to art; the Greek was never of the temper that loves to sit at home. It was easy to arouse in him a keen curiosity; then, as ever, he desired to hear and to see "some new thing." With such a coast-line at his command he must have been dull indeed did he not tempt the sea. In Hellas land and water mingle lovingly. Narrow straits, little scattered islands lure on the timid ship from shore to shore. Nor was the Greek mariner ever over-bold. He did not gladly suffer the land out of sight. We find him loitering pleasantly among the Cyclades, stealing across by the island stepping-stones to Asia Minor. At last, taking heart, he pushes his way through the Hellespont into the vast land-locked waters which, in his euphemistic way, he called the Hospitable Sea (Pontus Euxinus). It is not

thither we shall follow him as he coasts cautiously along the shore, and brings back with him strange legends of a magician queen and a dragon guarding a golden fleece. We have to watch him turn his prow westward. When we look at the map of Greece and see how the whole frontage and harbourage of the country lies to the east, we shall not wonder that these western voyages came later; that long after the east was explored, the west is still an unknown fairyland, haunted by Scylla and the Sirens.

In the west as in the east, we have seen how the Phœnician trader everywhere preceded the Greek. It was enough if the Greek could summon courage to follow timidly in his wake. Nor did he ever, as far as we know, strike boldly across the Ionian Sea to Italy and Sicily. He went for pleasure, and he took the right way, round Cape Malea—there it seemed to him, so great the enterprise, he must forget his home for ever—hugging the shore to Zacynthus, Cephallenia, and Corcyra. Then touching gladly at the south-east point of Calabria, round the lovely Tarentine Gulf, past Rhegium, and so at last to Sicily.

How far back these timid voyages extend we cannot certainly say. Our first fixed date is the settlement at Cumæ about 1050 B.C. (20). Sicily follows after a long gap. Roughly speaking, we may say that the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries B.C. were the golden age of

colonization. A double reason for this is easily seen. First, we have the stimulus of the Phœnicians, beginning with friendly intercourse, developing into half hostile rivalry, changing to bitter jealousy, and at last to deadly strife. As the Greek colonies rise, so Phœnician influence slowly decreases and decays. Second, there was a reason for colonization in the political condition of the mother country. The old Homeric monarchies were passing and had passed away; in their place came aristocracies, tyrannies, attempted democracies. All was stir and unrest, seething discontent. We hear now of a discomfited oligarchy compelled to fly, now of a tyrant banished, now of a populace whose overgrowth threatened the state. Such a time was the fitting opportunity for enterprise—such enterprise was a timely political outlet.

Though Phœnician influence was hampered and curtailed by the pressure of Greek colonization, we must not at this point regard it as extinct, or even dormant. Not two hundred miles away from the west coast of Sicily lay the great and powerful Phœnician colony of Carthage, then in the heyday of her strength; and Carthage had fortified for herself the two western strongholds of Sicily, Panormus (Palermo) and Lilybæum. Greece, on the other hand, had thrown round the north and west coast a chainwork of powerful colonies—Syracuse, Catana, Messana, Megara, Hyblæa, and a host of lesser names. She had gradually felt

her way along the inhospitable south coast, approaching dangerously near to Phœnician outposts, and at last ventured to found the colony which claims our attention to-day, westernmost Selinus.

Selinus is a colony sent out by a colony, an offshoot from Megara Hyblæa, on the east coast of Sicily, a city herself colonized from the mother city Megara on the Saronic Gulf some twenty miles from Athens. Here we have to note, that in this period of colonization it is not Athens which comes to the fore; her glory is reserved for later days; the best is kept till last. For the present we hear of Corinth, of Chalkis, of Crete, of Rhodes, and of this little city of Megara.

Selinus has, like so many of the Greek colonies, a brief, beautiful history. The date of her birth is not quite certain, but it must lie between 650–628 B.C. Megara Hyblæa in Sicily, when she decided to plant an offshoot in the west, sent for an oikist, or colony leader, from her old home, Megara in Hellas proper. Such was the pleasant, reverent custom of Greek colonists; eager for the new, they never forgot to cherish the old. From old Megara came Pammillus—his very name is preserved us—and led the chosen band across the island, and fixed at last upon a pleasant spot with two high hills and a clear river, whose banks are still green with the parsley plant. There, on the eastern hill, he built his Acropolis, and called the place Selinus, the parsley city. The Greek

colonist seems always to have looked first for a high, steep hill, which he might fortify and crown with a temple to his fathers' gods, to keep him always in pious memory of his fatherland. The young city grew apace, grafting into its strength no doubt some elements of vigour from the surrounding population of native Sikans. Though small, the city was rich and influential; of this her coinage, stamped with the parsley leaf, still bears witness. In its short, brilliant history we can note only two events. Once, when the city was plague-stricken with ague from the marsh between the hills, its citizens issued forth in solemn procession, parsley crowned, to seek from the mystic sage at Agrigentum, the great Empedocles, help and healing; he drained the marsh and the city was saved. A little later Selinus was involved in a bitter quarrel with the Phœnician city Egesta; a quarrel of little import in itself, but fraught with the most tragic consequences. It issued in the saddest story history has ever told, the disastrous expedition of the Athenians to Syracuse.

Again a few years and the end comes. Selinus, the green parsley city, the brave outpost, the fortress which had stood as it were as a symbol of Greek power in the west, provokes the wrath of Carthage, is besieged and taken. She falls B.C. 409 in the height of her prosperity; her citizens still busy decking her two fair hills with temples to the gods who had deserted her. In the quarries

near Selinus we may see the half-hewn columns just as she left them. The ruins of seven temples remain to us. It is the sculptured decoration of two of them that we shall have to study—not in their home on the high hills beside the sea, but as they are stored away now in the Museum at Palermo. It seemed to me, as I looked at them there, an odd and pathetic bit of historical irony that these marbles of Selinus should find a resting-place at last in Phœnician Panormus, own cousin to that very Carthage by whose hands Selinus fell.

It seems strange, perhaps, that we should take our first glimpse at pure Greek art so far away from home. But there are reasons why it is well. Greece, at that time in a tumult of political revolt and a consequent stir of fresh thought, seems to have put her best strength into her colonies; at least so we judge from the vigour and splendour of their development. These young western settlements were very fresh, very free, very untrammeled in their social development, and, as we shall find, very unconventional in their art. We have abundant remains of early art on the coast of Asia Minor, but there Oriental influence is too near, too present; it is in the west that we can best catch the Hellenic spirit in its most characteristic mood. And it is there where the Phœnician is foe, not friend, that we can best see what is original and anti-Oriental in Greek art.

There is a second practical advantage in our selection of these sculptures from Selinus. We are able to fix their date approximately. The city was founded not later than 628 B.C., it fell in B.C. 409. The earliest of its sculptures cannot be earlier than about 628 B.C., the latest not later than 409 B.C. Any one who knows how difficult it usually is to secure any safe footing for dates in the history of Greek art, will understand how eagerly the archæologist catches at this historical evidence. We are able to narrow the field within still closer limits. We know that the first, the all-important work of a Greek colonist would be to build a temple. Not more than a few years would ever pass before his god had a fitting dwelling-place. The sculptures therefore of the earliest temple—allowing a generation for its building—must have been executed between 650 B.C. and 600 B.C. Here we have a definite standpoint, and therefore a fixed criterion for judging other undated sculptures. Such standpoints are specially rare, and therefore specially valuable in the early, archaic period of Greek art where historical records are few and inscriptions infrequent.

So much by way of preface; we must now turn to the examination of the actual sculptures. Of the seven (21) temples built by the Selinuntians we have architectural remains of all and sculptured remains of three ; of these we shall select two, the earliest and the latest. We begin with the earliest. It was built on the hill to the

west, about 650–600 B.C., as we have seen, and dedicated most probably to the hero Herakles. These Selinus temples are, one and all, of the Doric mode, simple and solid. Round every Doric temple, above the pillars, there runs a frieze or band composed of alternate members, a square space, and three groovings; these combine alternately round the whole temple. The "three groovings" are called by their simple Greek name triglyphs, the spaces between, metopes, which means simply "space between." Their position is best understood by looking at any model of a Doric temple, such as the model of the Parthenon in the Elgin room of the British Museum. Probably in very olden days, when temples were made of wood, the metopes were left open, and were literally "spaces between," and the triglyphs were the ends of beams supporting the roof, but this is not certain. In later times the metopes were filled in, and frequently decorated with sculptured groups. How skilfully, in the best period of art, the artist made use of these square spaces we may see in the metopes of the Parthenon. Our sculptures from Selinus are all metope sculptures, and in the Museum at Palermo they are carefully placed between alternate triglyphs. Not all the metopes were sculptured; indeed it was probably only where a city was very rich that it could afford such expenditure of labour as this would involve.

Of this earliest temple we have three metopes pre-

Fig. 6. METOPE OF SELINUS TEMPLE.—PALERMO MUSEUM.

served, but of these we shall consider only one (Fig. 6). The subject is the slaying of the Gorgon Medusa by the hero Perseus, in the presence of an attendant goddess. The Gorgon is already in her death anguish. With the left hand Perseus seizes her by the hair; with the sword in his right he is in the act to sever her head. She has fallen on her right knee. At least such may be the artist's intention, or she may be meant to be attempting rapid flight, as this kneeling attitude in very early art often indicates running. Under her right arm she clasps a tiny horse. It is the horse Pegasus, who was fabled to have sprung from her blood. The artist has attempted to compress into one picture two consecutive moments—her death and the moment after, when Pegasus springs to life. The story is one of the oldest of Greek legends. Perseus belongs to the same class of heroes as Herakles and Theseus. Sprung from the gods, it is their mission to cleanse the earth from destroying monsters. The main conception of the legends of all three is the same, but the birth and adventures of Perseus are adorned with poetical incidents which the others lack. To him alone belong the golden shower of Zeus, the brazen tower, and the lament of Danaë, cast adrift on the waters.

What it concerns us, however, to notice in the story is the figure of Medusa the Gorgon. She has for us a very special interest, because she is one of those monsters of Greek mythology which beyond all doubt were borrowed

from the east. We have seen in a previous chapter how the east was the proper home of the monstrous; how when we find a hybrid form in Greek art, or Greek mythology, we may always suspect Oriental origin. In the case of the Gorgon suspicion is certainty. Medusa, when she first came into Greek hands, was hideous, as she appears on this metope; she had tusks for teeth, and hands of brass, and loathly snakes for hair, and whoever looked upon her face was turned to stone, Perseus himself could not see her face to face and live. Later Greek art conceived her as a lovely woman, terrible indeed, and passion-worn, but still beautiful. Many of us remember the wonderful, sad face of the sculptured Medusa in the Ludovisi Palace at Rome. We know that again and again Greek art of later days shrank from embodying hideous and grotesque conceptions in marble. Their ugliness was hateful, and also their hybrid, phantastic form was too vague, too romantic to suit the clear-cut, plastic manner of the Greeks. But in the case of Medusa there was a further reason. It has been shown by the French savant, M. Clermont Ganneau (*22*), that the Medusa of the Greeks, now hideous, now beautiful, arose from a double conception. She was the child, plastically and mythologically, of two parents, both Eastern—a hideous, malevolent male, and a fair, though terrible female Gorgon. The evidence for this view is too complicated to be given here. It is enough for us

to note that in the metope we are considering we have a sort of half-way view, a female Gorgon, but hideous; and that in this representation we recognize the survival of just one of those monstrous forms which were brought from the east to Hellas through the medium of Phœnician traders. This instance is the more valuable because, as we have noted, these forms, though abundant in purely decorative art, are very rare in sculpture. The instinct for beauty in the mind of the Greek artist led to their speedy rejection. This subject of Perseus slaying the Gorgon appears on other works of art as well as our metope. It was one of the subjects on the shield of Herakles described by Hesiod; also it appeared on the throne of Apollo, at Amyclæ. How it was represented in these cases we cannot, of course, ever know exactly; they were probably both works executed in the decorative Græco-Phœnician style. A few Greek vases of about the same date as our metope and embodying this same subject remain to us.

We must turn from the subject to the manner of its execution. The effect of the whole design is to the unaccustomed eye somewhat startling and very grotesque. Could we see it as it was when it left the sculptor's hand we should be, perhaps, still more surprised. From vestiges of colour still remaining on the stone we know that the background of the relief was painted red, that yellow, blue, and a greenish colour were used in picking

out details of drapery and armour, and that the features were in parts finished in a brownish black. This "many colouredness" (polychromy), of which we have abundant evidence in ancient art, startles us at first. It is contrary to that colourless purity which we in our mistaken ignorance have been accustomed to attribute to Greek artists. Colour was, as we have seen, abundantly used by the Egyptians and Assyrians in their architecture and their sculpture, so also by the Greeks. It seems clear that whenever a nation lives under a cloudless sky, with constant brilliant sunshine, they instinctively seek to give to their national art a life and glow that shall accord with its atmospheric surroundings. They themselves dress in brilliant colours, and their sculptured stone is gay with painting. Dead white and cold grey are the appropriate hues for our cheerless North. We have always to bear in mind, however, that colour in the early and also the best periods of Greek art was used *decoratively*, just to emphasize important details, never illusively to cheat the eye into the impression that stone is flesh. Greek art, and every art worthy its name, scorns to tell a lie.

In the metope before us some obvious traits peculiar to early art must be noted. The Gorgon kneels or moves to the right, but her chest and face turn full, fronting the spectator; so also Perseus and the goddess Athene. It is worth remarking that in archaic sculptures and in the paintings on archaic vases motion is

usually to the right. We cannot assign any reason. It may have been a little easier for the artist to work from left to right. A more important and more explicable matter is the profile position of feet and legs, and the full front chest and head. It is characteristic of the curious way in which Greek art has been misunderstood, and the wonderful amount of philosophic nonsense that has been talked about the Greeks, that art critics have seen in this impossible posture a recondite intention of the artist to emphasize the supposed spiritual part of man—his head—by turning it full face, and to subordinate the inferior feet and legs by turning them in profile. Such absurdities are only worth quoting as a warning against parting with common sense in the treatment of classical art. To begin with, this manner of drawing the human body is *not* a peculiarity of the Greeks; it may be seen in endless Egyptian instances—an instance (if one were needed) of the necessity of studying Greek in connection with Oriental art. If we want to understand why the Egyptian and the Greek both drew their figures in this unnatural manner we should get a child, or, better still, an intelligent savage, and set him to draw a man walking. The result will be something like the figure of Perseus. The child will instinctively want to display the man to what seems the best advantage. The legs, being separable and manageable, he will stretch wide apart to show that the man is walking, and the foot, being

easier to draw sideways and being more characteristic shown in its greatest length, he will put in profile. The chest he will certainly draw full face, because of the difficulty of expressing it sideways, and from the desire not to omit either arm. The face he may turn sideways, or may not, as the profile is not difficult ; the eye will be sure to appear as a round or an oval, blankly staring in full. In all probability he will, however, draw the face full, from a conscientious desire to include both eyes. We have before us a specimen of Greek art in its childhood—a very vigorous childhood, but childhood all the same. We have also to remember that once this convention of full face, profile feet is established, the artist will cling to it long after he is capable of higher things. It is not easy to overrate the influence of convention in Greek art, or indeed in any art which deals with subjects sacred to the conservative instinct, with national gods and heroes.

We must note next the hair of all three figures. Again we have to free ourselves from certain preconceived notions. A Greek style of doing the hair, suggests to most people—for a woman—the close-gathered severely simple knot—for a man, the short, crisp curls of the athlete. Such was the fashion of the fourth century B.C., though even then, for woman at least, elaborate, artificial hair-dressing, curling tongs, crimping pins, false hair, dyed hair, were never unknown in real life, even if for a time

discredited by art. But we are now in the seventh century, and men of that date, conspicuously athletes, wore their hair long, and plastered and plaited it into shapes whose ugliness would do credit to the fancy of a savage. We see the crimped formal hair of Perseus appearing in a row of knobs beneath his close cap, the invisible cap given him by the Graiai. Something must be allowed for the incapacity of the artist struggling with that most beautiful and difficult of subjects, human hair; but much is to be attributed to ungainly fashions which the Greek shared with the Assyrian and the Egyptian. The effort after personal adornment almost always issues at first in distorted ugliness; to be natural gracefully is the last fine flower of civilization. Our own century has not yet attained it.

Medusa has a yet more elaborate coiffure. It was of course the artist's object to emphasize her snake-like hair; but there is a finish about every detail of Medusa's head, a sort of mechanical precision and sureness of hand lacking elsewhere. The artist is not here inventing. He is, as we have seen, only reproducing a familiar face, a face of which the treatment had already attained in the east a typical finish.

The drapery of both Athene and Perseus is executed very carefully, not with any natural flow, but in a symmetrical pattern fashion. We note the Mæander pattern down the robe of Athene, scarcely visible in our plate,

clearly seen on the original. We have seen in Assyrian art how drapery was used as a decorative means of filling space, and we have here the remains of a similar tendency. The artist is not yet able to feel drapery as merely a veil, floating transparently over the human form. Indeed, in this case again, we have abundant evidence from vase paintings that early drapery in real life consisted of stiff, embroidered, Oriental stuffs, which stood out by virtue of their own texture, not adapting themselves the least to the lines of the body—such drapery as we see clothing an Assyrian king. With the simplicity of hair treatment, the Greeks of the age of Pheidias, some hundred and fifty years after the date of our metope, evolved a simple perfection of clothing which made drapery no rigid concealment of form, only an added harmony of line.

It is disappointing to turn from the careful, delicate finish of the drapery to the thick, clumsy, almost gross forms of the nude. The figures are too short and too fleshy. From this time onwards down to the culminating point in the sculptor Lysippos of the time of Alexander the Great, we notice in Greek art a tendency to elongate the type of the body—each limb becomes finer, longer; the whole build becomes slenderer. But in the sturdy days of our Doric metope the type of the "gracilis puer" was not yet evolved. There is, both in Perseus and Medusa, a very fair attempt to express muscle

specially about the knees, but all the attitudes are strained. There is a sort of spasmodic movement, as if the figures were electrified into action, but no real, organic life or motion. This comes from a lack of what Greek critics call *rhythm*, that is, consistent flow, the action of one part of the body permeating the rest of the body even when inert. Perhaps the most lively bit in the composition is little Pegasus, whose two forelegs have something of the feeling of a rearing horse. He is, however, arranged somewhat after the Assyrian "Thierbändigung" scheme.

The faces are very characteristic of early art. The artist has tried hard to make them live. He only succeeds in producing a friendly grin. Perseus looks so kindly as he performs his ghastly deed, and Athene so good-humouredly indifferent to her protégé's performance that it is impossible to help feeling drawn to the odd, friendly pair. Medusa's face is purely conventional, but there is a certain well-to-do comeliness about her that is specially odd; the homely, motherly way in which she tucks the tiny Pegasus under her arm softens effectually any horror that her hideous jaws and teeth might arouse. Pegasus himself is a strange mixture of vigour and clumsiness. His lively forelegs are counterbalanced by hind-legs as stiff and formal as the hind-legs of the lions of Mycenæ, to which, indeed, they bear a noticeable resemblance.

What strikes one most, looking at the metope as a

whole, is the frank simplicity and the ingenuous confidence of the sculptor's intent. He chose a popular story for his theme, he was determined to tell it clearly and to tell it completely, no softening, no condensation. Later we shall see that it is the function of the artist (a function well understood by the Greeks) to select and condense his motive, to decide clearly what is to be the dominant thought of his creation and subordinate all details, suppressing such as are irrelevant. We shall learn also that the moment chosen by an artist, and more especially by a sculptor, must be one of rest, or, at least, of a certain permanence, not one of transition, one that must necessarily pass. All this was not discovered in a day. The artist of the metope has violated unconsciously nearly every canon of plastic art. He has chosen a moment essentially transitional, the moment of a hideous slaughter; he was not clearly decided in his mind even that this moment is the one to be embodied, but has tried to present also the after-moment of the birth of Pegasus. We shall, I think, see in part the reason of his failure if we refer to the kindred art of poetry.

Poetry in its early *epic* stage tells a story; passing on swiftly from moment to moment, from action to action — such is the natural, childlike instinct of the story-teller, such is the manner of Homer. Poetry, when it developes as it did with the Greeks from the epic

to the drama, selects one critical moment, one all-important, decisive action, and to this one subordinates all the rest. However complicated and intricate the plot, one thought must be dominant or the drama is felt to lack unity. Now in poetry both these styles, the epic or consecutive style and the dramatic or unifying style, are permissible. In plastic art the conditions are different. But how should the early sculptor see this? He heard the rhapsode tell his tale, and, fired with a like ambition, he tried to write the familiar story in stone, the whole story, scene after scene. The artist of Assyria tells his story in chronicle fashion. For each successive step in the action he repeats the actors. The king in battle, the king returning, the king at the banquet, three kings for three actions. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Phœnician, satisfied with this method, advanced no further; they never felt, still less expressed, the essential difference between poetry and plastic art, and that because their whole instinct was *decorative*. The device of simple repetition lent itself admirably to decorative purposes. But with the Greek it was far otherwise. From the first he seems to have rebelled against this mechanical subterfuge; his main concern was, not to decorate a given space (though he never forgot its limits), but to embody his story, and by a happy instinct he faced the problem the Phœnician had shirked—a problem he was destined at last to solve so perfectly. But he did not solve it till after a long

struggle. He passed through a period of what we may call the *epic* stage before the single and fitting moment was consciously selected. This epic stage we see abundantly illustrated on early vase paintings. In sculpture of the Pheidian period we can see that plastic art had learnt what it could and what it could *not* do. What it could not, never can do, is to tell a story in narrative epic fashion; what it can and must do, is to present a single moment, and suggest, but only suggest, what precedes and follows.

We have said that the Greeks never rested in decorative art only. At the same time, at the highest epochs of their art, they were supreme in decoration, but as it were incidentally. Metope sculptures should serve, of course, a decorative purpose. They are, as we have seen, alternate breaks in a system of beam ends. Considered, therefore, from the decorative point of view, they should contain a subject which fills a square adequately, and which rests the eye by breaking that square in a diagonal line. Here our metope fails. The square is fairly well filled, though the main action is not central enough, moving rather away than towards the centre; but the lines are tediously vertical, there is no pleasant diagonal relief. What a metope should be we may learn by studying the endless variety of diagonal treatment in the Parthenon metopes at the British Museum. We may note in passing that the subjects of metope sculptures, executed as

they are always in relief, are permissibly somewhat more violent than those of sculptures in the round; the solid background on which they rest permits this without a too great feeling of unrest. The action, however, of our Selinus metope outsteps all limits.

We have found abundant fault with the unknown artist, and yet turning to look again we have to own that his work has its own charm. It gives us the pleasure we are always sure of in looking at genuine archaic sculpture or vase-painting, the rest and satisfaction that come of contemplating simple work done in a simple spirit, a spirit absolutely straightforward. The man who sculptured this metope believed his story, and tried his best to tell it. Because of this faithful effort his story and its telling affect us now. It is this personal love and conviction of the artist that gives his work its freshness and charm. We have seen Assyrian sculptures cleverer than this, better finished, showing the hand of a more highly trained workman; but of a workman, not an artist—a workman who glorified a master by the square meter of his prowess, not an artist who told lovingly of the glory of his nation's hero. Coarse though the forms of the Greek artists' figures are, touched though the whole scene is with perhaps some tinge of native Sikanian buffoonery, yet it is hearty and wholesome, aye, and delicate too, compared to the swollen, sensuous, shameless portrait of an Assyrian king. We feel sure as we

look that from this honest beginning the issue will be only what is fair and good.

To this issue let us turn.

The green parsley city went on from year to year crowning her Acropolis afresh with new temples. We cannot pause to look at all these temples. We must pass on to the latest, built aloft in the western hill. We are at once in a higher world of thought, matched by a wonderful advance in execution. About a century and a half has passed, and art has grown up from infancy to the bloom of early manhood. The temple from which our second metope (Fig. 7) is taken was dedicated to Hera, the queen of heaven. It is Hera herself who is standing before us, rather as wife than queen, in the presence of her immortal husband, Zeus, the father of gods and men. Homer has told (Iliad xiv. 315) us how Hera made ready for that meeting; how "with ambrosia first did she cleanse every stain from her winsome body, and anointed her with olive oil, ambrosial, soft, and of a sweet savour; how she combed her hair and with her hands plaited her shining tresses, fair and ambrosial flowing from her immortal head, and clad her in her fragrant robe that Athene wrought delicately for her, and therein set many things beautifully made, and fastened it over her breast with clasps of gold. And she girdled it with a girdle arrayed with a hundred tassels; and she set earrings in her pierced ears, earrings of three drops and glistening,

Fig. 7. METOPE OF SELINUS TEMPLE.—PALERMO MUSEUM.

therefrom shone grace abundantly. And with a veil over all the peerless goddess veiled herself, a fair, new veil, bright as the sun, and beneath her shining feet she bound goodly sandals." The poet's painting, full of colour, life, and glow, is very different from the austere conception of our metope—the one is pictorial, the other statuesque; the one dwelling gladly on a thousand bright-hued details, the other suffering only what enhances his central thought. Homer delights to tell us, too, what the sculptor must leave untold—how it was in craft and subtlety that Hera arrayed herself and stood before King Zeus that she might beguile his heart by the twin gods of Love and Sleep. But poet and sculptor are alike in this, that the story they tell, the thought they express, is that the gods are very human in form and feeling.

Such being the subject, let us note some technical details. In all the metopes belonging to the temple of Hera, including the one we have selected, the nude portions of the female figures—face, feet, hands, and arms—are worked in white marble. The rest of the design is in the usual soft tufa stone, from the quarries of Selinus. It is noted as an advance made by the early *painter* Eumæos of Corinth, that he was the first to distinguish in his painting between men and women. On vase paintings of the sixth and early fifth centuries the flesh parts of woman figures were frequently painted white. Marble was, of course, harder to work in than

tufa. It may be partly owing to this difficulty of material that the face of Hera is so much more rigid in style than that of Zeus. A further and more potent reason we shall have to consider later. Her drapery, too, is marked by an archaism not extended to that of Zeus. The folds of the himation are straight and severe, though very pleasing in their symmetry. The under chiton, clearly seen on the left breast, is made of a crinkled, ribbed material, which appears frequently on vase paintings, and, as it disappears about the period of Pheidias, is a useful note of time. Hera does not resist the unveiling hand of Zeus, but she throws herself a little back, half in surprise, half in reserve. About the whole figure of the goddess, her veil, her ample drapery, and her pose, there is a tone of austerity and restraint well fitting the conception of the divine bride. Zeus is a good deal more human. We shall have to consider in full the reasons why the treatment of his figure is so much in advance of that of Hera ; but we may note in passing that even had the artist been able to command his skill as ably for the female as for the male figure, he would still, with his Greek notion of fitness, have restrained the expression of emotion in the woman.

The hair of Zeus is arranged very formally, closely plaited and arranged in bands round his head, like the hair of an ancient athlete. His beard shows, however, that the artist was capable of freer treatment. It gives

evidence of a real feeling for the soft, crisp curl of the "ambrosial locks." The mouth is in the original eagerly parted, showing the teeth a little too realistically. The face is instinct with emotion, almost too personal and intense, too characteristic of a passing, momentary sentiment. The limits of pathos in sculpture we shall have to discuss when we come to the art of Praxiteles. The body is well modelled and rigorous, though a little spare, the attitude graceful, with a careless ease and security about it that foretells the Parthenon marbles. The drapery cast about the hips, in a manner always characteristic of Zeus, is full of beautiful motives. Still, delightful though the metope is as a composition, there is at once a strain and an insecurity about the execution which we feel very keenly if we turn back to it after studying the perfect manner of the time of Pheidias. The stone material is not yet entirely vitalized ; the life, such as it is, is partial and spasmodic. The artist has, however, outgrown the epic story-telling manner ; he has seized a definite and supreme moment, and he has presented it free from disturbing detail. It may be a question whether the act of unveiling be not of too transitory a character for sculptural presentation ; this will probably be always a matter of individual feeling.

These two metopes of Selinus which we have now considered in detail represent for us the two extreme limits of archaic and transitional art. From 600 B.C. to

450 B.C. the struggle with mere technique, with the *material* of art persisted, and issued in perfect mastery. It would not be difficult, did space allow, to fill up the picture in detail. Traditions are preserved us even before 600 B.C. of successive stages of technical struggle, of Dibutades of Corinth, who first made a portrait in clay; Glaucus of Chios, who discovered the art of soldering metal; Rhoikos and Theodorus of Samos, who invented the great art of casting; Melas of Chios, who first contended with the difficulties of working in marble. We learn of schools and families where art was traditional—at Chios, Crete, Samos; at Ægina, Argos, Sparta, Sicyon; and at Athens; and we have monumental remains, scattered fragments of sculpture, from every part of the Greek world, which by degrees we learn to associate sometimes with an artist's name, more often with what we know of his school. Patiently to piece together this fragmentary and scattered information is the work of the archæologist. For the art student it is enough to know that though in every department of the decorative handicrafts—in spinning, weaving, embroidery, metal chasing, carving and modelling, in all the conventionalities of pattern-composition—Greece was saved from a long and weary struggle by her contact with the east, yet in her struggle to express the human figure, its organism, its postures, its emotions, she had to go through the long discipline of effort with but little extraneous aid. This utter-

ance of thought in its highest external form, in the human body, was to be her special mission in the development of art, and her best effort she had to make for herself. It is only the second best that a nation or an individual can learn from another.

It is very important for us to see—it is, in fact, the whole object of these chapters to show—wherein the special quality of Greek art lies. This we shall see when we come, in our next chapter, to treat of the finest Greek work we possess, the Parthenon marbles. We shall then show that their distinctive characteristic is Ideality, Ideality in its fullest sense—the Greek view, which we shall have to explain at length. At present we have to mark in our metopes the steps which led up to this great principle of Ideality; we have to show that it was the natural outcome of certain tendencies observable in Greek thought from the first glimpse we catch of it. These tendencies we will, for clearness' sake, consider under three heads, though, as we shall see, they are so closely related and involved as to be really one in principle. They are—

1. Anthropomorphism.
2. The cult of heroes.
3. Desire after perfection of human form.

To begin with anthropomorphism. A long word is always clumsy, but sometimes convenient. Anthropomorphism means simply *human shapedness;* it is a term

applied to that form of religion which conceives of its gods in the form of mortals—men of like appearance and usually like passions with ourselves. The word means, I think, strictly only of like *appearance*, but, so much is thought affected by association and analogy, that once give to his gods human shape, and man usually adds to them the further attribute of human emotions. The Christian Protestant creed defines its God as "without body, parts, or passions"—a reaction, no doubt, against the image-worship of the Catholic Church; but it was not given to the ancients to think in this abstract fashion. To most minds it is a condition of thought to give to the object thought of some outside shape corresponding to experience. To the ancient world the question asked unconsciously concerning its gods was not "Shall we give them a shape at all?" but "What shape shall they bear?" Now it is obvious that, if the gods are to be thought of in any shape, the highest shape, that is, the human form, would seem natural. To a nation desiring and loving beauty of form this is the natural solution. We have seen, however, that other solutions are possible. The animalism of Egyptian religion left them its legacy of beast-headed gods; the dogmatic tendency of the Chaldæo-Assyrian mind gave them for divinities a series of hybrid symbols. Both nations desired that their gods should be powerful, and that art should give clear utterance to the popular conception, but neither desired that

their outside form should be beautiful. It was reserved to the Greeks to see clearly two things: first, that the only fitting form in which the gods could be embodied was the most beautiful of known forms; second, that this most beautiful of forms was the human form.

We see this high conception of the gods in literature long before it appears in art. Homer's gods are men and women divinely fair, while the idols by which art represented these gods are still uncouth images venerated for their age, not their beauty; sometimes mere fetich symbols—a pillar or a board, or a hybrid figure a legacy from the east. We have seen in what lovely human guise Hera appeared on Mount Ida to Zeus; but the image of Hera, worshipped at Samos, was just an unwrought board; at Argos a rude column represented her. The gods of Homer, when they desire to appear to some favoured hero, disguise themselves in many fashions, but when they make themselves known in their proper shape it is in familiar, human form. We remember how the goddess Athene in the guise of a young man of Ithaka comforted Odysseus, shipwrecked, unknown to himself, on his native shore; when she would declare herself she takes as her proper shape the form of a goodly woman: "And the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and straightway she changed to the semblance of a woman, fair and tall, and skilled in splendid handiwork."

And so it is always with them that dwell in Olympus; they are as strong and fair as the sons and daughters of men, nay, stronger and fairer, sometimes as frail. They love and hate, they hope and fear, they feast and dwell in goodly houses, they are weary and would fain sleep—they are human, in a word, and nothing human do they account alien.

No aspect of religion is so favourable to art as this tendency to anthropomorphism. From before the face of a god with the body of a man and the head of a crocodile, art flies abashed; creation, Plato has said, must be of beauty not of deformity, "the deformed is always inharmonical with the divine." "Beauty is the destiny of parturition who presides at creative birth, and therefore, when she approaches beauty, the conceiving power is propitious, and diffuse, and benign, and inspires and bears fruit; on the appearance of foul ugliness she frowns, and contracts in pain, and is averted and morose and shrinks up, and not without a pang refrains from creation" (Plato, Symp. 206).

I do not mean to say that the Greeks had never their period of grosser religions. Scattered about through their mythology are traces of bygone animal worship. Zeus, when he would beguile the heart of a mortal, disguises himself as a swan or a bull; the goddess Thetis, when beset by a lover, can transform herself into a snake, a dragon, a fire, a tree. These and the like

stories are as relics of a day when the godhead was supposed to dwell actually in this or that animal form, and, more remotely still, when the animal was itself the god. But what the Egyptians could never free themselves from, the Greeks shook off for the most part in almost prehistoric times. In a cave near Elis the Phigaleians worshipped a hideous, wooden image of Demeter. She was seated on a rock, with the body of a woman, and clothed in a long robe reaching to the feet; but she had the head of a horse with a mane, and about the head clustered shapes of snakes and other wild beasts, and she was called the black Demeter. This image perished in a local fray, and the Phigaleians besought the famous artist Onatas to fashion a new one. This he did by the help of a drawing or copy of the old one, but especially he was guided by a vision sent him. It seems hardly far-fetched to suppose that he availed himself of the vision to embody his idea of the goddess in some shape more anthropomorphic, less grotesque. Again and again in the note-book of Pausanias, as he travelled in out-of-the-way country places, we come upon accounts of strange *xoana*, or wooden images, worshipped with obscure and superstitious rites, sometimes of degrading character; but this "seamy side" of Greek religion, undeniable as it is, serves only to point more emphatically its generally beautiful and human character. When we consider to what a flood of Oriental contagion of

hideous forms and still more horrid practices the Greeks were exposed, we wonder only that they remained so steadfastly devoted to the pure and the beautiful, that they threaded their way in art, as in religion, so delicately through such a mire-stained region.

Let us connect, then, with our second Selinus metope this great tendency of Greek religion and art, *anthropomorphism*. Turning back to our first metope, we come to a second tendency closely akin, the tendency seen in their cult of heroes.

I use hero in its stricter sense, a sense fluctuating indeed, but still always present to Greek thought. A hero was to them a being half-way between the gods and men—born usually of the love of a god for a mortal. He stood, therefore, midway in strength and beauty. Such was the Perseus whom we have seen slaying Medusa, such was Herakles, such Theseus. These heroes had temples and shrines, and received in part divine honours. After death it was thought that some at least of them joined the company of the gods in Olympus. But they left behind them mortal children, whose descendants held their half-divine ancestor in special reverence. The notion is not exclusively Greek, but the Greeks seem to have lent it special emphasis. The Assyrians had their eponymous god-hero, that is, their hero who gave the tribe his name —Asshur, valiant in battle. To the Greeks, however, it

was a constant, ever-present, all-pervading reality; the love of a god for a mortal was the generally accepted condition of the foundation of nearly every noble family in Hellas. At once we see how close the connection of this tendency with anthropomorphism—how the two acted and reacted on each other. If the ancestor of a mortal family was the son of a god, how natural that that god should be human; if the god was human, how fitting that he should be the ancestor of mortals; the midway step of demi-god or hero just helps to make the transition simple and easy.

We come to the third and perhaps the most important link in the chain from earth to heaven—a link which, for want of a single convenient term, we have had to describe as the desire for perfection of the human form.

If the gods, who are more than men, are to take human form, it seems but a little step to say that form must be perfected. But the step is not always taken. In the days of Byzantine and early Mediæval Art, the element of anthropomorphism is present. Art finds its inspiration in the human figure of the Virgin, but certain aspects of Christian doctrine, strained if not distorted, forbade the cultivation of perfect, human, bodily beauty; so the result is incomplete, art is fettered by its foe asceticism. It was not till the old Greek feeling for bodily beauty awoke at the *Renaissance* that art could

be again in the fullest sense ideal. But this word "ideal" is by anticipation. In the transition period of Greek art idealism is not yet attained. Pheidias has not yet perfected his skill, the Parthenon is yet unbuilt. What we have now to consider is how there grew up among the Greeks that love of human beauty, that desire to perfect it in their own bodies and to express it adequately in their art.

Two friends have been walking at noonday outside the walls of Athens; they rest for a while beneath "a lofty spreading plane-tree" on the green grass where "a cool stream is flowing." And as they rest in this spot, fragrant with flowering shrubs and sacred to the nymphs and woodland gods, they talk in words that will never die of the great things of life—of art, of love, of philosophy—and as the younger rises to go home, the elder rising, too, says in his pious way—

"Should we not offer up a prayer first of all to the local deities?"

And then, his friend assenting, Sokrates (for it is he) prays thus—

"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one."

This prayer was offered some fifty or more years after the time of which we speak; as the friends went home in the cool of the evening they would see the Parthenon, complete and glorious, shining serenely in the

sunset glow. Still, what one generation feels the next one utters, and this prayer of Sokrates we may fitly take as the utterance of all that was best and highest in the desire of Hellas.

I have chosen these words advisedly, because too often the Greeks are spoken of as a people who desired physical beauty to the exclusion of spiritual, who because they were artistic became immoral. In later days we have sorrowfully to own that art and morals alike did decay; but their fall is together, neither is to blame for the other, both have common causes. What we do notice in the prayer of Sokrates, and in the desire of the Greeks as a nation, is that they seek the spiritual, but not to the exclusion of the physical; that they alone among nations have known, or rather instinctively felt, how to hold, if even only for one happy century, the just balance between body and soul. For a little while they showed the world the lovely picture of a nation living a sound and healthy life in the happiest of all faiths, that the beautiful is the good. We shall have to see, when we come to consider the idealism of Pheidias, in what way this was imagined by them; for the present we must content ourselves with the beginnings and some of the practical issues of their honest devotion to physical perfection of form.

This devotion was only possible to a race naturally beautiful; to an ugly race such a faith would have been

akin to despair. We catch early glimpses of it in Homer; there is a frank mention of personal gifts, an open praising of them as coming from the gods, which strikes us as very simple and pleasing. A Greek would never say to his children, "What does it matter as long as you are good whether you are beautiful or clever or not?"—such a doctrine would have been not only false, which it always is, and therefore despicable and pernicious, but also, to his mind, a dishonour to the gods who had dowered mortals with fair gifts. We are not however to suppose they were a nation uniformly beautiful. There were plenty of ugly and mediocre individuals, and this contrast would be necessary to stimulate the critical and appreciative faculty. Odysseus says very frankly to the beautiful but discourteous Phæakian:

"Stranger, thou hast not spoken well: thou art like a man presumptuous. So true it is that the gods do not give every gracious gift to all, neither shapeliness, nor wisdom, nor skilled speech. For one man is feebler than another in presence, yet the god crowns his words with beauty, and men behold him and rejoice, and his speech runs surely on his way with a sweet modesty, and he shines forth among the gathering of his people, and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god. Another again is like the deathless gods for beauty, but his words have no crown of grace about them, even as

thou art in comeliness pre-eminent, nor could a god himself fashion thee for the better; but in wit thou art a weakling" (Odyss. viii. 159).

A man who could thus soberly estimate the diversity of gifts, reverently owning their origin, is typical of the Greek genius, which found its strength always rather in temperate use than ascetic abstinence.

The reverence for strength and beauty as the gift of the gods influenced the Greek people, especially in two practices, which to us in our study of their art are all-important. I mean—

1. Their agonistic festivals.

2. The athletic training of their boys and young men.

I place the agonistic festivals first because this seems the natural order. Games were held in honour of the gods, and in order that beauty and strength might crown the victors and make them the more acceptable offering, the competitors went through a careful gymnastic preparation. This elaborate training of the few would naturally raise the standard of the physical education of the many.

The fierce contest for victory, the struggle, the *agony*, as the Greeks called it, of man against man was not, of course, peculiar to the Hellenic race. Where they differed from other and less favoured peoples was that they raised and developed this agony, this contest, into a splendid exhibition, a glorified embodiment of human faculty and power at its highest. They softened in most

cases, though in some they could never eliminate the brutal elements of contest, and instinctively cultivated its artistic side. The origin of these athletic contests is lost in obscurity; the founders are mythological, not historical figures. Probably in bygone, savage days the life of the combatant was the offering in which the savage god delighted; but when history dawns, a beautiful anthropomorphism, as we have seen, has lent softer attributes to the dwellers in Olympus. It is in the strength and beauty of a man, not in the sacrifice of his life, that they delight, and therefore it was this strength and beauty that the devout worshipper must offer. But the glory of the god is seldom to the Greek separate from the glory of the victor. For him, if he triumph at Argos, there is the prize of the brazen shield, at Pellene the woollen cloak, at Marathon the silver goblet, best and dearest of all, at Olympia the simple wreath of wild olive, cut by a golden sickle from the tree sacred to the gods. It is for him that, in the temple of Olympian Zeus, before whose face sorrow is silenced and weariness forgotten, the olive crown is laid upon the golden table; for him the poet pours forth a song of triumph, flowing like "liquid nectar" for him "fair of form and achieving deeds as fair." It is when we read these Epinikia, these songs of triumph, which Pindar wrote for his victorious countrymen, that we best realize how near the victor stood to heroes and to gods, how confident and human

was the joint triumph of worshipper and worshipped, and yet, or rather therefore, how temperate, how free from insolent self-assurance.

The man who had once stood as victor before the presence of Zeus was noble for ever, and the founder of a true aristocracy; his native city he entered through a breach in her walls, for she who had given him birth could need no other defender, and his glory went down to posterity. For the man who conquered again and again we hear of other and special honours. Note the list of the triumphs of a hero of Rhodes: "Of garlands from games at Olympia hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos, and twice following at Nemea, and twice at rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes, and the yearly games Bœotian and Pellene and Aigines, where six times hath he won, and the pillar of stone at Megara has the same tale to tell." (Pindar O. vii. E. Myers.) The ode from which the words are taken was engraved in gold letters in Athene's temple at Lindos, a national pride—

> "Still in golden line
> From the Lindian shrine
> Flames his praise the sun-lit seas along."

More than half a century later, when in the bitterness of the Peloponnesian struggle Greek was fighting against Greek, the son of this Diagoras, beautiful Dorikus (23), was

captured by the Athenians, but they suffered him to live for his beauty; and the daughter of Diagoras, Pherenike, with the blood of athletes in her veins, dared, though death was the penalty, to disguise herself as a trainer that she might watch her young son, Psisirrhodos, contend in the boxing; but when he triumphed she forgot her peril and sprang forth to hail him, and they pardoned her because she was the daughter and mother of victorious athletes.

What most of all concerns us is the permission accorded to the victor to set up as an offering to the gods a votive statue; if he triumphed thrice, this statue, it seems, in later times might be a portrait of himself. As the service of the greatest poets would be impressed to write Epinikian odes, so for these athlete statues the first masters of sculpture would naturally be employed. Very probably at the outset the victor was required to offer this statue as a sort of redemption of his own life, a copy of himself, or of his chariot or horses; but in historical days we have no relic of this redemptive notion. We can only conjecture from the analogy of other nations that it may have existed.

We might think that this offering of portrait statues must necessarily issue in an art whose animating principle was realism; that we should have a state of things exactly similar, though from different causes, to the origins of art we noticed in detail in Egypt. But here

the different instincts of the nations come out. There seems every opportunity for the development of realism, but the Greek deliberately and consciously rejects it. His democratic instinct resented the over-pre-eminence of the individual, and his religious instinct imposed strict limits on self-exaltation. What was personal in the triumph ode, in the votive statue, was always regarded with suspicion; it was not that in which the god delighted. What of beauty and strength was large, universal, human, that was the proper glory of the victor. We see here the promptings of that instinct for generalization, that rising from the particular to the universal, which for Greek art issued ultimately in the highest idealism.

None the less would there be in the working of these athlete statues a lively impulse to naturalism. The sculptor had abundant opportunity of studying his model, of watching him in every pose, in every varied activity; he was expected, nay, required, to show a certain general analogy only; a close, minute resemblance was not encouraged. It seems as if religion and social convention had conspired to uprear the fittest nursery for art. Naturalism commanded, realism forbidden, generalization, therefore, almost necessitated.

We have already seen how the lack of the nude model impeded the development of Assyrian art. It is easy for us to see now why the draped statues of women in

archaic Greek art, both in sculpture and vase-painting, hang far behind the nude forms of men. From the seventh century on, the races at least were run naked. And therefore the artist easily gained a complete knowledge and mastery of the structure and postures of the male form, which was for centuries denied him as regards the female model. Up to the date of Pheidias there lingers about all the women figures we possess a stiffness and unreality which had long departed from the statues of men, even when they are not athletes. Our Zeus and Hera are excellent instances of this.

Selinus may seem far from Olympia, but we know that just at the time when our last Selinus temple was uprearing, cities of Sicily were sending forth their citizens in goodly numbers to be victors in the games. Theron of Syracuse, in 472 B.C., was winner in the Olympic horse-race. Theron, who, Pindar (24) says, "wieldeth the sceptre of justice in Sicily, of many flocks, cutting the choice fruits of all kinds of excellence, and with the flower of music he made splendid." For him Pindar prayed: "May it be thine to walk loftily through life, and mine to be the friend of winners in the games." The chariot-race was run in 476 B.C. by Theron of Agrigentum. Of him it was said: "Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs, yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that, putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a

star far seen, wherein a man shall trust. . . . The sea sand none hath numbered, and the joys that Theron hath given to others—who shall declare the tale thereof?" Snow-crowned Etna was made glorious in 474 B.C. by the victory of Theron, and Pindar prays: "O Zeus, be it ours to find favour in thy sight, who art defender of this mountain, the forehead of a fruitful land, whose namesake neighbour city hath been ennobled by her glorious founder, for that on the racecourse at the Pythian games the herald made proclamation of her name aloud, telling of Theron's fair victory in the chariot-race." For a citizen of Selinus we have no recorded ode, but we cannot doubt that she sent out competitors to the games, and that she had sculptors worthy to execute votive statues. At Rhegium, just across the Sicilian straits, was born the sculptor Pythagoras, whose merit it was to excel in athlete subjects. He made a statue in bronze of Victory standing by the charioteer in a chariot; also of a wrestler, a boxer, a pancratist, a runner in the stadium. We can scarcely, then, be wrong in supposing that in Sicily, as in the rest of Hellas, the influence of this votive sculpture was keenly felt; indeed, I think we see it in the spare, nervous body of the Zeus of our metope.

From the festival we turn to the training school, whose influence on art was even greater, because closer and

more constant. The great public games were splendid spectacles that flashed and went, but the gymnasiums were permanent schools of unconscious models. On hundreds of painted vases we can see the picture of this palæstric life (25). Groups of youths and boys running, wrestling, leaping, or lounging in idle talk. There were the modest, temperate youths, whose voice, Aristophanes tells us, in the good old times was never heard, who went to school at daybreak through the thick snow, who sang simple songs in honour of Pallas Athene to some austere accompaniment with neither trill nor shake, the disciples of Reason and Justice. From the music school they pass to the training ground, there to be trained to a like austere perfection. There are statues left us of such as these: a youth binding a ribbon about his brow (Diadumenos), copied from a statue by Polycleitos; another youth who holds a spear (Doryphoros); a third who hurls a discus (Discobolos). And even in the copies we see something of the dignity, the strength, the simplicity, and the reserve of this finished training. It was such youths as these that Sokrates loved to speak with, teaching them to reason soberly concerning those virtues of temperance, of courage, of friendship, which they so beautifully and unconsciously embodied. His dialogues have left us no more charming picture than of these lovely, modest boys, with their timid, childish answers and shamefaced ways. Charmides, on whom all, even

to the least child, turned to look as though he had been a statue; Charmides, whose perfect form was fairer than his lovely face, who was as fair and good within as without; Lysis, who stood among the other boys "having a crown upon his head, like a fair vision, and not less worthy of praise for his goodness than his beauty."

It is with this "fair vision" of physical and moral beauty that we will close the chapter; and gathering up the threads of our thought, we may remember that, in this period of transitional art, we have noted how by degrees the artist overcame the difficulties that beset him in the technical mastery of his material; how, more important still, he was led by certain tendencies of the Greek mind to a happy choice of subject for his efforts in expressive art; how in a gradual hierarchy of inspiration he sought to express man, hero, god, each near akin to the other. By virtue of his anthropomorphism he has embodied thus far the god in the form of a man; we shall see him a little later by his *idealism* lift the human form to the level of the god.

CHAPTER V.

PHEIDIAS AND THE PARTHENON.

SO far we have been wandering in distant lands. By the banks of the Nile we have watched the Egyptians solve the problem of expressive art by the principle of realism ; by the banks of the Euphrates we have seen the Chaldæo-Assyrians add to this realism much of symbolism and a finely perfected system of decoration. By sea and by land the influence of Assyria and of Egypt has been carried to Hellas ; from it she has chosen out and assimilated to her own genius what might be helpful, rejected what was hurtful. In the far-off colony of Selinus we have seen the beginnings of her own development, her struggle to master the technical difficulties of expression in marble ; her high thought of the physical perfection of man ; her cult of the hero ; her worship of the god in human form. All this is so much clearing of the ground, so much tarrying in the outer courts of the temple of Greek art. It is time for us to draw nearer, to pass within the veil and

hear the secret whisper, the peculiar message, breathed by the gods to Hellas, which she alone of nations was charged to utter to mortal man.

We leave the outlying colonies and pass to the mother country. In the studio of Ageladas, the Argive sculptor, three young men served their apprenticeship to art—three whose names were each and all, in after years, destined to resound throughout antiquity—Myron, Polycleitos, Pheidias. Of Myron, the eldest of the three, we know that it was his special gift to breathe into the cold bronze the breath of physical life, to catch the figure of the athlete just at the moment of his supreme effort, of the discus-thrower (Discobolos) just as he poises himself to throw the disk, of the runner just as he breathes out his life grasping the victor's crown; not the soul but the body, in its completest and sometimes most complex utterance. Of Polycleitos, the youngest of the three, we know that he too aspired to express the perfection of the athlete's body, but in a different way. It was not so much life, breath, motion, that attracted him, as symmetry and proportion, the balance of the perfected human figure at rest rather than its contorted strength in action. He it was who embodied in stone the strong, quiet youth who stands motionless, bearing a spear (Doryphoros), this youth who was to be the model, the "canon," of symmetry, of perfect bodily proportion. He also made the statue of a youth about to bind the victor's fillet

about his brow (Diadumenos), standing in perfect poise, raising his hand on either side. He excelled in industry and graceful, careful finish, and a sort of quiet dignity. Some gave to him the palm among sculptors, but there were others who felt a want. It is true, they said, that he fashioned the human form with a beauty even beyond nature, but yet he lacks something of weight and majesty; he cannot reach that overmastering sublimity (*auctoritatem*) of the gods. Perhaps when the critic so spoke he was thinking of another artist who *did* attain these heights, the third disciple who worked in the studio of the old master Ageladas. It is to him we must turn. Critics, when they try to summarize the qualities of Myron and Polycleitos, are tolerably clear; but when they speak of Pheidias language seems to halt and stumble; ancients and moderns alike are seeking for words to utter some thought, some quality of art which language is hardly great or fine enough to hold. We know vaguely that his task was to embody the greatest of the gods, that he united beauty with greatness, that his work was at once large, impressive, full of dignity (*σεμνόν, μεγαλότεχνον, ἀξιωματικόν*), and yet characterized by the utmost delicacy and fineness (*τὸ ἀκριβὲς ἅμα*) (*χάρις τῆς τέχνης*), and all the while we feel that each and every critic is trying to give expression to a nameless charm, to an intangible splendour and dignity. And yet it is this peculiar quality of the art of Pheidias, his

Ideality which it is our whole object to seize, and if not fully to understand yet somehow to realize. It is this quality of Ideality which we believe to have been the intrinsic characteristic of the genius of the Greeks. Other nations may share, none have anticipated it.

As with the nation so with the individual ; if we want to grasp what is intrinsic and original let us know first what is due to birth, predecessors, surroundings, what is, so to speak, accidental and yet influential in the artist's development. Let us know something of the life of Pheidias, the history of his time, the technique of his works.

We shall have to think of his life as falling into two principal periods ; first, the early time of boyhood and artistic training, and works of what we may call the *warlike* stamp, a period which extends from, roughly, 500–460 B.C. ; and second, the time of his mature work, in which he executed at Olympia the chryselephantine statue of Zeus, and in which he superintended the beautifying of the Acropolis, and the decoration of the Parthenon, and himself made the statue of Athene Parthenos—one period of probation, one of fruition ; both for us full of meaning and suggestion.

Pheidias was born at Athens, a free Athenian citizen, born beneath the bright, clear sky, in the temperate air, beneath the shadow of the sacred hill, girt about by the "friendship and fame of the sea." Only a poet can tell

what to a man with an artist soul that birth may have meant, how early grew up the boy's passionate devotion for—

> "The lordship and love of the lovely land,
> The grace of the town that hath on it for crown
> But a headband to wear
> Of violets one-hued with her hair:
> For the vales and the green high-places of earth
> Hold nothing so fair;
> And the depths of the sea bear no such birth
> Of the manifold births they bear."
>
> —*Swinburne, Erechtheus*, 124–131.

To this goodly birthplace was added a fitness of time, the impulse of a great historical crisis. In 490 B.C., when the boy Pheidias was about ten years old, the great battle of Marathon was fought; ten years later, when boyhood had changed to early manhood, came the great sea-fight at Salamis, and yet another year and the struggle was well-nigh ended at Platæa and Mycale. Dull indeed must a young man have been had he not borne to the end the impress of such a coming of age. The tide of Persian invasion was rolled back, and to the Athenians, to this chosen race, the finest the world has ever seen, belonged the peculiar and especial glory of this conquest of west over east; a handful of free men had withstood a horde of barbarian slaves. It was the triumph of law over license, of light against darkness, of knowledge against ignorance. To Athens her goddess

Athene had given at once the task and the guerdon of its achievement.

> "Thine shall be
> The crown of all songs sung, of all deeds done;
> Thine the full flower for all time; in thine hand
> Shall time be like a sceptre, and thine head
> Wear worship for a garland. Nor one leaf
> Shall change, or winter cast out of thy crown,
> Till all flowers wither in the world. Thine eyes
> Shall first in man's flash lightning liberty;
> Thy tongue shall first say freedom; thy first hand
> Shall loose the thunder terror as a hound,
> To hunt from sunset to the springs of the sun
> Kings that rose up out of the populous East,
> To make their quarry of thee, and shall strew
> With multitudinous limbs of myriad herds
> The foodless pastures of the sea, and make,
> With wrecks immeasurable and unsummed defeat,
> One ruin of all their many-folded flocks
> Ill shepherded from Asia."—*Erechtheus*, 1673–1685.

From Sicily, in the furthest west, came tidings of a like crisis, a like achievement. On the day of the battle of Platæa, the fish-god, Glaucus, swam home to Bœotia to tell how he had "bathed his body in ocean's fair flowery stream," beneath the "high hanging" hill of Himera, and watched how there, too, the Greeks had faced and conquered in a mighty battle a barbarian, eastern host, from the Phœnician colony of Carthage; there, too, he had beheld—

> "Horses on horses, dead man upon dead,
> Chariot on chariot in confusion rolled."

In the mind of the poet Æschylus the past and

present shaped itself into one great trilogy—three dramas, one of the past, two of the present; three conquests of west over east—Phineus, the Persæ, and Glaucus, the triumphant voyage of the western Argonauts, and the double present victory. This rout of the barbarians, which Æschylus has represented in his trilogy and Herodotus in his history, Pheidias was, after the manner of his art, to write in stone in the building of his Parthenon. But not till after a long interval; the Persæ was played in 472 B.C., the Parthenon not finished till 438 B.C. This interval is most fortunate. Poetry might tell of the strife and the tumult, the immediate horror, all the conflict and the press, all the almost savage exultation of present triumph; but that was not for plastic art. The fever of war must abate, its fervour of inspiration remain, the ferment must seethe and pass before the clear wine was poured forth.

This calmer time we must not anticipate; we have to watch the first years of the training and activity of Pheidias and note how his earliest works bear the immediate impress of the war of liberation. After studying for a while under the Athenian sculptor, Hegias, he passed, as we have seen, into the studio of the far more famous Argive Ageladas. The Argos school was famous for its mastery of bronze technique, for its complete expression of bodily expression, its externalism, whereas to the Attic school it was left to

triumph in the higher field of spiritual emotion. We have already seen what Myron and Polycleitos learnt from their master Ageladas. The first works of Pheidias were also in bronze, and we can imagine that they were somewhat Peloponnesian in character. He was employed by the statesman Cimon to make a bronze group of thirteen figures out of the proceeds of the Persian spoil. This group was sent as a votive offering to Apollo at Delphi. Among the groups were the gods who had given the victory, the heroes who were ancestors of the Athenians and Miltiades the conqueror. By the order of the same statesman, Cimon, Pheidias made the huge statue of Athene, later called the Champion (Promachos), in bronze, fifty feet high. She stood on the Acropolis; the very pedestal where she was set up still remains in its place between the Parthenon and the Erechtheum. No temple protected the goddess; she stood out under the open air with spear and outstretched shield. This Athene Promachos was the goddess of war, a thought that had come anew to the people from the triumph of Marathon, just as the very bronze of which she was founded came of the spoils of the Persians. The spirit that dominated this first period of the life of Pheidias, the impulse that inspired his genius, was this memory of the war—a memory noble indeed, for the war was no narrow, personal struggle, but a great Panhellenic triumph. Still it was a memory as yet too close, too

burning to prompt the noblest and the best that art might do.

But time passed, the wounds of war were healed, the walls rebuilt, another generation was growing up; Perikles had succeeded Cimon, the genius of Pheidias had ripened by successive efforts, and still the treasure temple of Athene, the old Hekatompedos lay in ruins. Let us try to hold clearly in our minds these various temples of Athene, these several aspects of her worship, because then only shall we see how that worship grew and developed, changing with the altered instincts of the people.

First and most sacred of all, on the north side of the Acropolis, was the joint temple of Athene and Poseidon, the goddess of the land, and the fierce god of the sea, who strove together for the lordship of Attica. Here the goddess was worshipped as Athene Polias, the guardian of the city; here was her sacred olive tree, which, when the Persians burnt it to the ground, shot forth anew the same day two cubits high; here also was the sacred, earth-born serpent who, when the battle of Salamis was fought, would no longer eat his accustomed honey-cake; in the joint shrine of the sea-god Poseidon was his sacred salt spring. This temple, then, was a temple of worship, full of sacred relics hallowed by time, old symbols of a far-off nature-worship still held sacred by the reverent, conservative Athenians.

In this temple was the curious old wooden image, the *xoanon* of Athene Polias, which was fabled to have fallen from heaven. This joint sanctuary of Athene and Poseidon with its immemorial associations was burnt down by the Persians; it was rebuilt and finished about 409 B.C.; some portion of the beautiful remains of the second structure we still may see on the Acropolis. Then, secondly, in the time probably of Peisistratos (545–527 B.C.), in his great revival of arts, learning, and religious worship, there was built on the Acropolis a second temple to Athene (26), called, from its width of one hundred feet, the Hekatompedos. This second temple seems to have been of different and in some sort supplementary intent; it was rather a festival hall, a treasure-house, and a sacristy than a place for sacrifice and actual worship. This second temple, this Hekatompedos, left unfinished by Peisistratos, the Persians also destroyed. It was to restore this temple that Perikles bent his best efforts. It was to uprear a statue of the goddess who was to dwell in this new Hekatompedos that the mature genius of Pheidias was now directed. This brings us to the second period of his activity. For completeness' sake we begin with his work at Athens, and then turn to what was probably prior in time, his work at Olympia.

On the threshold of our inquiry the saddest of facts confronts us. The crowning glory of this new temple

was the gold and ivory votive statue of Athene, enshrined within its walls. This, and this only, we are certain was actually wrought by the hand of Pheidias himself, was the outcome, the embodiment of his highest thought. The statue has perished utterly; what remains to us is an account of its structure and some technical details of its execution, a few expressions of wonder and admiration, and some Græco-Roman copies on a small scale, from which we gather the attitude and some attributes of the goddess, but scarcely anything of the spirit of the original. As frontispiece to this chapter all we can place to represent the art of Pheidias is a fragment of the sculptured decoration of Athene's temple, of which much remains to us. But when we come to study this fragment we must always bear in mind that these sculptures which are our national pride, which are to modern sculptors their models of an unattainable perfection, their despair and their inspiration, were passed over in silence by ancient critics with just a passing note of their subject; they were lost in the superior glory of the statue of the goddess who dwelt within. Before, then, we look at our fragment, beautiful though it is, let us learn of the gold and ivory statue something of what is left us to know.

What need, perhaps we may ask, of a new statue of the goddess at all? Was there not already Athene Polias, and — for memory of Marathon — Athene Promachos

—the one for reverent worship, the other for a nation's wonder? But the new time had brought new thoughts, and the new thoughts cried aloud for utterance. The Athenians knew how to add without taking away. Reform with them did not necessitate impiety. They would never have borne to rob the ancient Athene Polias of her shrine; so her worship lived on. They wove her a robe for her birthday, they cleansed her sanctuary on the sacred days of purification (Plynteria). But they needed a temple that should be a treasure-house of new glories, and a goddess who should embody the present as well as symbolize the past. It was not possible to think of the gods quite in the old, blind, superstitious way. Pheidias and Perikles were the friends rather of philosophers than priests. Zeno, Protagoras, Anaxagoras had not spoken in vain. The issue was twofold. The weaker spirits, whose faith was shattered by the shock of criticism, fell away altogether, became materialists and sophists; the finer and stronger intellects purged away from their faith the false and unclean, and kept the pure and true. Such were Perikles, such Pheidias, such Æschylus and Sophokles, such too was Sokrates, though the mob condemned him to death for impiety. It is in the literature of these times that we find the clue to and the comment on the Pheidian conception of the gods; in the plays of Sophokles especially we feel this even, temperate

balance between faith and freedom, a certain fearless questioning as far removed from irreverence on the one hand, as on the other from ignorant dogmatism. We shall see how in the face of the Olympian Zeus, with the majesty of godhead, all human kindliness was blended.

Nor must we neglect in our conception of the goddess and her shrine certain more external necessities. Politics and religion were with the Greeks never very far asunder. Athene Polias was the goddess of a local cult, the mythical incidents of her worship were confined to the Acropolis. Athene Promachos was a champion in a wider sense, but still restricted by a special Athenian significance. But Athene Parthenos, the Virgin, was a Panhellenic thought. To Athens, after her Persian triumphs, was given the hegemony of Hellas; she was no longer one among a number of petty states, but leader and mistress. In addition to the Persian spoil, into her coffers were poured the contributions of allies. The treasury, once at Delos, was now moved to Athens. Of this allied treasure Athene Parthenos was to be special guardian; it was consecrated to the goddess, and was, so to speak, vested and administered in her name. Her temple was indeed a palace of wealth. In the hindmost chamber (*Opisthodomos*) was the actual bullion and coined metal of the state. In the entrance hall (*Pronaos*) were richly wrought bowls of gold and silver, used in festive proces-

sions, lamps and vessels of every kind, in the inner cella the votive gifts of worshippers; even the golden robe of the goddess, which was forty talents in weight, might, in time of need, be melted down for the service of the state. One more thought; she was not only the people's treasurer, but she was the goddess who crowned the victor in the yearly agonistic festival. On her hand she held, as we shall see, the figure of Victory (Nike). At her feet sat the judges; into her presence came the triumphant athlete; from her he received the wreath and the amphora of sacred olive oil. To these agonistic festivals Perikles gave fresh impulse; he saw with a statesman's instinctive foresight that in them lay that element of strength and union which was the hope of Hellas; the new Panhellenic spirit with its strong political impetus found its fitting expression in the worship of Athene Parthenos, while the old conservative faith with its hallowed superstitions still clung to the local cult of Athene Polias.

Pausanias, travelling through Greece in the second century after Christ, saw the goddess standing within her temple, and it is from his note-book that we gather most of our knowledge. He tells us that Athene stood erect, wearing a long chiton, which fell down to the feet. On her breast was the ægis adorned with the head of Medusa. On her head was a helmet, in the centre of which crouched a sphinx, to either side of which was a

griffin. In one hand the goddess held a figure of Nike, in the other a spear; beneath, near the spear and at the feet of the goddess, was the sacred snake of the city. On the ground, near the goddess, stood her shield, on the outer side of it was depicted a fight of the Amazons, on the inner the battle of the gods and the giants. On her high sandal soles a battle of the Lapiths and Centaurs was worked in relief, and on the base of the statue the birth of Pandora in the presence of twenty gods.

The question of the exact restoration of this wonderful statue, however fascinating to archæologists, does not here concern us. To weigh the balance of evidence, to study the insignificant copies that have come down to us would for our purpose be only confusing. We have read the account of Pausanias just that we might realize something of the technique and something of the pose and attributes of the goddess. The statue, base and figure included, stood about forty feet high. The flesh parts were of ivory, the drapery of gold, the pupils of the eyes were probably of jewels or enamel. It is very hard for us to reconstruct in fancy these chryselephantine statues, but we can see at once what varied capacity must have been exacted from their sculptors. The colossal size must have required for the design the knowledge of an architect; the fitting of the ivory plate to the wooden or metal core of the statue would tax all the skill of the most practised mechanician; the elaborate carved designs

on the base and sandals and shield recall the decorative skill of Phœnician goldsmiths; and last, the wonderful blending of colour, of ivory and gold, and jewelled eyes, more lovely in the dim temple light than in the glare of day, must have added to the labours of the sculptor some at least of the problems of light and shade which we regard as the province of the painter.

Again, in thinking of this marvellous statue, we have to remember that, new though the conception of the goddess in some respects was, she yet stood rooted deeply in the mythology of the past. Greeks against Amazons, Lapiths against Centaurs, gods against giants (law against license), old myths with a new meaning, a new glory reflected from the Persian struggle; such is the fitting background to the figure of the goddess of light, of knowledge, of wisdom.

Because we can never look upon the face of the goddess herself, we are driven to study the sculptured decorations of her shrine, the pediment sculptures, the metopes and the frieze of her Parthenon or virgin temple. But again we must remember that there is no single figure, no particular slab on which we can lay our hand and say, "This is the work of Pheidias." Probably all were wrought to his design and under his supervision; in some we seem to catch at least the echo of his inspiration, but none are surely his.

First what seems least near to him—the metope

sculptures. Every metope, every space between the triglyphs, ninety-two in all, had its sculptured group; fifteen are now in the British Museum. But as we study them there they do not leave upon us the special impress of the mind of Pheidias, though some of the number are planned with wonderful skill. The subjects generally seem to have been the fight of Greek against barbarian; whether it were Greek god against barbarian giant, Greek warrior against Amazon, Lapith against Centaur, a succession of combats, separate as becomes the separate metope space, yet part of one fight as becomes the consecution of the frieze. Each metope is carved in the highest possible relief, some figures standing actually out in the round; many have a wonderful vitality, most are skilfully planned to fill the square metope space with pleasant, diagonal lines. But yet we feel, admirable though these combatants are, full of athlete life, perfect in bodily strength, this is work that Myron might have executed. Here is only a perfect expression of bodily faculty; we are awed by no higher sense of consecration. Perhaps they do actually bear the impress of Myron's skill, perhaps they are rather the outcome of the earlier warlike period of the development of Pheidias.

What do the *pediment* sculptures tell us of the thought of Pheidias? Looking at them we at once feel we are in a higher world, in the presence of a certain

quality of art we shall find it hard to express. It does not seem that they moved Pausanias to wonder; he just tells us coldly that in the eastern pediment was represented the birth of Athene, in the western her struggle with Poseidon. More than two centuries of archæological controversy and criticism have left us still uncertain by what names we are to call most of those wonderful pediment figures, which, weather-worn and mutilated, are still the marvel of the world. But we do know the two great scenes which are represented. We do know that in the eastern pediment the sun-god is mounting from the waves, and the moon-goddess sinking into darkness, that the dawn is shining in Olympus at the birth of the "daughter without mother, born of god"—Athene; we know that with her were born for Athens clear light and the shining of freedom. And, turning to the western pediment, we know of a scene scarcely less wondrous. Light was not to prevail without the struggle with darkness—

> "A noise is arisen against her of waters,
> A sound as of battle come up from the sea"—

the fierce and violent god of the ocean, a monster born half of the east, strove with the goddess to wrest from her the fair land of Attica, and he brought his gifts, the turbulent horse and the salt sea spring; but Athene triumphed and gave to the land for a guerdon the grey-

green olive; and therefore it was that she reigned for ever on the city's high hill.

"Too well, too well was the great stake worth
A strife divine for the gods to judge,
A crowned god's triumph, a forced god's grudge;
Though the loser be strong and the victress wise
Who played long since for so large a prize—
The faithful, immortal, anointed, adored,
Dear city of men, without master or lord,
Fair fortress, and fostress of sons born free
Who stand in her sight and in thine, O Sun,
Slaves of no man, and subjects of none.
A wonder enthroned on the hills to the sea,
A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory;
That none from the pride of her head may rend
Violet and olive-leaf, purple and hoary,
Song, wreath, and story, the fairest of fame,
Flowers that the winter can blast not nor bend,
A light upon earth as the sun's own flame;
A name as his name—
Athens, a praise without end."—*Erechth.* 131–150.

With thus much certain, with these two grand thoughts in our mind, we can go back, those of us to whom leisure is granted, with a fresh heart and courage to the sometimes weary task of weighing evidence, comparing and sifting detail, in the hope that some day we shall know more, understand better the mystery of these pediment figures. But this is not for to-day; let us turn to the sculptured frieze.

This frieze ran round the inner cella within which the goddess dwelt. It has always seemed to me nearest to her in spirit, in its beauty and calm gravity. This

frieze, meant only to be seen when near at hand, is sculptured in very low relief, which perhaps adds to the impression of perfect quiet and sobriety. At its eastern end are twelve seated gods, and from either side into their august presence enters a procession of worshippers —a procession representative in some sort of the whole Attic nation—magistrates, maidens, old men and young men, chariots and horsemen, sheep and oxen for the sacrifice. How beautiful this frieze is, how lovely its movement, and how perfect its rest we can only learn by long, careful study. We must grasp first its main thought, then seize its every detail, and then try back again to feel it as a whole. But to-day we can only look at one slab and try to feel towards it what we might realize in detail before every other. (*Frontispiece.*)

I have chosen this slab for more than one reason. First, it is taken from the assembly of the gods, and, because it was the special mission of Pheidias to embody the highest conception of the gods, it seemed fitting we should study his art in this its characteristic expression. Secondly, the faces on this slab are remarkably well preserved ; and, lastly, the slab itself is not one of those in our own Museum. This special group has still its home on the Acropolis ; its place is supplied in the Museum by a cast. Somehow, because it is still at Athens, a special sacredness seems to attach to it. Two

gods and one goddess; the goddess of a beauty mature but still young, one of the gods bearded and in the prime of life, the other a youth, beardless. That is all we know. Each face is of a proud, impersonal beauty; there is nothing to characterize any individual god—if there ever was, as no doubt there would be, we have lost the clue. The bearded god *may* be Poseidon, the young one Apollo, the woman Demeter; but we cannot tell. Anyhow they are of matchless beauty, of unexampled grace. If we look at the drapery and remember the stiff garments of Hera in the Selinus metope, we feel some new secret has been learnt. We fancy it can scarcely have been caught from the Peloponnesian school, devoted as it was to the study of the nude athlete. Some influence, perhaps, of the painter Polygnotus may have been at work to help the arrangement of those soft, abundant masses with their delicate, wavelike folds. We know that he first painted women with transparent drapery—drapery which felt the figure beneath, and his skill showed itself especially in fine details, fine foldings of garments (*ἱματίων λεπτότητας*). The fabrics of those days must, we feel, have had a wonderful pliability to lend themselves to such foldings. We notice in the drapery behind the upraised arm of the second figure a crumpled selvage carefully wrought in the stone. This selvage we often find in work of the time of Pheidias; later it disappears. We have only to try

the experiment of Greek drapery in modern stuff to feel how fatal to the proper fall and hang of chiton or aimation is the modern hem. We do not find on the Parthenon marbles that curious crinkled material which we noted on the Selinus metope in Hera's under-robe. The folds fall here by their own weight and value. The attitude of each figure is perfectly simple, and yet pervaded by a sort of delicate restraint which is almost a mannerism and yet never affected. It is natural, and yet something a little beyond nature; it is ideal in the sense that later we must explain. Always in looking at this frieze we are haunted by a sense of something away, a far-off undertone of unearthly serenity; and again the plaint renews itself in our hearts, if these outer gods are divine, what was the hidden beauty of the goddess within, and why has time snatched her from our gaze?

But it is time we left the hill of Athene to pass into a presence even greater than hers. The festival we may fancy is over, she has crowned the happy victor, the hymn has been chanted, the dance is ended, the peplos has been offered, the victim slain, the youths and maidens and old men, the chariots and horsemen are gone home till another year comes round. The gates are shut and sealed, what for a few hours had been a hall of solemn worship is once more but a treasure-house. The golden Victory is taken down from the hand of Athene, she is stripped of her golden drapery,

closely covered, and all is silent. Only outside, the stone gods are still above in the pediments; Athene is born anew each morning; every day is renewed her triumph over Poseidon. In the metopes all day long, Greek struggles with barbarian; along the frieze from morning till night the panorama of worship is unrolled.

From Athens, probably before he decorated the Parthenon, Pheidias went for a while to Olympia, there to achieve an even higher task; and here we enter on, not indeed the last, but the crowning epoch of his life.

If about the figure of Athene there still hang some associations of a local cult, the Zeus of Olympia was in the fullest, most indisputable sense Panhellenic. We have seen how, from every part of the civilized world, the noblest of the Greeks flocked to the Olympic contest, and how every victor in his turn must stand before the face of the Olympian Zeus to receive his olive crown. We shall not, in this case, have to pause to consider the outer sculptures of the temple, because, recently discovered, and deeply interesting though they are, they have never claimed to be the work of Pheidias. They were probably completed before he set foot in Olympia. His aid was only invoked to add to the temple the crowning glory of the chryselephantine statue within.

We may pass at once behind the veil, a curtain rich with eastern devices and Tyrian dye, and standing within behold the god himself.

The statue is seated, forty-two feet high. It seemed—the ancients said—that, if he rose to his feet, no temple could contain him. His throne was cedar-wood; on his head a garland of olive; in his right hand a figure of Nike, crowned, holding a taenia or ribbon to crown the victor; in his left a sceptre of gold, but wrought with diverse metals. On the sceptre an eagle perched. The robe of the god was of gold, and also his sandals. On the robe were figures of creatures and flowers of lily form. This robe and its devices carry us back to Assyria. Gold, ivory, ebony, cedar-wood, painting, carving, precious stones, are all united to heighten the decorative splendour of effect. When all was finished Pheidias prayed to the god to grant a sign if the image pleased him, and lightning came down from heaven and smote the black pavement in front of the statue. Of all the glory and the splendour only this bit of black pavement remains to us. Like the Athene, the Olympian Zeus gathered around him sacred associations of the past. To understand the designs upon the throne, the footstool, and the balustrades is to be acquainted with the mythology of well-nigh all Hellas—with Herakles, with Theseus, with Achilles, with Pelops, with Niobe.

It is not with these details that we are concerned, though they interest us as summing up both the thought and the technique of the past. When the worshipper beheld the face of Zeus he forgot the marvels of the

throne. The god was mild in aspect, awful indeed, but not terrible. Pheidias said he drew his inspiration from Homer, of all poets most Panhellenic. He had conceived his Zeus at the moment when he bowed his head in answer to the prayer of Thetis: "Cronion spake and nodded his dark brow, and ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and he made great Olympus quake" (Iliad i. 528). But to this conception of Homer Pheidias brought also the added thoughts and aspirations of five centuries of national life.

Strange legends gathered round the statue; the Roman emperor Caligula desired to carry it away to Rome, and, in his Roman fashion, substitute his own head for that of the god. But when the workmen laid their sacrilegious hands upon the statue, peals of horrid laughter broke from the image and they fled panic stricken; a thunderbolt fell and consumed the ship which waited to bear away the god. The language of criticism in speaking of this statue is scarcely more sober. Lucian says, those who enter the temple think no longer that they behold ivory from the Indies nor gold gotten in Thrace, but the very son of Cronos and Rhea, translated to earth by Pheidias. Quintilian, in words whose special significance we see when we remember the conception of Athene Parthenos, thus writes: "Pheidias was held to be a better artist for statues of the gods than of men. In his work in ivory he is far beyond a rival, even if he had done nothing except the Minerva

at Athens and the Olympian Jove at Elis, *whose beauty seems to have added something to the received religion*, so adequate is the majesty of the work to the godhead it expressed." "Fare to Olympia," says Arrian, "that ye may see the work of Pheidias, and account it each one of you a misfortune if ye die with this still unknown." "Pheidias fashioned his Zeus in accordance with nothing that sense could apprehend," says Plotinus; "but he conceived in his soul such an image as Zeus himself would present did he vouchsafe to appear to mortal eyes." Enthusiasm rises to its utmost height in the impassioned laudation of the orator Dion Chrysostom: "For our Zeus is peaceful and altogether mild as the guardian, untroubled and of one mind. Whose image I have set up, taking counsel of mine own art and with the wise and good state of the people of Elis; an image gentle and august in perfect form (*ἐν ἀλύπῳ σχήματι*), him who is the giver of life and breath and every good gift, the common father and saviour and guardian of mankind, so far as it was possible for a mortal to conceive and embody a nature infinite and divine. For, look you, if you do not find the image of the god in harmony with every name by which he is called. For Zeus alone is the father of gods and the one king, the defender of the state and the friend and the companion, yes, and the easy to be entreated and the hospitable and the fruitful, and he has a thousand titles more. . . . He who could show forth all this with-

out words surely he was a finished artist; for he willed that the might of the form and its majesty should make clear the king and his government, and the mildness and gentleness the father and his care, and his dignity and austerity the guardian of the city and the lawgiver, and the kinship of gods and men were, I think, to be expressed as it were in a figure by the oneness of the form, and all his attributes of love to man, his loving-kindness that he is easy to be entreated, the friend of strangers, the refuge of suppliants, and the like. These his mildness and benevolence make evident. The simplicity and grandeur that shine through his form show him to be guardian of house and home, flock and field. These things, then, so far as I was able, I have embodied in my image; things I cannot express in words." Philosophy herself draws an image from this statue of the god, "My doctrine is this," writes Cicero, "that there can be nothing of any sort so beautiful than which there is not a thing still more beautiful, whence the other is taken as a copy from a face, which thing we cannot perceive either by the eyes or the ears or any other sense, but we conceive it in our thought and mind. So it is with the statues of Pheidias, than which nothing of their kind can be seen more perfect, . . . and yet we can think mentally of things more beautiful. For the great artist when he was fashioning his Jupiter and Minerva was not looking at any form of these gods of which he might make a copy,

but there dwelt in his mind a certain idea (*species*) of surpassing beauty, the sight and intense contemplation of which directed his art and hand to produce a similitude of it."

What is it that they all mean ? What is this quality of the art of Pheidias which we call ideality, which the ancient critics spoke of as a consecration to life, a comfort to sorrow, a new revelation to religion, a vision of things unseen by the senses ? The Greeks of the days of Pheidias felt it, and just about the time when the life of Pheidias was drawing to its close, in the year 429, the year when Perikles, the friend of Pheidias, died, a boy was born whose mission it was to tell to the world in words that will never die just this thought, just this doctrine—for art, for philosophy, for religion—which Pheidias embodied in his statues of Zeus and Athene, and which lives on still for us in the marbles of the Parthenon. We have listened once already to a prayer that Plato puts in the mouth of Sokrates, we must listen again to a myth in the lips of this same philosopher, and we shall learn from it, if only shadowed in a parable, all it is possible to understand of this great doctrine of Ideality. The myth runs as follows (Plato Phædrus, 245 l.) :—

"The form of the soul is a theme of divine and large discourse ; human language may however speak of this briefly and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature—a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now

the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble and of noble breed, while ours are mixed; and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin, and, as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavour to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven, in divers forms appearing—when perfect and fully winged she soars upward and is the ruler of the universe, while the imperfect soul loses her feathers and, drooping in her flight, at last settles on the solid ground—there finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power, and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. . . . The reason why the soul loses her feathers should be explained, and is as follows:

"The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downwards into the upper region, which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like; and by these the wing of the soul is nourished and grows apace. But when fed upon evil and foulness and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord,

holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all ; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demi-gods, divided into eleven bands ; for only Hestia is left at home in the house of heaven, but the rest of the twelve greater deities march in their appointed order. And they see in the interior of heaven many blessed sights ; and there are ways to and fro along which the happy gods are passing, each one fulfilling his own work. And any one may follow who pleases, for jealousy has no place in the heavenly choir. This is within the heaven. But when they go to feast and festival, then they move right up the steep ascent, and mount the top of the dome of heaven. Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein ; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth. And this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens no earthly poet has sung, or ever will sing in a worthy manner ; but I must tell—for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colourless and formless and intangible

essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge; and as the divine intelligence and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding being, and, feeding on the sight of truth, is replenished until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge; absolute, not in the form of generation, or of relation which men call existence, but knowledge absolute, in existence absolute; and beholding other existences in like manner and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens, and returns home, and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink.

"This is the life of the gods; but of other souls that which follows God best and is carried round in the revolution, troubled indeed by the steeds and beholding true being, but hardly; another rises and falls, and sees, and again fails to see, by reason of the unruliness of the steeds. The rest of the souls are also longing after the upper world, and they all follow; but not being strong enough, they sink into the gulf as they are carried round, plunging, treading on one another, striving to be first; and there is confusion and the extremity of effort, and

many of them are lamed and have their wings broken through the ill-driving of the charioteers ; and all of them, after a fruitless toil, go away without being initiated into the mysteries of being, and are nursed with the food of opinion. The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of truth is, that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow, and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. And there is a law of the goddess retribution, that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow and fails to behold the vision of truth, and, through some ill-hap, sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her and she drops to earth, then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man ; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher, or *artist*, or musician, or lover ; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king, or warrior, or lord ; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician, or economist, or trader ; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician ; the fifth, a prophet or a hierophant ; to the sixth, a poet or *imitator* will be appropriate ; to the seventh, the life of an artisan or husbandman ; to the eighth, that of a

sophist or demagogue ; to the ninth, that of a tyrant—all these are states of probation in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot. . . ."

Specially significant for our purpose is this order of merit so carefully elaborated by Plato. In the first rank is placed the *artist ;* low down, in the sixth, comes the *imitator ;* evidently then, to Plato, the *artist* and *imitator* are here no interchangeable terms. No less decisively because in a way accidentally and undesignedly, he declares himself in this passage the enemy of realism in art. Imitation in art could only, according to Plato, arise because the imitator had failed to catch in a previous existence a clear vision of truth and beauty—all he could therefore do was to *imitate* the imperfect shadows and reflections of this truth and beauty in the world below. Elsewhere we shall note that Plato was compelled to acknowledge the existence of this lower, imitative, realistic art, but he acknowledges it only to condemn.

To return. Every creature born in human form had beheld this vision in some degree. "But the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form, for man ought to have intelligence, as they say, 'secundum speciem,' proceeding from many particulars of sense to one conception of reason. And this is the recollection of those things which our soul once saw when in company with God, when looking down from

above on that which we now call being, and upwards to the true being. And therefore the mind of the philosopher alone has wings; and this is just, for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which He is what He is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad and rebuke him; they do not see that he is inspired."

This description of the philosopher, his seeming madness, his real inspiration, applies, of course, in Plato's mind, equally to the true artist, in so far as he is possessed by the remembrance of the vision of beauty he has seen in the heaven of heavens. Of this vision of beauty more especially, though, in Plato's ideal philosophy, truth, beauty, and goodness are scarcely sunderable, he now goes on to speak more fully:

"Thus far I have been speaking of the fourth and last kind of madness, which is imputed to him who, when he sees the beauty of earth, is transported with the recollection of the true beauty; he would like to fly away, but he cannot. He is like a bird fluttering, and looking upward, and careless of the world below, and he is therefore esteemed mad. And I have shown that this is of all inspirations the noblest and best, and comes of the

best, and that he who has part or lot in this madness is called a lover of the beautiful. For, as has been already said, every soul of man has in the way of nature beheld true being: this was the condition of her passing into the form of man. But all men do not easily recall the things of the other world; they may have seen them for a short time only, or they may have been unfortunate when they fell to earth, and may have lost the memory of the holy things which they saw there, through some evil and corrupting association. Few there are who retain the remembrance of them sufficiently, and they, when they behold any image of that other world, are rapt in amazement. But they are ignorant of what this means, because they have no clear perceptions. For there is no light in the earthly copies of justice or temperance or any of the higher qualities which are precious to souls: they are seen but through a glass, dimly; and there are few who, going to the images, behold in them realities, and they only with difficulty. They might have seen beauty shining in brightness, when, with the happy band following in the train of Zeus as we philosophers, or with other gods as others did, they saw a vision and were initiated into most blessed mysteries which we celebrated in our state of innocence; and having no feelings of evils as yet to come, beholding apparitions innocent, and simple, and calm, and happy, as in a mystery, shining in pure light, pure ourselves, and not

yet enshrined in that living tomb which we carry about now that we are imprisoned in the body as in an oyster shell. Let me linger thus long over the memory of scenes which have passed away. But of beauty I repeat again that we saw her there, shining in company with the celestial forms, and coming to earth we find her here too shining in clearness through the clearest aperture of sense. For sight is the keenest of our bodily senses, though not by that is wisdom seen, for her loveliness would have been transporting if there had been a visible image of her, and that is true of the loveliness of the other ideas as well. But beauty only has this portion, that she is at once the loveliest and also the most apparent."

Comment on words so impassioned, yet so serene, seems impertinent. Still, so complex is Plato's thought, so foreign to our modern manner, that a strong effort of historical imagination is necessary to our right understanding.

So difficult is the task that we must first carefully limit the field. In the myth we have quoted the two great doctrines of the Platonic philosophy are brought before us—the doctrine of Ideas, and, closely related to it, the doctrine of Reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*). Fully to grasp the significance of these doctrines we should have to plunge into subjects foreign to our purpose, Logic and Metaphysics. Setting these aside, we shall still find to our bewilderment that in Plato we can get

no theory of art apart, only a blending—at first confusing, afterwards infinitely suggestive—of art, politics, ethics, and a kind of mystical religion. If we studied the dialogues as a whole we should find a further difficulty—I mean that Plato's own doctrine shifts and fluctuates in a way that makes it hard to obtain from him a clear, decisive utterance. Nor must we desire excessive precision; we must be content to learn from a great genius as he vouchsafes to teach. It is never for the disciple to prescribe the method of his master. It is enough for him to feel assured that he will learn, and learn abundantly, and, when the master is Plato, he needs no credentials.

Our own task, however, is not to follow Plato through all his shifting moods. We have selected for our present need one utterance only, in which he speaks with unwonted clearness and authority; and we shall seek, not to reduce its poetry to prose, but rather, by following in the wake of Plato's imagination, to gain a conviction at once more definite and more fervent of the doctrine we are seeking to understand, the doctrine of Ideality in Art.

"Every soul of man has existed before," says Plato; in the heaven of heavens he has followed in the solemn procession of the chariots of the gods. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" Wordsworth echoes—

> "The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

And in these latter days comes the clear, cold voice of science, too often contemptuous of poetry, yet compelled to confirm her divinations—science who tells us that, by laws as yet rather imagined than understood, the artist comes into the world rich with a wealth of creative impulse, the gift of bygone generations—the poet with an imagination already instinct with centuries of creative impulse. From Plato, then, let us gather our first element for the construction of our conception of ideality, an element none deny us, and this element is, that artist and poet alike are "born, not made"; they are the outcome of previous existence, not the product of even a lifetime's training. What training can, what it can *not* do for the artist, a subject all-important to our view, we shall learn later.

To continue. Each soul sees the vision of the upper world, but *in diverse degrees* because of the unruliness of his steeds. Every man, every artist possesses that imaginative faculty which Plato calls Reason, but the extent to which he can exercise that faculty differs according to the constitution of the rest of his nature. There are within him the seeds both of noble and ignoble impulse; there is a war in his members. This again is the heritage of the past. None will deny it — the

doctrine is as certain as for most men it is sad. The irrevocable fixing of the limits of our powers artistic and other, the fact that we are for ever conditioned by the past, that, though we can develop and improve our faculties, it is only within certain rigid boundaries, not the less defined because at present only partly understood—this fact, I say, if we could but meekly accept it, is full of rest and peace. It puts an end, in life as in art, to fruitless, ignoble struggle; it is at the root of all proper class distinctions such as Plato himself would recognize, and for want of the due recognition of which our modern life is so restless, so unseemly, so ungracious.

Our doctrine then progresses thus far. We are born —the ordinary man as well as the artist—into the world with a certain imaginative capacity. This capacity can only be developed and stimulated within certain limits—in Plato's language, the soul of the imitator (the realistic artist) cannot in this life become the soul of an artist; the tyrant may and must strive to become a good tyrant, but he cannot attain the rank of a politician, and that because the condition of his present existence depends on the measure of a past vision.

A vision of what? It is time we faced this, the most difficult of questions; a question the answer to which is not hard to feel, but most difficult to convey in sober language and yet unclouded by the terminology of philosophy. Man is man, Plato held, because he can

think in general terms, he can think of Goodness as apart from any particular good thing ; he can think of Beauty separate from beautiful objects : the very words, "beauty" and "goodness," bear witness, Plato would think, to the existence of the things. We should not say so now, knowing as we do that language rather creates thought than thought language. But this is by the way. Plato goes a step further ; man can think, he said, of *the* horse, *the* chair, *the* table, apart from any particular horse, chair, or table existing in this world below. Why *can* he think thus ? Why *does* he ? Why is he constantly haunted by this abstract apparition ? The beasts of the field do not so think. This *ideal* horse, this idea of a horse, is never met with below ; we do not see it in this world—it must then exist in the world above ; we must have seen it in a previous existence, hence this haunting vision. And so grew up in Plato's mind another world, the world peopled by *Ideas*, forms corresponding to every thing that existed in the world below—archetypes of material objects. We might pause here to show what elements of truth this theory contains, what permanent contribution to logic and philosophy Plato brought, and what has been rejected by modern philosophy. But this would lead us too far afield ; our purpose must be kept steadily in view, and that is to clear our conception of ideality in art. What manner of existences were these Ideas ? Plato saw that things, in this lower world, were frequently

usually imperfect. No one particular man, no one particular horse is perfect, he has good points mixed with bad ; if you take from one individual man a perfect head, from another a perfect arm, and so on, you might build up a perfect man, and he would be something akin to the *ideal* man, the man in the upper world who has no taint of material imperfection. Thus we see that to the notion of abstraction is added that of *goodness* of its kind, and our use of the word *ideal* in the sense of absolutely good bears witness to this element in Plato's philosophy. What the soul then has seen in this past existence, and of which she brings the memory when she is born into this lower life, are visions, forms, ideas of every thing and every quality she is to perceive here below ; but these forms are archetypes, far better, far purer, infinitely more lovely than anything which in this life can be presented to our senses.

To resume our doctrine, then, in modern language—all men, and in special degree all artists, are born with a faculty which, within certain limits, they can develop ; and this faculty is the power (handed down to them by past generations) of imagining, of conceiving of things as fairer, purer, more perfect than these things present themselves to man's senses.

We see at once how this doctrine of Ideality is the common meeting-ground of poetry, philosophy, and religion ; philosophy distinguishes between the real and

the phenomenal, between that which is and that which only appears ; poetry tells us of a "light that never was on sea or land ;" religion has her beatific vision of things prepared in heavenly mansions, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard"—she bids us endure "as seeing things which are invisible." It is to this great cloud of witnesses to the unseen by which we are encompassed, that art must add her testimony ; "clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which He is what He is." Plato himself, to express his conception of the functions of art and philosophy, borrows his language from the Mysteries of his own religion.

We come now to the second doctrine, the doctrine of Reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*), whose sphere is in this lower world. Here below there are, as we saw, shadows or reflections of the Ideas seen in the upper heaven ; all the objects which meet our senses are so many faulty copies of some perfect Idea. Every horse is a dim, imperfect reflection of the ideal horse ; each individual man a distorted image of the archetypal man in the heavens. Every beautiful thing is a faint shadow of the Idea of beauty itself. Therefore it is that when the soul of man comes into this world of shadows and copies, there is, from time to time, awakened in his mind a Reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*) of the *Ideas* which in a previous state he has seen ; the clearer this vision has been the more quick and keen will be the Reminiscence. For the ardent

longing of this Reminiscence Plato can find no image but that of Love. Thus speaking of the Reminiscence of Beauty he says: "Now he who has not lately been initiated (*i.e.*, beheld the Ideas), or who has become corrupted, is not easily carried out of this world to the sight of absolute beauty in the other. He looks only at that which has the name of beauty in this world, and instead of being awed at the sight of her, like a brutish beast rushes on to enjoy. But he whose initiation is recent, and who has been spectator of many glories in the other world, is amazed when he sees any one having a godlike face or form which is the expression or imitation of divine beauty; and at first a shudder runs through him, and some 'misgiving' of a former world steals over him; then looking upon the face of his beloved as of a god, he reverences him, and if he were not afraid of being thought a downright madman, he would sacrifice to his beloved as to the image of a god. Then as he gazes on him there is a sort of reaction, and the shudder naturally passes into an unusual heat and perspiration, for, as he receives the effluence of beauty through the eyes, the wing moistens and he warms. And as he warms, the parts out of which the wing grew, and which had been hitherto closed and rigid, and had prevented the wing from shooting forth, are melted, and as nourishment streams upon him, the lower end of the wing begins to swell and grow from the root upwards, extending under

the whole soul—for once the whole was winged. Now during this process the whole soul is in a state of effervescence and irritation, like the state of irritation and pain in the gums at the time of cutting teeth. In like manner the soul, when beginning to grow wings, has inflammation and pains and irritations; and when looking at the beauty of youth she receives the sensible, warm traction of particles which flow towards her, therefore called attraction (ἵμερος), and is refreshed and warmed by them, and then she ceases from her pain with joy. But when she is separated and her moisture fails, then the orifices of the passages out of which the wing shoots dry up and close, and intercept the germ of the wing; which, being shut up within, in company with desire, throbbing as with the pulsations of an artery, pricks the aperture which is nearest, until at length the entire soul is pierced and maddened and pained, and at the recollection of beauty is again delighted. And from both of them together the soul is oppressed at the strangeness of her condition, and is in a great strait and excitement, and in her madness can neither sleep nor abide in her place by day. And wherever she thinks that she will behold the beautiful one, thither in her desire she runs. And when she has seen and drunk of desire her constraint is loosened and she is refreshed, and has no more pangs and pains; and this is the sweetest of all pleasures at the time, and is the reason why the soul of the lover

never forsakes his beautiful one whom he esteems above all, and he is ready to serve wherever he is allowed as near as he can to his beautiful one, who is not only the object of his worship, but the only physician who can heal him of his agony" (Plato Phædrus, 252, A. Jowett).

This adds to our conception of ideality an all-important factor. It is not enough that man has in his soul the remembrance of ideal Beauty, now unseen and half forgotten; his faculty must be stirred by Reminiscence, he must see visible, earthly beauty, the copy and shadow, and thereby the vision of Beauty herself will reawaken.

The sight of the earthly beauty in the artist-soul will arouse a passionate desire of the heavenly; the measure of this passion is the measure of his artist faculty. Only through the unrest of a fervent desire can his creative wings grow. We see here how far removed we are from any cold and calculated theory of the function of art. Artist, lover, philosopher, are to Plato all madmen, but in some divine, strange way, insane with the desire for the beautiful and the true. Now, in this doctrine of Reminiscence we find, I think, the true theory of the relation of the artist to the model. It is just possible to conceive of an artist whose remembrance of the Beautiful was so clear that he should need no Reminiscence, or, to adopt modern phraseology, whose inborn genius was so strong that he needed no model. But the vision of the

ordinary artist is not so clear; he needs the prompting Reminiscence of the beautiful model—not that he is to copy the model, but that the sight of tangible beauty may stimulate and awaken the dormant imagination. No generalization from a number of models will suffice. It is not enough that an artist take from one model a beautiful foot, from another a beautiful hand, and so on, re-arranging and re-combining a patchwork of lovely limbs. He must do more, he must inform the image he has created with the heat and passion of his own imagination; it must be the effluence of the remembered *idea* in the artist's mind, not the mere transcript of the object before him. This is what we mean when we demand of the artist that he should idealize.

Because idealism in art transcends mere generalization, it does not therefore exclude it. On the contrary, the artist must be a master of the art of generalization. He must bring the full power of his intellect to work; he must be so thoroughly conversant with every detail that he may know what is essential and characteristic, and therefore to be preserved and emphasized; what is accidental and disturbing, and therefore to be eliminated; what is typical of the class, and what merely peculiar to the individual—all this he must know; but this, the cold product of his intellect, must live and move by the breath of his creative passion.

Yet another necessity is laid upon him. Plato's Ideas,

though they transcend nature, can never contradict her. There is a close relation between type and archetype, no opening is left for unbridled imagination. The artist must embody, not indeed what *is* in this lower world, but what *might* be. The phantastic and impossible are forbidden him, he may only idealize; though nature must not be "*nachgeahmt*" she must be "*nachgeschaffen*." We have seen in previous chapters how, in their contact with Egypt and Assyria, the Greeks instinctively felt this; how, in the lower forms only of art, they incorporated such phantastic monstrosities as they had borrowed from the East; such were well enough as decorative elements, mere patterns; into higher regions they could never be admitted. We gain, therefore, for our ideal artist this new element of sobriety, of naturalness, which is quite another thing from realism. If he allow his imagination to run riot, to create forms impossible to nature, because contrary to her ascertained laws, he ceases *ipso facto* to be an idealist. This *naturalism* we have seen in our consideration of the metopes of Selinus; it is never neglected in the most ideal of the marbles of the Parthenon. It was a characteristic of Greek art down to its latest decadence, only that naturalism, deserted by idealism, became mere realism. This sad downfall and its causes it will later be our duty to watch. We see, then, that the idealist in art must always work in *accordance* with nature; but it is

equally clear that in Plato's view he must never copy nature. Natural objects only *remind* him of what is to be the real subject of his art, the *ideas* he has previously beheld. If he copied nature he would be but reproducing an imperfect shadow, a broken image; he would be producing a thing inferior even to this shadow, a copy of a copy.

Again we see, in close connection with the subject of realism, that Plato's view of ideal art allows no place to "illusion." There is to be no jugglery, no tricking of the senses. How could there be? The artist will not care to paint the figure of a man so life-like in appearance that we fancy an actual man is before us. He would gain nothing by the cheat, for is he not painting the ideal man, whom we never have seen, never could see? It is right that this picture of the ideal man should have a certain naturalness, a certain analogy to the actual man; but this analogy can never be pushed to the pitch of deception. Indeed, so far removed are the works of the ideal artist from any tinge of illusion, that, however strong be their analogy to nature, they are always pervaded by a certain atmosphere of remoteness and purity, a serene distance as of a star apart. And this again necessarily, for they are copies of things not made with hands, things that have never known the turmoil and corruption of the lower life. Of such a land, shining far off, shining in clear, quiet sunlight,

Sokrates told his disciples just as he was about to pass thither. "In this fair region everything that grows, trees and flowers and fruits, are in a like degree fairer than any here; and there are hills and stones in them in a like degree smoother and more transparent, and fairer in colour than our highly valued emeralds and sardonyxes and jaspers and other gems, which are but minute fragments of them; for there all the stones are like our precious stones and fairer still. The reason of this is that they are pure and not like our precious stones, infected or corroded by the corrupt briny elements which coagulate among us, and which breed foulness and disease both in earth and stones as well as in animals and plants. They are the jewels of the upper earth, which also shines with gold and silver and the like, and they are visible to sight, and large and abundant, and found in every region of the earth, and blessed is he who sees them. And upon the earth (*i.e.*, the upper, purer earth) are animals and men; some in a middle region, others dwelling about the air as we dwell about the sea; others in islands which the air flows round, near the continent; and, in a word, the air is used by them as the water and the sea are by us, and the ether is to them what the air is to us. Moreover, the temperament of their seasons is such that they have no disease, and live much longer than we do, and have sight and hearing and smell, and all the other senses in far

greater perfection in the same degree that air is purer than water, or the ether than air. Also they have temples and sacred places in which the gods really dwell; and they hear their voices and receive their answers, and are conscious of them, and hold converse with them; and they see the sun, moon, stars, as they really are: and their other blessedness is of a piece with this" (Plato Phædo, 110).

The souls of men who have beheld a vision of beauty from afar such as this would not greatly vex themselves with the actualities of life; but for the souls that never see the vision, religion itself is only ritual, art nothing but imitation.

We have gathered thus far from Plato a notion, vivid, although complex, of the manner of man his ideal artist is to be—a man who comes into the world with the remembrance of Beauty, otherwise unimaginable. This remembrance of Beauty is, if he keep his soul fresh and undefiled by debasing passion, so keen, that at the sight of visible earthly beauty it is roused into passionate desire, which issues in the creation of an image of the heavenly Beauty informed by the breath of the artist's passion. This image will be like to the earthly beauty, and yet unlike; natural, yet never realistic. Above all, there will be about it an atmosphere of permanent repose, of divine serenity as of an image of things dwelling apart, remote in the upper air. Now we have

said that the artist is born, not made, but that within certain limits his nature may develop. To Plato we must again turn for guidance in our theories of art education. His theory is a very simple one ; he prescribes only the presence of beauty and the love of her, proceeding from the particular to the general ; if the creative impulse is there it will awaken at the touch of artistic love.

The wise Diotima thus instructs Sokrates in her hidden lore—the lore of the love of heavenly beauty. "There are the lesser mysteries of love (*i.e.*, marriage and friendship) into which even you may enter. To the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit, they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my utmost to inform you, and do you follow if you can. For he who would proceed rightly in this matter should begin in youth to turn to beautiful forms ; and, first, if his instructor guide him rightly, he should learn to love one such form only. Out of that he should create fair thoughts, and soon he will himself perceive that the beauty of one form is truly related to the beauty of another, and then, if beauty in general be his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms.

This will lead him on to consider that the beauty of the mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that, if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young until his beloved is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and understand that all is one of kindred, and that personal beauty is only a trifle ; and after laws and institutions he will lead him on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth, or man, or institution, himself a slave, mean and calculating, but looking at the abundance of beauty and drawing towards the sea of beauty, and creating and beholding many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love and wisdom ; until at length he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. To this I will proceed, please to give me your best attention.

"For he who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end, will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty. And this, Sokrates, is that final cause of all our former toils which, in the first place, is everlasting—not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning ; in the next place,

not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands, or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, nor existing in any other being, as, for example, an animal, whether in earth or heaven ; but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which, without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who, under the influence of true love rising upward from there, begins to see *that* beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going or being led by another to the things of love is to use the beauties of each as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is. This, my dear Sokrates," said the stranger of Mantineia, "is that life above all others which man should live in the contemplation of beauty absolute ; a beauty which, if you once beheld, you would see not to be after the measure of gold garments and fair boys and youths, which, when you now behold, you are in fond amazement ; and you

and many an one are content to live seeing only and conversing with them without meat or drink, if that were possible; you only want to be with them and to look at them. But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty—the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life—thither looking and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple, and bringing into being and educating true creatures of virtue and not idols only? Do you not see that, in that communion, only beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth not images, but realities; for he has hold not of an image, but of a reality, and bringing forth and educating true virtue to become the friend of god and immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?

"Such, Phædrus (says Sokrates), and I speak not only to you, but to all men, were the words of Diotima; and I am persuaded of their truth. And, being persuaded of them, I try to persuade others that, in the attainment of this end, human nature will not easily find a better helper than love. And therefore, also, I say that every man ought to honour him as I myself honour him, and walk in his ways and exhort others to do the same, even as I praise the power and spirit of love according to the measure of my ability now and ever."

We may seem to have wandered far from Pheidias, but in reality we have been very near to him all the time. After living for years in the atmosphere of the Parthenon marbles, present with them often and thinking much of them in absence, trying to formulate to myself their impression and to make their influence felt to others, it has seemed to me at last that only by the help of the greatest of Greek thinkers can we realize to ourselves the thought of the greatest of Greek artists. Only by the help of Plato's theory of ideality in art can we understand the especial, distinctive character and quality of the work of Pheidias. In this one word "ideality," in its full Platonic meaning, are summed up all the struggling epithets by which we seek to express the quality of the art of Pheidias, by which the ancients themselves tried to give utterance, as we have noted, to their sensations in beholding his works. Ideality comprehends his majesty (*τὸ σεμνόν*), the grandeur of his art (*τὸ μεγαλότεχνον*), his dignity (*ἀξιωματικόν*), his largeness and his beauty (*κάλλος καὶ μέγεθος*), his fineness and delicacy (*ἀκριβέστερος*), his divine element (*τὸ θεῖον*), also his repose, his self-containedness, his tranquil air, the peace he brings to the troubled heart of the beholder; for "if there be any of mortals whatsoever that is heavy-laden in spirit, having suffered sorely many sorrows and calamities in his life, nor yet winning for himself sweet sleep, even such an one,

methinks, standing before the image of the god, would forget all things whatsoever in his mortal life was dire and hard to be endured, so wondrously hast thou, Pheidias, conceived and wrought it, and such light and such grace shines upon it from thine art."

CHAPTER VI.

THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES.

WE have tried to see again the Zeus of Pheidias, but all the while we felt, with the bitterness of irreparable loss, that we were stretching empty hands to grasp a vanished image. When we come to the art of Praxiteles our fortune is a little happier. It is true his masterpiece, the Aphrodite of Cnidus, has perished, and we dare not even think of her in connection with such vile parodies as the Venus de Medici. The familiar "Faun" of the Capitol is, we know, but a late copy of his famous Satyr. But the last ten years have given to us a safer standard, one genuine piece of work from the very hand of Praxiteles himself, of little repute indeed among the ancients, but still undoubtedly authentic. Before we speak of the altered times in which Praxiteles lived, of the altered spirit he expressed, its many and complicated causes; before we gather from tradition his repute among the critics of antiquity, let us study this statue (Fig. 8), and glean all we can from this safest and surest of sources.

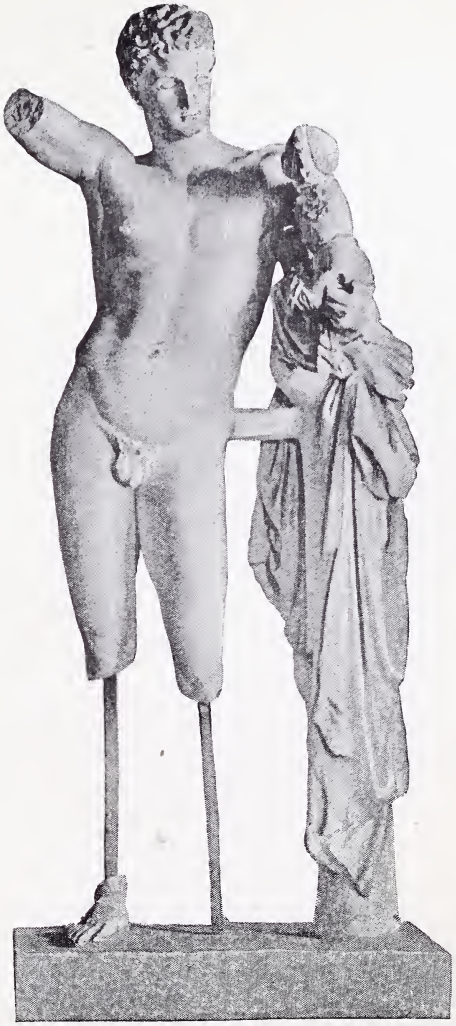

Fig. 8. HERMES OF PRAXITELES.—OLYMPIA.

It was on the morning of May 8, 1877, when the season was all but at its close, that the German excavators at Olympia came suddenly, all unsuspecting, on this statue of the Hermes. It lay face foremost on a soft heap of clay and rubbish just where it had fallen. The limbs were in part shattered, but, to the infinite joy of archæologists, face and features are perfect. The chance was so perilous; but for that soft clay heap the lovely head might have shattered to atoms. Probably the god's uplifted arm had broken the fall and saved his perfect face. Soft moss had gathered on the cheeks, but the surface was uninjured. The statue is rather more than life-size. When it first saw light both legs from the knee downward and the lower part of the right arm were gone, also the body and head of the child Dionysos. A little later the beautiful right foot was found close at hand, the head of the child on a rubbish pile, its body built into a wall. The right arm and hand we shall probably never find nor know what it held; it must remain, as we shall see, a problem to tempt and vex succeeding generations of archæologists.

All Europe has eagerly recognized the beauty of this statue. At once it gained a sudden popularity. The bust of the figure, multiplied in countless casts, threatens to displace the Apollo Belvidere in public favour. Later we shall see why this curious, fickle art-public which knows and cares so little for the marbles of the Par-

thenon is yet eager to do honour to this far inferior Hermes. One reason we may show without delay. The public know what archæologists scarcely for a moment doubted, that the statue is the undoubted work of Praxiteles. This is established beyond doubt. The statue bears no inscription, but when Pausanias (already so often quoted) came in the course of his travels to Olympia, his attention and interest were specially attracted by the Heraion, the temple of Hera. The building was of very ancient date and full of curious archaic works in gold and ivory, among them the famous chest of Cypselus. Pausanias, like so many of his amateur type, loved archaic work; the older and quainter the monument the more it attracted him. At great length he describes the votive offerings in this ancient Heraion, and only at last turning to go, he adds, most fortunately for us: "And later they set up other votive offerings in the Heraion a Hermes of marble, and he is carrying Dionysos as a child; it is the work (τέχνη) of Praxiteles" (Paus. v. 17). It was at the foot of the high hill, Kronion, within the precincts of this very Heraion, between the third and fourth pillars of its northern side, that the excavators found the statue lying. This plain of Olympia was indeed to yield unexpected treasure; the excavators had eagerly sought for remains from the temple of Zeus, and what they found, though full of interest, was as yet full of

disappointment. When they dug in the precincts of the Heraion they had no such high hopes, and yet there they found perhaps their highest reward.

Pausanias has told us the subject of the group. A group it is, not a single statue, and to cast the bust alone is a great injustice. The subject is very characteristic of the manner of the artist. At once we feel we are on lower ground, we are walking at ease in the plain, no longer struggling to beat our wings in the upper air. Hermes is a subordinate god, and he is engaged in the simplest, most human, and gentle of his functions. Elsewhere he has his awe-inspiring aspects—he is the messenger of Zeus, who comes swiftly and suddenly, sometimes bearing dreadful mandates; he is the herald (*κῆρυξ*) whom all obey ; he, too, is Guide and Leader to the souls who pass into the shades below (*ψυχαγωγός*, *ψυχοπομπός*), god of the lower world (*χθόνιος*), sender of dreams (*ἡγήτωρ ὀνείρων*). In his full attributes there is scarcely any personality harder to seize—god of the clouds, the sudden storm, the flashing lightning, the rainbow, swift slayer of Argos ; god of the secret changes of the sky, of craft and theft, of trade and barter ; god of the plenteous rain, of flocks and herds, the strength of youth ; patron of gymnastics, god of persuasive eloquence, guardian of ways and streets, of a thousand shifting aspects that link him now to a simple nature-worship, now to an advanced civilization, very Greek in his pliant adaptability.

Praxiteles has thought of one aspect only; Hermes for him is just the tender "guardian of young children" (κουροτρόφος), the god who, when a child is forsaken by father or mother, takes him up and tends him. The young god Dionysos, child of the fruitful earth and the bright sunshine, offspring of Semele and the golden shower of Zeus, was just such a forsaken little one. When Semele, over-bold, perished, smitten by the dreadful lightning, who should take the motherless child Dionysos, the infant wine-god, but the kind guardian Hermes, to keep for his own for a while, and then to give to the gentle nymphs of Nysa for his further nurture. In the presence of this tender Hermes, this god with a woman's heart doing a woman's work, we may, we do, feel love and admiration, but never awe and amazement. We breathe more freely than before in the presence of Olympian Zeus; we are as eager to criticize as before to understand. It was so always with the gods of Praxiteles. Anthropomorphism *could* go no further, perhaps it never ought to go so far. We are so well at ease down in this lower Olympian world. Apollo is hunting a lizard; a Greek shepherd boy might so hunt it to-day. Aphrodite steps into her bath, Hermes is carrying a child, and about them are grouped an easy-living, pleasure-loving throng of Satyrs, of Maenads, Pan and the Nymphs, and among them the figure of the love-god Eros. Even

the child Dionysos is not afraid; he lays his little hand trustingly on the shoulder of Hermes. These gods of Praxiteles are so young too as well as so gentle. There is a Hermes familiar to archaic art, an ancient bearded man with long cloak and herald's staff, very sober and steadfast; there is a Dionysos, too, a man of mature years and regal aspect; but these are no more. Hermes is a young man with the "first down on his lip, the time when youth is most gracious;" and Dionysos a little child. Times are changed, and the gods must needs change with them. And yet we shall see that though the gods grow younger and in a way gayer, they are not so peaceful, scarcely so happy as of old.

Before we think further of the spirit of the art of Praxiteles certain technical details have to be considered. And, first, the restoration of the statue. The left hand evidently, from the position of the closed fingers, grasped something, in all probability some attribute either of Hermes or Dionysos. The right uplifted arm must also have had some special motive. I do not propose to discuss in detail all the proposed restorations. I only want to make clear the main principle on which the restoration must depend. Hermes is not looking at Dionysos, he is not thinking of him. Dionysos, placing one tiny hand on the shoulder of the elder god, tries to attract his attention, but in vain. Hermes

is the main motive of the group, the child Dionysos is little but a mere appendage. Any restoration, then, that centres the attention on the child, is *ipso facto* wrong. To put, as some have proposed, a bunch of grapes in the right hand of Hermes, and make him dangle it to amuse the baby wine-god, is simply to misconstrue the whole conception of the group. It is to vulgarize the thought of Praxiteles and to transform a dignified and fine motive into a mere bit of post-Alexandrian genre. Hermes looks away, with soft, dreamy eyes. This expression is no-wise characteristic of Hermes the "child rearer," or Hermes in any other aspect known to us; but it is, as we shall see, characteristic of the art of Praxiteles himself, as we know him from his other works. Hence it has been thought by Professor Brunn (27) that this Hermes was one of the early works of the master when he was apt to project his own personality into that of his subject, when his own personal mood hampered the perfection of his artistic utterance. A satisfactory, though not perfectly certain, restoration proposed by Mr. A. H. Smith places a long *caduceus* in the right hand (28) and a short *thyrsos* in the left.

We have before us, as we have said, a group, not a single statue; and a group closely unified, not a mere juxtaposition of two figures. It is noticeable that the idea of a closely unified group *in the round* was of comparatively late growth in Greek art. Juxtapositions of single statues

side by side we have, connected by common interest and meaning, such as the votive group executed by Pheidias for Delphi. Single statues we also have, with little subordinate figures as adjuncts or attributes something of the nature of symbols, such as the Nike figure in the hand of Athene and Zeus. But the vitally connected group in the round seems to have arisen, or at least become usual, with the family and school of Praxiteles.

It is interesting to know that this particular scheme of grouping the child carried on the arm of the grown person was traditional in the family of Praxiteles. His father, Cephisodotus, was a sculptor, and we hear of him that, among other statues, he made two groups—a statue of the goddess of peace (Eirene), with the infant god of wealth (Ploutos) on her arm. In the Glyplothek at Munich there is a statue of a lovely, gracious woman in long, flowing drapery, holding a little child on her arm, in much the same fashion as Hermes holds Dionysos. The director of the gallery, Professor Brunn, with his quick, trained insight, has recognized in this group a copy—only a copy, but a good one—of the bronze original made by Cephisodotus; an original, we may be very sure, that was seen by the son Praxiteles. And again, Pliny tells us, Cephisodotus made another group—"*a statue of Hermes bearing the infant Bacchus in his arms.*" Of this we have no certain copy; but a Græco-Roman statue with this subject, now standing in the

Boboli gardens at Florence, may show us how the group was treated. Praxiteles took, it seems, an old accepted form, but breathed into it the new spirit of his later times. His father, we can see by the Eirene statue, copy though it is, worked more in the old manner of Pheidias. But though our Hermes and Dionysos are a group, about the figure of the child still clings something of the old, attributive, symbolic manner. The hair the face, the body are not ill-worked, but stiff and somewhat unpleasant, and wholly unchildlike. As regards mere beauty we could wish they had never been found. The child is a little old man, and therefore leaves us with a dwarfed, stunted impression. Until after the time of Praxiteles the Greeks cared little to depict infancy, because it was immature, imperfect. They would *indicate* a child if necessary by its small size, but they did not trouble to *express* it. We can scarcely suppose they saw no charm in babyhood, but we do know that they considered that charm unfitting to the dignity of art, and they were right. A child is most beautiful in relation, as the natural attribute of mother or nurse; and if we think of the strange little god Dionysos in this *attributive* way he ceases to be vexatious. He is there just to emphasize one aspect of Hermes, not for his own intrinsic charm. There was a later stage, a stage of animalism and triviality, when children began to run riot in Greek art, when boys strangling geese and

Cupids drawing carts were adequate to express the best thought of the Alexandrian artist. Happily that time is yet far off. It is only in the decay of a nation, in the general upset of rank and station, of seemliness and order, that children, their thoughts and their thoughtlessness, come to be uppermost. Only when a race is getting senile itself does it offer a morbid worship to immaturity.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes us about the figure of Hermes is its pose. The body is inclined in a graceful curve, it stands, not upright, but leaning on the stump of a tree. There is no actual technical necessity for this. The arm could have supported the small figure of the child, and the mass of drapery was in no way essential, but Praxiteles delights to give to his statues this particular curve. Archaic figures stand on both feet alike, planted squarely, with a sturdiness that is almost defiant. It was the innovation of Polycleitos to make his athletes throw their chief weight on one leg (*uno crure ut insisterent*), the other hanging a little behind; still the figure stood erect, self-supporting, though not ungracious. But the figures of Praxiteles, not only the Hermes, but also the Satyr and the Apollo Sauroctonos, as we know them in their copies, lean for actual support on some outside appliance. They lack strength and vigour to stand alone; they lounge with a lax, abandoned ease, a sense of comfort, a slight want of dignity and reserve, dis-

tinctly characteristic of the age to which they belong. This Praxitelean curve is very careless, very beautiful, but scarcely godlike. It comes partly from a want of self-reliance in the thought, partly from a desire to emphasize the sensuous beauty of the lines of the body. This leaning attitude some critics regard as conveying the thought of "perfect repose;" it has always seemed to me to show rather dependence than rest; the maidens of the Parthenon frieze, standing simply upright, self-contained and strong, are far more truly restful, far more godlike than this god who needs to lean against a tree. He is never quite at rest who has not learned to stand alone.

The pose of the body is well borne out by the inclination of the head and the expression of the eyes and mouth. The type of the head is not unlike that of the athletes of Myron, but from the expression all the almost proud self-containedness, the calm, is gone; the oval of the face is still there though a little lengthened, but the forehead has a furrow unknown to Myron, and the eyes are set deeper in the head. Compared with the heads that are left us in the Parthenon frieze there seems to be on the face of Hermes the shadow of a nameless unrest; the mouth has lost the old proud setness, we scarcely know whether it is sad or happy, we are sure it is sweet, and yet it never satisfies. It is the same with the meditative, dreamy, eyes; we seem to expect some change of

expression every moment to flit across the face. The hair is crisp and curly, after the athlete fashion ; on it are traces of colour, and probably a metal wreath once rested on it, with possibly two metal wings to mark the messenger god. The neck and the shoulders are so strong and well developed that they help to redeem the effeminate effect of pose and face. The drapery with its massive, complicated folds is very lifelike, but too complex to satisfy the eye as do the folds on the Parthenon marbles ; it may be more true to life, but it is far less beautiful. The selvage border to the stuff has disappeared, a hem very inadequately replaces it. Pheidias has shown that it is possible to idealize even such a mere adjunct as drapery, to make it of unreal, unearthly beauty. But the drapery of Hermes is a mere earthly cloak thrown gracefully across the stump of a tree. Probably the effect of this drapery was much pleasanter when it was helped out by colour. Perhaps, technically speaking, the most surprising perfection of the statue is the rendering of the skin. Skill in expressing correctly anatomy and muscles had already been long attained, but this beauty of surface texture is peculiarly Praxitelean, the dead material seems vital with delicate life. Delicate it is still, for Praxiteles is never vulgarly realistic ; but he trod the first steps along a dangerous path. Only a generation later we read with sorrow that his son, the second Cephisodotos, inheritor of his father's

traditions, worked a group of two figures embracing, in which the fingers of the one seem impressed rather in *flesh* than in marble. Such a group Pliny may praise; we, with the art of Pheidias in our minds, can only see in it a consummation of the fatal principle of illusion. Wonderful though the skin of the Hermes is, it yet seems probable that its effect was helped out by tinting with colour; to the tinting of his statues he seems to have attached great importance. He valued those most, Pliny tells us, to which the painter Nikias had put his hand, so important did he deem this additional toning (*tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat*). Again we seem to see the beginning of the end; a few years later illusive colouring has its way. We read of a certain sculptor Silanion, who made a bronze statue of Iocaste dying, and he mixed silver with the bronze in the face, so that the bronze might take the semblance of fainting and death, and men were delighted and wondered at it. This fatal influence of painting on sculpture we shall have to consider later.

In looking at this group of Hermes and the child Dionysos, it is difficult to express exactly the want we feel; the *manner* of Idealism clings so long; sometimes we feel that the art of Praxiteles is ideal still, only the ideal is shifted to a lower plain; we have ideal grace for ideal majesty, ideal tenderness for ideal sublimity. At other times, so much are we allured by the outside loveliness of the statue, so manifestly does the

sculptor rejoice in sinuosity of line, in the play of surface light and shade, so fleeting, so unstable is the expression, that we seem forced to confess this is a vision of the lower earth only, the image of a shadow, a thing human, not divine.

Perhaps if we turn to the life and times of Praxiteles, and to the traditions respecting his other works, we may feel more distinctly the character and, to our mind, the defect of his genius. We have seen how the age of Pheidias glowed with the fervour of the war of liberation. This war was followed by another of very different import; not a great national contest against an outside foe, but a struggle—miserable, degrading, cruel, between two sister states and their allies—a fight of Greek against Greek, Athens against Sparta, the disastrous Peloponnesian war. We may hope that Pheidias died soon after the war broke out, 431 B.C.; about the close of the war Praxiteles was born, and through his youth and early manhood the bitter contest between Thebes and Sparta went on. But it was no fight to fire a young man's genius, to fill his heart anew with a fresh faith in his country's gods; rather it was enough to shake the firmest trust, to sour the sweetest soul. It turned the best thoughts inward from the state to the individual, from politics to philosophy; and in so doing it exalted the individual, his thoughts, his emotions, even his passions; he was no longer to lose himself in serving his country, rather he

must live his own life to the fullest, knowing of no other. Even the high gods were dethroned; they had forgotten their city Athens, most god-fearing of all cities, and so men turned their worship more and more to the new generation of lesser divinities, gods who were mere embodiments of some human emotion. Before Praxiteles came Scopas, his elder but in part his contemporary; a genius in some respects so similar that the ancients themselves doubted to which artist they should attribute the famous group of Niobe and her children. Perhaps in this elder Scopas we may see the nearer and fiercer influence of the recent war. We hear of a frenzied Maenad that he wrought in stone, and a wondrous group of sea-gods and sea-monsters, forms, we can fancy, of phantastic loveliness, turbulent and restless, full of the longing and pathos of the sea; the sea that is always asking a question, always unanswered; always longing for the land, ever compelled to flee from her. The ancient critics tell us little of Scopas, but the mausoleum frieze hints to us something of the wild pathos of his genius, its stir and movement, its life and intensity, with something of its melancholy. Tradition is kinder about his younger contemporary Praxiteles, and it is in part because of this fuller tradition that we have chosen him rather than Scopas to represent his age.

At first Praxiteles, as we have gathered, worked under the influence of his sculptor father; later he may have

been the pupil or fellow-worker of Scopas, but of this we have no certain tradition. At the time when he began to be famous, something of serenity was restored to his native city of Athens. But this was only the quiet of a shattered strength, never the old, full, happy confidence. It is just this confidence, this self-containedness, which we miss from the work of Praxiteles; it is just this look in the face of the Hermes as of a man sunk in reverie, who does not, cannot, perhaps will not, face the reality of life; little of energy in the eyes, nothing of determination in the soft mouth.

It is not easy to enumerate the works of Praxiteles chronologically, but there are reasons for placing the Hermes early on the list. As we have said, it never attained great repute. The fame of Praxiteles rested above all on the Aphrodite he sculptured for the people of Cnidus. Pliny and Lucian vie in the extravagance of their praise of this statue; from their hyperboles it is difficult to gather a sober word of criticism. Men made the voyage only that they might once behold her; the goddess herself went through the waves to gaze at the image she herself approved; the king of Bithynia offered to pay the whole national debt of the Cnidians if they would sell the statue, but in vain—and rightly, for by it alone their city was made famous.

This was not the only statue of Aphrodite that Praxi-

teles made; we hear of four others. He was the sculptor of womanly types. Women and youths suit best the soft outlines he specially loved. We have seen how in the transition period of art Greek artists bent their best efforts to the athlete type; how the nude body of the man was studied and expressed long before full freedom was attained in the expression of the draped woman figure. The women figures of Pheidias have about them a strength and largeness which, if certainly not unwomanly, has in it nothing distinctively feminine. Athene the Champion, Athene the Virgin, were no doubt of that blended type of that grace and strength in which the Greek mind delighted. In neither could much stress have been laid on mere physical loveliness. It was this physical loveliness in its strictly feminine limitations that Praxiteles sought to embody in his Aphrodite. The goddess stood in a small temple-like shrine, approached by two paths, that she might be clearly seen on all sides. She has laid aside her garment, and is about to enter her bath, or perhaps the sea; her drapery is cast aside, but with a simple, natural motive. The image, Lucian says, was beautiful, and full of charm, wrought in Parian marble, lofty in bearing, with a soft smile just parting the lips, and, such was the transfiguring power of his creative art, that the rigid, stubborn stone was changed to beauty in every limb. The hair and brow of the goddess are elsewhere noted, and the beautiful chiselling

of the eyebrows and the moisture of the eyes (*τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν τὸ ὑγρόν*), which yet shone with bright sweetness. This description of the moist gleaming of the eyes, the soft, pleasant indistinctness, seems to me to find its parallel in the eyes of the Hermes.

There is a statue in the Vatican which, though disfigured by false drapery,[1] yet gives us some notion of the loveliness of this Aphrodite. It is very pure, very unconscious, infinitely tender and gracious, and yet somehow leaves us with just the Praxitelean void, the transitory, passing, unstable, anxious delight of mere physical charm, a thing that draws us on to ask what it cannot give, creates a hunger it can never satisfy. We long to obey the goddess, to offer as the youth did at her shrine of old all the beautiful things we possess, to write her name on every wall and tree, "beautiful Aphrodite;" and yet we know it is all in vain—she can never really command us; we have seen the heavenly Aphrodite in a vision in a temple not made with hands, and this Aphrodite of the earth is not even an image of our true mistress, not even a memory, only a torment.

Praxiteles was much concerned to express this earthly love. Three times he fashioned an image of Eros, that same Eros who began to haunt the tragedies of Euripides with the spirit of unrest; and we are told

[1] A cast of this figure without the added drapery can now be seen in the South Kensington Museum, side by side with the Munich Aphrodite.

that for the most famous of these statues, the Eros of Thespiæ, he sought his model, not in any high imagination, but in his lawless love for Phryne, in the unworthy archetype that dwelt in his own heart. Scopas had already created new types of the love-god. In his group at Megara—of Eros, Himeros, and Pothos—we feel that the analysis of sentiment has already gone too far; we are approaching the region of *moods* rather than emotions. In the same temple with these three love-gods were set up two women figures of the same morbid, analytic manner, Peitho and Paregoros, Love the Persuader and Love the Consoler. The same temple held an archaic image of the goddess Aphrodite; in her straight, simple way she must have looked with amazement and perhaps displeasure at these strange new-comers. Emotion is already past its prime when it seeks to analyze its own components.

We must look at one more group from the hand of Praxiteles; it brings us to yet a lower level—Dionysos, the wine-god, with two of his satyrs, Staphylus (the vine), and Methē (drunkenness). It is possibly, though not very probably, this satyr Staphylus of which we have numberless copies scattered about the museums of Europe. The best known is the so-called "Faun" of the Capitol, the best executed the mutilated torso (29) in the Louvre. The ancient statue of Staphylus won for itself the epithet of the "far-famed" (περιβόητος).

In early art there is no attempt to disguise the beast-like nature of the Satyrs; they were just coarse, sensual woodmen. We see them on countless vase-paintings, bald-headed, snub-nosed, clumsy limbed, with bristling tails and pointed eyes. But with Praxiteles the dividing line between good and bad has faded almost entirely. His satyr would be, no doubt, a lovely dreamy youth, with just enough of the wild animal left about him to excite interest without creating disgust. The ears of the famous "Faun" are delicately pointed, the hair a little shaggy, but in the eyes is a soft melancholy, a very subtle blending of sense and imagination, which was just the sort of half-mood that pleased the fashion of the day. The very strangeness of the creature excited, and does still excite, a morbid interest about him. He is pathetic to the modern as to the ancient mind, because he is unreal, impossible, incomplete. He is doubly satisfactory to some, because he is the euphemistic expression of an evil thing.

Some fragments of ancient criticism may help us to feel more clearly the quality of the work of Praxiteles. Diodorus, enumerating a list of artists, says of Praxiteles: "He who actually blended with his marble works the emotions of the soul (*τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς πάθη*)." Pliny, speaking of a famous work of the master, said he strove to express in it opposite moods (*diversos affectus*). At this Greek word for emotions, *pathē*, we must look more

closely. If we grasp it clearly in its relation to the spirit of the fourth century, we shall be very near to the secret of the innovations of Praxiteles. This we can best do by opposing to it another Greek term, also of great significance in art, the term *ēthos* (ἦθος); [1] ēthos is first the accustomed thing (ἔθος), the wonted disposition, then the general permanent *character* of a man; pathos, the unwonted thing, the feeling, the sensation to which a man is for a time subject, and hence the transitory emotion. Part of the meaning of the word pathē is left us in our word pathetic, but only part. Pathetic carries with it the notion of slight sadness, *pathē* simply of emotion, whether joyous or sad—emotions that come and go—a passing mood, whether slight or violent.

We may argue that the ēthos, the fixed character of the man, is made up of his *pathē*, his passing moods, but still we can think of them apart. We do not judge a man by what he says in a fit of anger or in a passing moment of melancholy, or at the prompting of some sudden feeling of elation; we wait till the pathos is gone to judge of the ēthos. Also we still feel that a man can be represented in art either according to his ēthos or his pathos—his fixed character, himself, or his passing emotion, and we know instinctively that the ēthos representa-

[1] To guard at the outset against misapprehension, I would say that I am well aware that this opposition of ēthos and pathos and the definition of both is rather implicit than explicit in Greek language and thought.

tion is a better and higher thing. A photographer can catch a man with sudden anger, or joy, or pity, or despair upon his face; such an affection is capable of merely mechanical translation; but, except by some strange chance, he will never catch the ēthos, the fixed character of the face, the residuum of many moods, specially when that ēthos is a fine and complex thing. To seize and embody that we need the ideal portrait painter, for the idea is near of kin to the ēthos. The ēthos, stripped of the *pathē*, is indeed in Plato's sense the *idea* of the man, and it can be seen only in a vision by the ideal artist. But of the *pathē* all men know; it is these which give the "speaking likeness," in which the mechanician, be he photographer, be he artist, delights; it is these which "take well," aye, all the better the more mechanical be the process, for the less chance is left to the artist to transfigure the image with the halo of his own ideal thought. It is these *pathē* which pass away when the dead man lies asleep, and when his friends gaze in wonder as at some celestial change. They do not know that for the first time at last they see him as he is, face to face, not his wonder, or his joy, his anger, his surprise, his weariness, his bitterness but—himself.

No one said that Praxiteles ever embodied in his statues this ēthos, this fixed character of god or man, not that unending majesty of Zeus, or that clear, eternal strength and wisdom of Athene. He made statues of

each and all of the Olympian gods, but he caught the reflex of their glory in some passing moment of pathetic expression; Hermes, in his sweet kindliness to the child Dionysos, whom but a few hours hence he will give up to the charge of the nymphs of Nysa; already the child is half forgotten, and the god is sunk in a brief, soft reverie; Aphrodite, when she has just cast aside her robe; in a moment more she will be hidden beneath the bright waters; but there is just an instant of hesitation for the artist to seize, a momentary *pathos* of gentle modesty, very sweet, very lovely, but gone before we think—nothing to abide for help and comfort, nothing to strengthen and support a wavering faith. We cannot bring against Praxiteles the charge we must later advance against the school of Pergamos, the count of violent, extravagant movement, of unbridled passion, unfit for presentation in stone. Such blame may possibly be awarded to Scopas, who inspired marble with frenzy in his raging Bacchante. But the emotions of Praxiteles were always subdued in tone, a little, perhaps, in the minor key, but never harsh, never, so far as we know, violently uttered, in fact they were more moods (*Stimmungen*) than passions.

We have seen in the Peloponnesian war cause sufficient for this pathetic tendency of subsequent art. The state, the embodiment of national *ēthos*, fell into comparative insignificance, the individual with his individual

moods and passions, came into undue prominence, the old, strict training of severe self-subordination was necessarily relaxed. Men sought for solace in their national disgrace through the indulgence of personal emotion; they ran eagerly through the whole gamut of the *pathē;* the whole atmosphere of Hellas was charged with subjectivity. Before the time even of Pheidias we know that there had been statues embodying an actual, definite, bodily pain, such as Philocletes limping from his wound. This was an honest, physical, tangible *pathos;* but we look in vain in any monument of that time for any trace of that analytic self-conscious, yet intangible unrest that meets us in the face of the Hermes.

But to this political and social cause we must add another whose rise is more definitely artistic. A second special characteristic ascribed to Praxiteles was his fidelity (*veritas*); we have already noted the great importance he himself attached to the toning (*circumlitio*) of his statues by a painter of great note. This toning, of such paramount importance, can scarcely have been merely decorative, it must surely have been somehow vital to the expression of the statue; it must have done something for the statue that the sculptor's own art failed to do.

Let us seize distinctly the province of painting as opposed to sculpture. Painting proper depends on colour, colour on light. If the sun set never to rise

again colour would be no more, and with it the art of painting must die. Sculpture, depending on form, could still persist. The blind man, with his quickened sense of touch, passes his hand over the human face and partly feels its beauty. Painting begins, and did begin always with the Greeks, with mere coloured outline drawing, without light and shade, with no illusions of perspective. This coloured outline drawing cannot properly be called painting; it is governed rather by the laws of relief composition. It is, in fact, relief of infinitely low altitude. It is the offspring of inlaying in metals and metal engraving. In the time of Pheidias there flourished the greatest master of this polychrome outline drawing, Polygnotus, and to him was given the great title of the most *ethical* of painters. His coloured outlines arranged with careful symmetry (*σχήματα*), grand in gesture and expression, were enough to express all the *ēthos*, the permanent character of human action. But a passing phase, a sudden emotion, a shifting mood, what material had he at hand to utter them had he deigned to desire their expression? We have in our own Museum painted vases which give some echo of his manner: a delicate, serene Aphrodite, calm in face and pose, seated upon a beautiful swan; very simple and statuesque, with no attempt to render the wavering air beneath the swan's wings, or any subtle, sensuous suggestion in the face of the goddess. It is only a small design, in the centre of

a wine cup; but within the small circle is a whole world of purity of thought, stability of expression.

This could not last; it is the curse of artists who follow after perfection, that they are driven from the better to the worse. An art which is bound up with light, the deceiver, is open to a thousand temptations. Light is never the same, as unstable as it is lovely; never a moment but it comes and goes, shifting, wavering, now crescent, now waning, for evil or for good, distorting, refracting, softening, glorifying. It is this unstable world of light and colour that is the province of painting proper, this she is compelled to rule and possess if she will live as more than the faint shadow of sculpture, if she will have laws and subjects of her own. This kingdom she entered upon soon after the time of Polygnotus. The illusions of the stage first demanded perspective, the creation of unreal distance, perspective at first linear—the rendering of distance by distorted lines, then aerial—the expression of the intermediate air. There arose a certain Agatharchus who painted scenes for the tragedies of Æschylus, and wrote a treatise on this art of scene-painting (*σκηνογραφία*) —an art capable of being reduced to systematic laws, demanding only skill in mechanical execution; an art whose effects, whose illusions delight the vulgar. After Agatharchus came Apollodorus. Pliny says that he opened the door to the future triumphs of Zeuxis. He took, we may be sure, the first steps on the downward

path of illusive imitation. We read of this Apollodorus that he rendered the outward seeming, the surface (*species*) of things, and again that he showed his skill especially in the discovery of the melting away and fading of light and shade (*φθορὰν καὶ ἀπόχρωσιν σκιᾶς ἐξευρών*). He seems to have struck the key-note of externalism, of unreality, of illusion, that jugglery of the senses which seizes the outward appearance, ignorant of the hidden reality.

But there was worse to come. The democracy of art, the cheap delight of the vulgar, had not yet its complete sway. The Italian painter, Zeuxis, entered this domain, whose gate Apollodorus had opened. The old monumental style gave way to the depiction of single events, chosen for their novelty, their sensationalism, their illusive capacity. If tradition is to be trusted, art rapidly became little else than a mere cheat practised on the senses. To the delight of the crowd, birds pick at the grapes of Zeuxis, a critic seeks to draw back a painted curtain from before the picture of Parrhasios. Art stops to embody scenes petty and domestic—a nurse carrying a child, two boys, one pert, the other modest. Meanwhile the artist who stoops to this littleness glorifies himself. Clad in a purple robe, a gold wreath on his head, gold-clasped sandals on his feet, he parades the city, and wins for himself the base title of luxurious liver (*ἁβροδίαιτος*). Such a man was scarcely likely to busy himself with

the expression of heroic *ēthos*, still less to seek in simple reverence the honour of his country's gods; his mission was to gratify the senses.

On either side of sculpture stand the sister arts of architecture and painting. In the time of Pheidias we have seen sculpture as the handmaid of architecture; subject, composition, grouping, and posture at once suggested and determined by architectural form. These are the days of monumental sculpture, of largeness of conception, of calm, of breadth, of ideality, of stability, of *ēthos*. Architecture forbids any slightness of expression; but when the spirit of painting rises to pre-eminence, sculpture herself is caught in the snares of illusion. She, too, forgetting her high mission, forgetting the strict limits of her stable form, would seek to cozen the senses and take her share of illegitimate triumph. She seeks to catch the specious semblance of things, to pander to the vulgar crowd, to embody the slight, transient emotion, the shifting mood. She, too, would give us *pathos* for *ēthos*, the shadow for the substance.

In considering this tendency of the art of painting, and its influence in sculpture, we see, at least in Praxiteles, only the beginning, the faint beginning of the end. We are far yet from vulgar, crude realism, and vulgar mimicry; farther still from rhypography, the painting of vileness. We know that about the statues of Praxiteles, we can fancy that round the painting of Zeuxis and

Parrhasios there still hung much of the atmosphere of idealism. It was still demanded that art should embody the beautiful—ugliness was rigorously excluded—only it was beauty of a lower sort, on a slighter scale, beauty that amused rather than edified, beauty of the senses rather than of the soul, beauty that the masses could understand rather than beauty understood and appreciated only by the few. As we shall have to see, once the principle of illusion admitted, and, so fascinating was the cheat to the senses, that men delighted to witness the illusions even of ugliness ; the petty, the monstrous, the deformed, the vile, are all the natural and legitimate province of purely realistic art. But that time is still far away. Greece, truncated, shattered, morally unhinged as she might be, was still enough herself to reject what is ugly or disgraceful.

Plato has taught us the full meaning of idealism ; he has expressed for us all the significance of the art of Pheidias, and shown us the true mission of the ideal artist. Did any shadow of the coming evil cross his thoughts ? did he seize with prophetic instinct the forecast of this illusive imitation ? What would he think of a painter who painted a picture of drunkenness (Methē) personified, and spent the best efforts of his art in making the transparent glass reveal the image of the drinker's face ? We know that he lived to see the full development of the new school of painting and

sculpture. We naturally ask, What judgment did he pronounce? Did the grace and charm of Zeuxis, the luxury and splendour of Parrhasios, the illusive foreshortenings of Pausias delight his senses and bewilder his reason? He has declared what art should be and what it had been, what does he say for art as it *was?* His verdict is a stern one, a verdict that amazes the modern world, which delights in technical exploits and in delusion of the senses. From his ideal Republic art is banished. Forth from the gates of that city he will ruthlessly drive "the whole tribe of hunters and imitators, of which one large class have to do with figures and colours, another are musicians." He asks indignantly, "Would you call the painter a creator or maker? certainly not;" and the reason is obvious: "The imitator or maker of the image knows nothing of true existence, he knows appearances only," knows and copies only the fleeting shadows of this world below, forgetting the realities, the archetypes in the world above. Again and again he reiterates his conviction. "Imitation is only a kind of play or sport, there is no end to this sort of confusion of the mind. There is a similar deception about painting in light and shade and juggling, and other ingenious devices which have quite a magical power of imposing on our weakness." Again, "painting or drawing and imitation in general are remote from the truth, and it is the companion and friend and associate of a prin-

ciple which is remote from reason and has no true and healthy aim." The imitation art is "an inferior who marries an inferior and has inferior offspring." Plato was not a man whose senses were dull of perception. He felt to the full the charm of this illusive, imitative art, but it was a magic he dreaded. "Let us assure our sweet friend poetry and the sister arts of imitation, that if she will only prove her title to existence in a well-ordered state we shall be delighted to receive her, knowing that we ourselves are very susceptible to her charm." Only he will not follow a love which will lure him to disappointment. He puts away from him the vision of "faces which were never really beautiful, only blooming." He will not be haunted by an art which is at best "a sort of dream created by man for those who are awake."

Towards this imitative art his attitude varies from time to time. Sometimes he speaks of it with contempt as of a childish deceit. "He who professes by one art to make all things is really a painter, and by the painter's arts makes resemblances of them which have the same name with them, and he can deceive the less intelligent sort of young children to whom he shows his pictures at a distance into the belief that he has absolute power of making whatever he likes." At other times it is a more serious moral repugnance; he sees in this imitative art a perilous pandering to the senses and emotions; he sees with sorrow the day not far off when "not law and

reason, but pleasure and pain will be the rulers of the state." A time is coming, he knows, when "a man will prefer beauty to virtue, to the real and utter dishonour of his soul, filling her to the full with evil and remorse." Again, at other times he seems to have had misgivings lest his standard were too high for mortal man. He despaired of politics, and with his ideal Republic must go his ideal art. He lived through the sad time of the downfall of Athens, and her partial restoration was but a mockery of the past, only a treacherous lull before the final storm. He saw the demagogue supplant the politician, fanaticism for some, scepticism for others, faith for almost none; noble families decayed, degenerate, too often dishonoured; young men babbling in the law courts who once frequented the wrestling ground, a discontented mob for a compact body of citizens, virtue obsolete, life governed by impulse, disordered by passion. Pity came into his heart, and he was glad if art were at best innocent, if it might lend to men a little harmless ease and distraction; "and so with the imitative arts which make likenesses, if they succeed in this, and are accompanied by pleasure, may not their works be said to have a charm?" and of this pleasure, so created, he says indifferently, "and this I term amusement, doing neither harm nor good in any degree worth speaking of." Sometimes even this art seems a heaven-sent boon, "the gods pitying the

toils which our race is born to undergo have given then the Muses, Apollo and Dionysos."

There are few things sadder than to note this fluctuation of tone. At one time the high doctrine of ideal art securely preached, ringing like a clear voice through the upper air; at another, because the sins and sorrows of his country have made the best impossible, because the ideal is forgotten and art has become but an "imitation of the visible properties of things" (ἡ εἰκασία τῶν ὁρωμένων), at one moment the bitter protest because amendment seemed possible; at another, because hope seems gone, the sorrowful admission of man's frailty with only an undertone of regret. Plato himself must learn that, in art as in religion, "many are the thyrsos-bearers, few are the mystics."

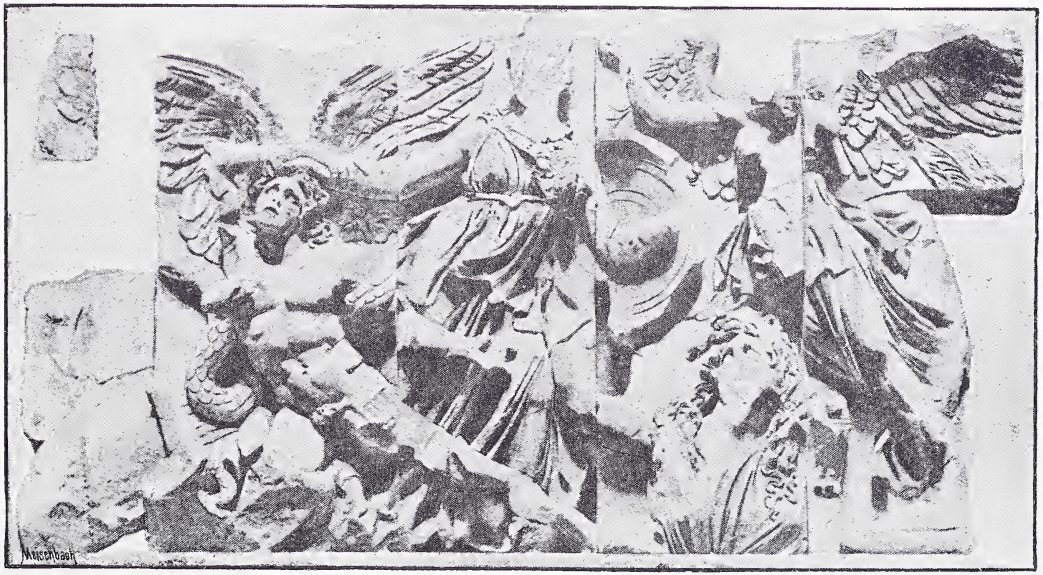

Fig. 9. ATHENE IN THE GIGANTOMACHIA.—BERLIN MUSEUM.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ALTAR OF EUMENES AT PERGAMOS.

ON the Acropolis of Athens we watched the glory and the consummation of Greek art; to the Acropolis of Pergamos we must turn to see its downfall and its ruin, and again the offering is made to the honour of Athene. It is Athene who with her shield on her arm, her ægis on her breast, is grasping the strong-winged giant by the hair, and she is the victress now as before, for near her floats Nike, the victory-bringer, and conquest is assured. It is the meaning of this triumph and the manner of its expression that we must seek to understand.

The slab (Fig. 9) lies now in the Museum at Berlin, but it came to us from the summit of the hill at Pergamos; we have its history to learn in the present and the past.

More than twenty years ago a young German engineer whose name must always claim our reverence—Carl Humann—travelling on the coast of Asia Minor

for his health, stayed for a while at Pergamos, now the modern Turkish Bergama (the citadel). He noticed that native workmen, in their customary ruthless manner, were breaking up large fragments of sculptured marble, building them into walls and burning them in lime-kilns. He was at the time engineer, not archæologist; but educated as he had been in a country which though poor in antique originals is rich in cast-museums, he saw at once the value of the marbles. For a time his exertions stopped the havoc, but he left Pergamos and again the barbarians began their work. Fortunately he returned in 1869 to undertake engineering work and took up his headquarters at Pergamos. He sent fragments of the sculptures home to Germany. Even the German Government cannot excavate everywhere at the same moment. The excavations at Olympia had to be subsidized, and Pergamos must wait. That waiting, ended only too late, even now seems intolerable. We do not know what secret mischief went on in the interval; how much was lost never to be recovered. At last, in 1878, the excavations began, and as the pioneers mounted the hill, seven eagles hovered above their heads, a goodly omen shortly to be fulfilled. The reward was almost instant and beyond all hope, and the treasure, unlooked-for, unprecedented, soon lay, safe from barbarian hands, in the Berlin Museum.

An obscure Latin author (30), in words that have become

of vital importance, noted among the wonders of the world an altar at Pergamos, built of marble, "of great size, forty feet high, with colossal figures, and the subject contained a gigantomachia, or fight of the gods and giants." Architectural measurements and the character of the slabs of sculpture discovered, place it beyond doubt that it was this very altar that Carl Humann had discovered.

At Pergamos perhaps we feel in a strange land. Athens is familiar, but what associations can we gather together about this citadel in Asia Minor? Who built the altar of which we have such scanty mention? Why was it built? and what manner of people worshipped round it? What thoughts and emotions did they embody in this sculptured frieze of the battle of gods and giants? One remembrance will rise to every mind: "To the angel of the church in Pergamos write, These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges; I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is." We are compelled to wonder whether this mighty altar was not to the early Christians the very seat of Satan; the monster, snake-tailed giants would seem to them no inapt representation of the powers of evil. We have, alas, only too good cause to know that it was so. Christian hands have defaced the beautiful heads of these heathen gods and goddesses. Athene's head is gone, Nike's is gone; each are tokens of the ruthless zeal of iconoclasts. Some of the Church at Pergamos fell

away we know, they "ate things sacrificed to idols;" but the greater part, we may believe, bowed down no more to the images of stone. What were Zeus and Athene and Nike to those who looked for "the hidden manna, the white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it." So they shattered the images of the deathless gods who were to them but dumb idols. Such is the story of the destruction of the marbles. Much has perished through the hate of the reformer, the ignorance of the barbarian; only a little is saved by the reverence of the modern man of science. That little he has bent his utmost efforts to preserve and understand.

In the days of Praxiteles we have seen the decline of Greek civic life. We watched state warring against state, the old bonds relaxed, the old discipline impossible, jealousy for patriotism, infidelity for faith, luxury and ease for noble effort. Still, even in these degenerate days, Greece was Greece. She worked for herself, ruled herself, her unity indeed was lost, her policy no longer Panhellenic, her moral fibre diseased; still she had yet to learn to bow before a foreign tyrant. But the waiting was not long. A power had been growing up in the north which was soon to overshadow the world. Athens which, a century before, had withstood the power of the Persians, was now too blind, too easy-going, too spiritless even to note the rise and con-

solidation of the kingdom of Macedon. Bit by bit Philip, the half-barbarian king, drew on towards the south, intriguing, encroaching, manœuvring. This is not the place to tell the long, sad, guilty story. Too late the Athenians awoke to their danger; at Chaeronea (B.C. 338) "the liberties of Greece were buried in the graves of the fallen." Over these graves a stone lion still sadly watches. Philip conquered Greece, but it was reserved for a greater than he, his son Alexander, to extend his conquests far and wide beyond the borders of Hellas. Egypt, Asia Minor, Palestine, even India, felt his arms. While Alexander lived, the strong personality of the man made his empire one. His personality is stamped upon politics, art, religion, as his image is impressed on the coinage of the conquered peoples. But after his death (B.C. 323) came anarchy and division. No one of his contending generals availed to keep the huge bulk of his empire. It fell asunder naturally; at first into three kingdoms — the Asiatic portion, including Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnician Palestine; the African portion, *i.e.*, Egypt and the new city of Alexandria; the European portion, Macedonia with Greece proper. Naturally these huge divisions became still further disintegrated; individual cities rebelled, small new kingdoms were founded. It is with one of these in the Asiatic division, Pergamos, that we have to deal to-day.

The Acropolis of Pergamos is a well-nigh impenetrable fortress; if it had not been such the city would never have been founded. It claimed for itself a long mythical history, but its first political existence dates from some fifty years after the death of Alexander. One of the generals of Alexander, Lysimachus, had possessed himself by plunder of a vast treasure; he placed it for safety at Pergamos, and left it in charge of his servant Philetairos. Lysimachus, already an old man, seems to have put the top stone to a career of cruelty and crime. He married a young wife, and to please her put to death his youngest son, a child by a former marriage. His subjects in indignation rebelled against this final atrocity. Among them Philetairos would endure the tyrant no longer. He spoke out in terms of fierce indignation, and then in self-defence he seized the treasure committed to his keeping, and founded the kingdom of Pergamos. This kingdom, founded by Philetairos in B.C. 283, lasted till 133—just one hundred and fifty years. It is important that the history of this century and a half should stand out clearly before us. We give the short line of kings in a tabular view, with Philetairos at their head, though he never seems to have claimed the title of king.

Philetairos	B.C. 280–263
Eumenes I.	263–241

Attalus I.	B.C. 241–197
Attalus defeats Antiochus and Galatians	*circ.* 241
Eumenes II.	197–159
Attalus II. (Philadelphos)	159–138
Attalus III. (Philometor)	138–133
Attalus III. bequeaths his kingdom to the Romans	133

The brief career of this kingdom of Pergamos is for the most part a splendid one. Of the first Eumenes we know nothing; his time may well have been spent in consolidating his authority at home. With the first Attalus begins our interest. He was scarcely well on the throne before he was called upon to put his valour to a great and terrible proof. In the early part of the fifth century B.C. we have seen how the Greek people, and especially the Athenians, withstood the onset of the Persians, how the best period of their art bore the impress of the struggle. Now again in the early part of this third century we have to watch the little kingdom of Pergamos beset by a foe even more barbarous; we shall see her victorious, and we shall once more have to mark in this last epoch of Hellenic civilization how the struggle and victory found its utterance in the last revival of a national art.

It is from the north this time, not the east, that the enemy advances. We are familiar with those "foolish

Galatians" to whom St. Paul wrote "in so large letters" with his own trembling hand. But we have to seek them now before civilization and Christianity have done their work, now, when tempted by rumours of rich plunder they pour down upon Greece and Asia Minor in savage, ruthless hordes. Their wild, uncouth aspect seems to have struck the Greeks with panic. Pausanias and Diodorus devote whole chapters to the minute description of their extraordinary appearance (31). They fight naked we are told, wild-beast fashion, with no science, no strategy, trusting only in an untaught ferocity, and carrying no defensive armour but their long narrow shields. In stature they are taller and broader than other men; their skin is tough and leathery from constant exposure; their hair, bristling by nature, they make still more horrid by plastering it with sticky salves and brushing it off the forehead like a lion's mane, or like the unkempt hair of Satyrs; they shave the beard, and wear a long moustache; they have thick lips, high cheek bones, broad skulls, pointed chins, shaggy overhanging eyebrows. To the Greeks they must have seemed the very incarnation of barbarian savagery. Nor was their desperate courage less alarming. Rather than fall into the captor's hands they would slay themselves, their wives, the weak and wounded of their own band. Reckless of their own and other's lives some, dying themselves, would draw the dagger from their wounds and hurl at the foe.

Such an enemy must have been harder to meet than the servile hordes of the Persians. Indeed, not a few among the Greek cities succumbed in the struggle, or made a hasty peace to avoid the further onset. Far and wide through Asia Minor the panic spread, and heavy tribute was paid to appease the barbarians. The prudent king Antiochus allied himself with the Galatian tribes. It was against this unholy alliance that Attalus I. stood up to do battle. Himself allied to Seleucus, the rival of Antiochus, he met the united forces of Greeks and Galatians and defeated them. This battle was the beginning of a glorious epoch for the kingdom of Pergamos; she had proved her strength and prevailed in a desperate struggle. From that time on her sway is compact and glorious.

The Greek instinct of Attalus led him at once to commemorate his triumph by the adornment of his city. Scattered literary notices remain, and the recent excavations at Pergamos have added valuable inscriptions. Pliny tells us, only too briefly, that several artists represented the contests of Attalus and his successor Eumenes with the Gauls. Pedestals, unhappily pedestals only, and slabs of stone with inscriptions, confirm Pliny's words. We hear of Galatians, of Antiochus, sometimes conjointly, sometimes separately. A difference in the character of the letters of the inscriptions makes it possible for archæologists to distinguish with some

probability between the monuments of the time of Attalus and those of his successor, Eumenes II.

Remembering how the Athenians idealized their victory over the Persians, we are compelled to speculate as to how, artistically, they would embody this fight against the Gauls. What form of ideal beauty will these monstrous barbarians take? Have we any remnants of the art inspired by these contests of the Pergamene kings?

In the Museum of the Capitol at Rome there is a statue better known, more familiar, to the casual tourist than perhaps any other in all Europe, the so-called "Dying Gladiator." It was called a gladiator in the days when all Greek art was looked at through Roman eyes, and as a gladiator Byron made it immortal. Now-a-days it is scarcely necessary to say that it is no gladiator at all. Only Italian catalogues still cherish the delusion. The statue represents a dying Gaul; he sinks upon his long narrow shield, round his neck is the Gallic torques, his battle horn is beside him. The sword is added by modern restorers. It is an enemy, not himself, as some have supposed, who has dealt him his death blow; the wound is not on the heart side. The statue, though only a copy of the Pergamene original, is a very fine one in the Pergamene manner, but a single glance shows us how the problem of depiction had been solved —by realism, close, faithful, uncompromising. The

struggle against the Persians had been idealized by the art of Pheidias, but the best days of idealism are past. The pathos of Praxiteles, the love of detailed description, have made all too easy the downward road. Only the last impetus was needed; that impetus was given by the barbarian Gallic foe. Every detail of typical barbarian ugliness is before us; the coarse, bristling hair matted with sticky salve into thick knobs, the tough, leathery skin in place of the morbidezza of Praxiteles, the shaggy eyebrows, the broad, savage skull, the sensational pathos of desperation in place of the calm of heroism. Art has stooped to render accurately the peculiarities of the barbarian; a certain violence of personal antipathy actuates the sculptor of a national foe; it is not enough to indicate the Gaul by mere external difference of armour and dress; the uncouth ugliness that had scared his countrymen in battle must be faithfully, even photographically rendered.

There is another familiar group which may stand as companion to this dying Galatian, a group also long known under the wrong name of "Paetus and Arria." It stands in the villa Ludovisi at Rome. A warrior, tall of stature and with mighty limbs, stands on a long narrow shield; he plunges a sword into his own heart, with his right hand he supports the figure of a woman sinking in death; a moment before he has dealt to this woman, his wife, her death wound; both have escaped the oncoming

captor; in their death they were not divided. The group, in spite of its overdone anguish, will always remain a touching one. Both the figures are much injured by modern restoration, but it is easy to see the kinship between this husband and wife and the Galatian of the Capitol. The man's head has the same bristling, sticky hair, the same low type of feature; the woman's hair, too, is rough and coarse, and her dress is edged with fur. The two groups have other links; both are made of a marble found only on the little island of Furni near Samos, on the coast of Asia Minor. In an old inventory of the possessions of Cardinal Ludovisi, in 1633, both appear together. The dying Galatian was found in the garden of Sallust at Rome, and it seems likely that the other group was found with it. Both are probably copies of original Pergamene bronzes; they may have been among those very bronzes which Pliny tells us commemorated the victories of Attalus. These copies, though they are copies, are not of late Græco-Roman times. They are copies made in all probability soon after the originals themselves. In the peculiar polish given to the surface of the marble and in the sharp treatment of the hair, we see the attempt to render in marble the peculiarities of bronze. The original bronzes we may replace in fancy on their pedestals on the Acropolis of Pergamos, in the open square place that surrounded the old temple of Athene Polias, the ancient guardian of the city.

In speaking of Selinus we remember how it was the pious custom of the Greeks, when far from home, to remember always their mother city. To Athens Attalus looked as his mother city, and in his new-won triumph he did not forget her; he desired while adorning his own city to send some sculptured monument to deck the Athenian Acropolis. Pausanias tells us that on the southern wall he saw votive offerings sent by Attalus. They consisted of figures about three feet long representing the fight at Marathon against the Persians, the contest of the Athenians with the Amazons, the victory of Attalus against the Gauls, and the contest of the gods with the giants. It is not difficult to see the significance of such a grouping. Attalus will commemorate his own victory; hence the figure of the Gauls. He is a Greek; he constantly therefore translates the historical present into its mythical counterpast; hence the figures of the giants, the mythical counterpart of these monstrous Gauls. Further, with delicate courtesy as well as ancestral pride, he will link the victories of Athens with his own; hence the figures of the Persians. These, too, must have their mythical prototype, the mythical barbarian women, the Amazons.

We do not know for certain of what material the votive offering of Attalus was made. Probably of bronze. One of the statues of the fighting gods, Dionysos, was blown, we are told, from its pedestal into

the theatre below. This would be more likely to happen in the case of bronze than of stone. A long, narrow pedestal has been found on the south side of the Acropolis, on which it is thought the figures were placed.

Scattered about the museums of Europe are a series of statues which can scarcely be otherwise than copies of this votive offering. Ten are already known—three in Venice, four in Naples, one in the Vatican, one in the Louvre, one at Aix. Many more may yet remain to be discovered. The unity of motive and style that runs through the series was first noted in the case of the statues at Venice and Naples by Professor Brunn. They appear to be all made of the same fine grained marble; of precisely what district it is not known, but it is similar to the material of the Laocoon. All are alike in representing foe either defeated, dying, or dead; we have instances from each group, Persians, Gauls, one giant, one Amazon. No figures of the victors remain. Possibly the original votive offering sent by Attalus consisted of copies on a reduced scale of bronzes decorating his own Acropolis; otherwise it is difficult to account for the small size of the statues. Like the statue of the dying Gaul in the Capitol these small marble figures bear evidence of being copied from bronze originals; their surface has a certain polish and lustre, and the hair and drapery are sharply chiselled.

With the reign of this first Attalus and his great

victory over the Gauls we have then to associate the dying Gaul of the Capitol, the Ludovisi Gaul and his wife, and the series of small, scattered, recumbent figures. Works of peace we know he executed as well as monuments of war, but none remain to us. We know that with wise forethought he allied himself with Rome. Throughout his reign and that of his successors we feel the oncoming of that imperial power which was by and by to overshadow the whole civilized world. The kingdom he had consolidated and thus wisely guarded he handed down to his son, Eumenes II. It seems that the son as well as the father had to withstand the shock of barbarian invasion, and with a like triumphant success. The victories of Eumenes issued, however, in permanent peace, and he returned to adorn at leisure the Acropolis of his city with new monuments of glory. He seems to have been the first to make the city and its outlying districts really one, uniting the citadel, the city which circled its base, and a grove on the terraces of the neighbouring hills sacred to the great healing god of Pergamos, Asclepios. Strabo tells us that "Eumenes II., out of his delight in magnificence and beauty, built buildings for the gods, and established libraries and made of Pergamos a splendid city." He inaugurated afresh the old sacred games and rites, and made the sacred Temenos of Athene an inviolable asylum. These works completed,

he sent ambassadors to Delphi to ask that solemn sanction and recognition should be given him for these services. We find accordingly that a decree, recently discovered at Delphi, was set up, and it is from this decree that we learn something of the splendour of the reign and the magnificence of the works of Eumenes.

We must not think for a moment that the city was without its already existing shrine to Athene. Just as at Athens a temple from the earliest time had been raised to the honour of Athene Polias, guardian of the city; about this temple, as we have seen, Attalus I. raised a colonnade and adorned it with groups in bronze commemorating his Gallic wars. But for the last crowning triumph of Eumenes a new artistic utterance was required. On the south-west terrace of the Acropolis, a little lower than the temple of Athene Polias, he upreared a huge altar and dedicated it in all probability to the joint honour of Zeus and Athene Nikephoros, the victory-bringer. This is the altar Humann discovered, an altar we know of world-wide renown. Pausanias, speaking of the great altar of Olympia, says it was "like the altar at Pergamos." The altar itself had probably been formed of the gradually accumulated ashes of burnt victims. It seems to have been surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, below which was the splendid frieze from which we have selected a single slab.

We have seen the triumphs of Attalus over the Gauls

depicted in realistic fashion, the Gaul with every detail of national ugliness. But a Greek seems always compelled to idealize, to think as it were in terms of mythology ; the historical present is not enough unless lit up with reflected glory from the mythological past Now, therefore, in his perfect work Eumenes embodies not a realistic fight of Gaul and Greek, but its idealized mythic prototype, the battle of the gods and giants.

The giants were a terrible earth-born brood, sons of GE, the mighty mother. It is important that we should realize fully how the Greeks felt towards them, what they symbolized in art, how they were described in literature. Homer speaks of them as akin to the rude Cyclops and the ruthless Læstrygones, as wild tribes, a haughty, "infatuate" people. It is this notion of wild force, uncontrolled by moderation and reason, of insolent arrogance untouched by reverence, that is the basis of the conception of the giants, though sometimes the myth lends itself to a physical, sometimes a moral illustration. The giants are, as Pindar has told us, the enemies of "kindly Peace, daughter of Righteousness ;" she whose mission it is "to give and take gentleness in due season ;" she who yet, if any, giant-fashion have moved her heart into relentless wrath, "doth terribly confront the enemy's might, and sinkest Insolence in the sea." "Violence," Pindar adds, "shall ruin a man at the last, boast he never so loudly. He of Cilicia,

Typhon of the hundred heads, escaped not this, neither yet the king of the giants; but by the thunderbolt they fell, and by the bow of Apollo." Against the insane fury of mere physical rage the gods stand firm and pitiless; nay, more, it falls slain by its own unmeasured madness. Horace repeats the story of the giants and points the familiar moral—

"Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua."

Pindar's odes are one constant, reiterated protest against this vice of insolence (32). "Insolence," he says, "is the braggart mother of satiety." "Insolence it was that drove Ixion to exceeding folly;" the hero is ever bidden to walk "in the straight way that abhorreth insolence;" it was the mission of the hero Herakles to cleanse the earth of "men the hatefullest who walked in guile and insolence, and when on Phlegras' plain the gods should meet the giants in battle, beneath the rush of his arrow their bright hair should be soiled with earth." It is the glory of Theban heroes that, though they "found favour with mailed Ares, they had no part in loud insolence." Last and best of all, if a man bear life's honour modestly, and "shun the perilous reproach of insolence, so also at the end shall he find black death gracious unto him, and to his dear children leave the best of possessions, even the glory of an honourable name."

Returning to the giants we see that to the Greeks they

were, like the Centaurs, the impersonation of rude physical forces, like the Amazons transgressors against social order and appointed rule, and further in addition, the types and symbols of overbearing insolence. Against them in this triple aspect, a war of extermination must be waged. Against them the whole phalanx of the gods goes forth to battle. We find, of course, that the gods most conspicuous in the fight vary at different epochs and in different localities. Zeus and Athene are almost always present ; the god Dionysos is added later ; the hero Herakles often appears. On the Pergamene frieze we find a throng of familiar figures, and many yet remain to be identified. Among those clearly made out, either by their attributes or by inscribed names, are Zeus and Athene, Leto, Artemis, Apollo, Ares, Helios, Eos and Selene, Dionysos and his satyrs, Aphrodite, Poseidon, and Amphitrite. Among the inscriptions we find many names wholly unknown to our mythology. The order of the frieze we shall not attempt to make out. When the altar is re-constructed, as is intended at Berlin, so far as possible the slabs will be placed in their ascertained position ; for the present it must content us to know that the one slab we figure, depicting as it does the triumph of Athene, must have occupied a prominent position. It probably corresponds to, and was balanced by, a slab with the triumph of Zeus.

In the Athene slab we have perhaps the culminating

scene of the whole battle—agony and pathos here rise to their utmost height. Athene seizes a young giant by the hair and drags him on in her progress. She holds no spear, only a shield for defence; her Gorgon is on her breast, and her sacred attendant serpent has coiled itself about the giant's two arms and bites his breast. He is dying; he seeks to free himself and tear away with his right arm the clutching hand of the goddess; but his arm has no power left—it is about to fall with slack muscles. It is just a passing, momentary triumph to the goddess; she strides swiftly on, and to meet her comes the winged Nike to crown her with the garland of victory. From the earth rises a pathetic figure visible scarcely to the waist, her name written by her side—GE, the earth-mother. She is come to plead for her vanquished sons. The eyes and brow—all that is left us of her face—are drawn with anguish. In her right hand is her cornucopia, symbol of plenty, and in the full figure and luxuriant hair this same thought of the fruitful, abundant earth is expressed. Probably the coming of Nike and the rising of GE are intended to indicate that here we have the last act of the drama. The rising of GE is no new motive invented by the Pergamene artist, we find the half figure rising from the earth on vases of the fourth century.

Such being the subject of the slab, let us note some details of technique. As a composition, it must be owned

that the group is successful. Careful symmetry is combined with abundant variety. The figure of Athene herself, swaying in swift movement to the right, probably balanced the figure of Zeus in another corresponding group swaying to the left. Within the limits of this one Athene group, it is however abundantly balanced by the figures of the giant to the one hand, and Nike to the other. The gap between Athene and Nike is very happily filled by the rising head and shoulders of GE. The contrast of the nude giant and the heavily draped Athene is pleasant, and his ample wings are answered by the wings of Nike. The giant has four wings. It is impossible to forget the old phantastic pattern of the four-winged Assyrian demons. In these last days of Greek art the fatal principle of phantastic expression is returning ; the artist is not content to idealize, he must goad and stimulate a jaded taste by this phantastic sensationalism. The phantastic method is not here a confession of technical weakness ; the artist does not give to the giant four wings because he is unable to express otherwise the notion of strength and swiftness ; rather it is the utterance of satiety, the restless craving after the stimulus of a new sensation. Phantastic, impossible forms abound throughout the frieze, confined always to the giant figures. The bodies of many of the giants end in serpent coils ; some have the neck and ears of a buffalo, others finny wings, others the head and claws of a lion.

The fancy of the sculptor is boisterous and exuberant, his dexterity boundless. But after all we feel sadly enough that it is only restless fancy; we stand in the presence of no high imagination. In his reckless sensationalism the sculptor does not even care that his forms be always beautiful. The giants of early vase-paintings are hoplites, huge heavy-armed soldiers. A little later they take the form of huge warriors fighting naked, of somewhat savage appearance, but still ideal in strength and always perfectly human. Now fancy wanders freely in the forbidden fields of the phantastic, peopling the art world once more with hybrid monsters. In Assyrian days the demon-monsters had at least this excuse, that decoratively their very monstrosity was a gain, so excellently lifeless was the pattern they furnished. But the Pergamene monsters are wholly false, too hybrid to be expressively beautiful, too alive to be decoratively successful. We seem to see the end of this lawless departure from nature near at hand; fancy, to whom some occasional wayward wandering was perhaps permissible, will soon become a confirmed vagrant; she will please the better the more preposterous her creations, and all the while the increasing realism of art will make these phantastic creations the more repulsive. We are not far from the monstrous compound of the leafy tree and the human Daphne, from the man who is half a bunch of grapes. Perhaps if we did not know the end

we should not so sadly watch the beginning. This giant of the frieze is very beautiful still; the realism of his soft-textured wings with the varied growth of feathers is at first striking and alluring; the pathos of his face is wonderful, the modelling of his tortured body scarcely to be surpassed. Still about him hangs some touch of idealism; it is even yet an ideal fight, a fight never seen in this lower world that is fought, only it is expressed in terms of ordinary life, in terms Plato would say of the outside semblances of things. We are back again in Asia, and again we are oppressed with the sense of Asiatic externalism; our vision of the unseen is oppressed, well-nigh wholly obscured by a surfeit of sense impressions. This surfeit, perhaps, can only be fully felt when the whole vast extent of the recovered marbles is before us, when our eyesight is—if we may be forgiven the expression—gorged with variety of sensational posture, with multiplicity of realistic detail; when we turn away wondering, indeed, but yet half disgusted because all this phantastic dexterity has left us dazed and confused, sated not stimulated. Everything is done for us, and everything has been overdone. The battle that raged is before us, but it has stirred no vision of another and an unseen fight. It is in no Platonic sense ideal. Perhaps this altar frieze grieves us more than the figures of the dying Gauls. There the artist seemed well-nigh compelled to realism, and after all he has *realized ideally*,

so to speak, he has caught the image rather of a type than an individual; but here in this frieze, this battle of gods and giants, the field of the ideal lies before him, and yet he chooses to fill it with figures that are realistic—chooses to play tricks with the fur of a beast, the scales of a fish, the feathers of a bird, when he might embody the vision of the unseen, the images of the deathless gods. It is of course in the figures of the giants that realism most plainly comes, but when it does intrude upon the figures of the gods, it is the most painful. Athene's face is lost to us; her figure has something of the old grandeur, but the folds of her drapery are realistic, and also in their excitement sensational. She is girt very high we notice, after the fashion of the day. The women figures of the Parthenon are "deep girdled;" the girdle comes far below the natural waist, giving not only a beautiful scheme of folds, but also a great modesty and reserve to the figures. In the time of Praxiteles the girdle was placed higher, about the level of the natural waist; now in this Pergamene period it rises to just below the breasts. This fashion of girding is susceptible of beautiful effects, but it is not so severely modest as the earlier mode. The hair of most of the Pergamene heads is treated with a turbulence which always verges on extravagance.

Decoratively, we can scarcely judge of the frieze till it stands in its place on the great re-constructed altar.

Professor Brunn has conjectured that, under each Ionic column of the colonnade above there stood designedly an upright figure, acting as a sort of musical bar to mark the rhythm of the otherwise disordered composition. Whatever decorative beauty may be evolved when the frieze is seen as a whole, any slab taken at random will serve, as the Athene slab has done, to show the *expressive* failure of Pergamene art—its realism, its phantastic sensationalism. Realistic art in Egypt did not become sensational, partly because of the severe control of religion, partly because of the conservative monotony of land and people. The general tendency however of realism is to ally itself to sensationalism; realism cannot stir the imagination, it seeks therefore to stimulate the senses. When realistic art fails to stimulate, it calls in the aid of the phantastic. Both are directed to the same end—the senses, them only. We have seen that phantastic art may take another course; when it is employed as the utterance of a half-defined faith, it is an expression of imaginative thought, it may have its high symbolic mission; coming late, when a native faith has declined, coming as the ally of realism it can be only a goad to the senses. The hybrid giants of Pergamos are positively less imaginative than the monster demons of Assyria.

It is the function of art to express thought and emotion in terms of sense; this alphabet of sense has to be perfected in order that it may be fitted for the highest

utterance. But there comes a time when the perfection of the means overshadows, nay, stifles and strangles, the end ; when the language is sought for its own beauty, and the high thought, forgotten, dies. Between the sculpture and rhetoric of Asia Minor, Professor Brunn has drawn an ingenious and instructive parallel (33). In Asia Minor, during the third century B.C., there was a school of rhetoric, the chief representative of which was Hegesias of Magnesia. Of him it was said that he sought to give effect to his oratory by the ingenious manipulation of the rhythm of his sentences, altering the natural order of the words for the sake of effecting a recondite juxtaposition. Such eloquence might startle the attention of the hearer, but it could neither persuade his intellect nor kindle his emotion. It was, in fact, no true eloquence at all, but mere effective declamation. As was this Magnesian rhetoric to the true Athenian eloquence, so this later Pergamene art to the ideal utterance of Pheidias. It created nothing, it did but dexterously manipulate already existing material with a view to sensational effect. It laid hold of an artistic vocabulary already complete, and expended it with a prodigality that was often vulgar, always wasteful (*vitiosa abundantia*, Cic.) ; it decked out a trite and common-place thought with the apparatus of ready-made, artistic formularies. Having within itself no luminous thought to convince, no passion to persuade, it sought to dazzle the spectator with the

flash of mere meretricious splendour, to goad his emotion with the constant stimulus of mere physical pathos.

This is hard measure, but we believe it to be perfectly just. The art of Pergamos is the art of a clever externalism, a mere epideictic effort, a sort of final and sensational panorama of the outside effects of the past—not the utterance of the unseen, but the image of the visible (*ἡ εἰκασία τῶν ὁρωμένων*).

It is, alas, only too easy to see why these Pergamene marbles are popular among us. Ours is an age that delights and excels in realism, that seeks above all things sensationalism. The Greeks passed unwarned through idealism to mimetic realism, but we have their story, glorious at first, at last sad before us. Shall history mean nothing, or can our artists learn in time to avoid the "image of the visible"?

One more sad scene and the drama is played out. After Eumenes comes a second Attalus. Philadelphos, lover of his brother, and yet a third, Philometor, lover of his mother; these gentle princes, with their kindly names, deck the Acropolis with monuments of filial love The second Attalus puts up a statue to his mother, and the inscription still remains: "To his mother, Queen Apollonis, for her love to him." But over the pleasant picture is always cast the dark shadow of advancing Rome. At last the end comes; the third Attalus dies, and, B.C. 133, bequeaths his kingdom to the Romans. It

seems a great symbolic act. On the Acropolis a Roman pro-consul will reign, and a temple rise to the Roman Augustus. With political power will follow plastic art. It needed the influence of Rome, all her vulgarity, her showy coarseness, to sink Greek art to its lowest depths. Alone she must have retained always some after-bloom of grace and beauty. But now the conqueror leads her in his chains, and his bidding she must obey. He will teach her to rear colossi, to seek sensation in size; she must pourtray for him the sensual, debased type of his emperors, the harsh, sour faces of imperial ladies; she must crowd his palaces and villas with poor copies of her own masterpieces—nay, for him she must forget utterly her high calling, and trail herself in the mire of rhypography.

Here, happily, we need not follow her. It has been our task to learn the influence of Greece, not Rome. We have seen how the great mission of Greece was to teach to the world the lesson of idealism. In expressive art we have seen her face to face with the phantastic and realistic method; seen her reject them; seen how, and in part why, she chose the better part of idealism; seen her full utterance of the doctrine; seen how, bit by bit, she abandoned it and declined; seen how in the last moment of her vital energy she strove to gain new vigour by the very means she had in happier days rejected. There, on the hill of Pergamos, we must leave her; leave her in her last sad triumph which was yet defeat.

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